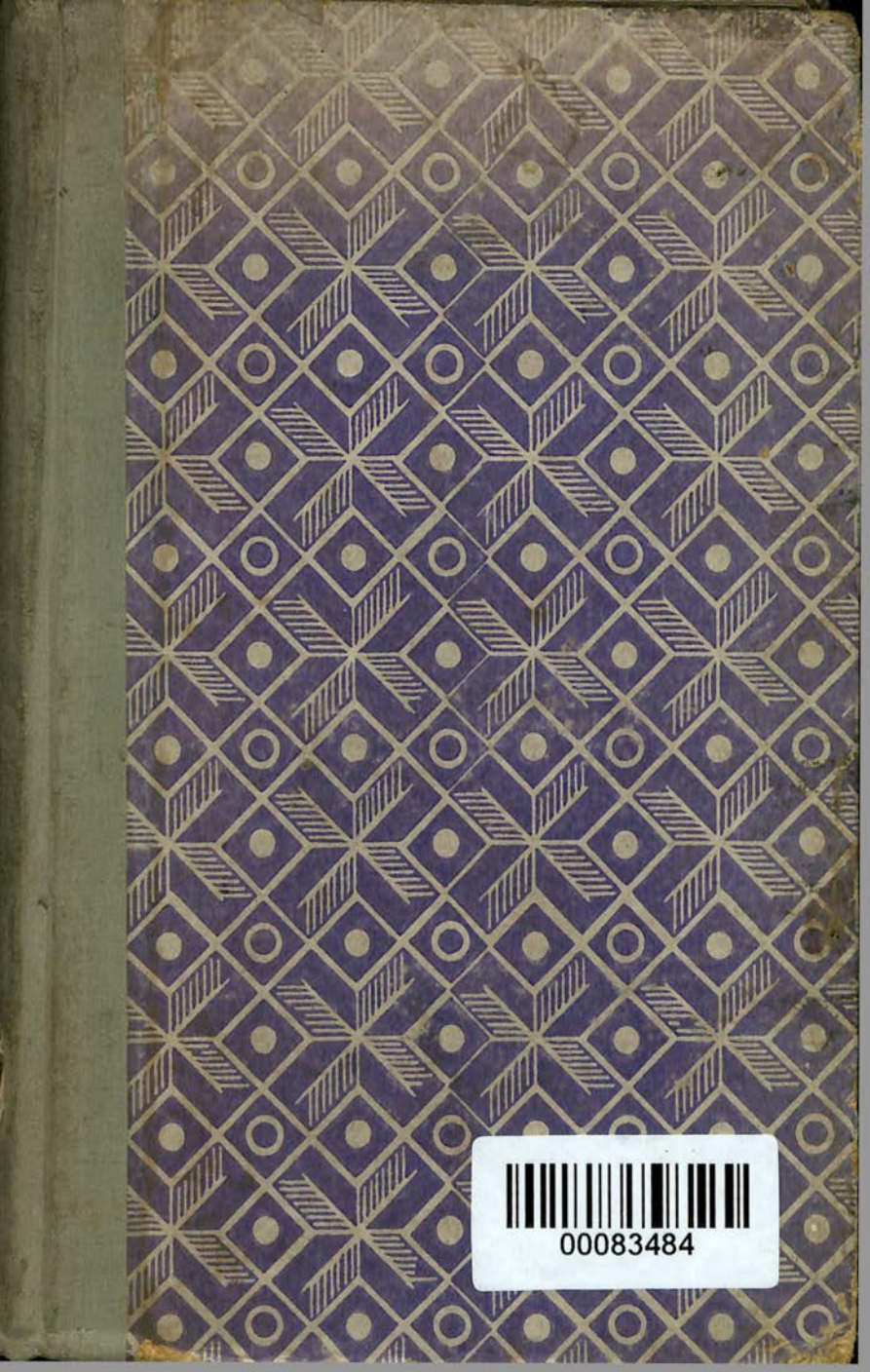
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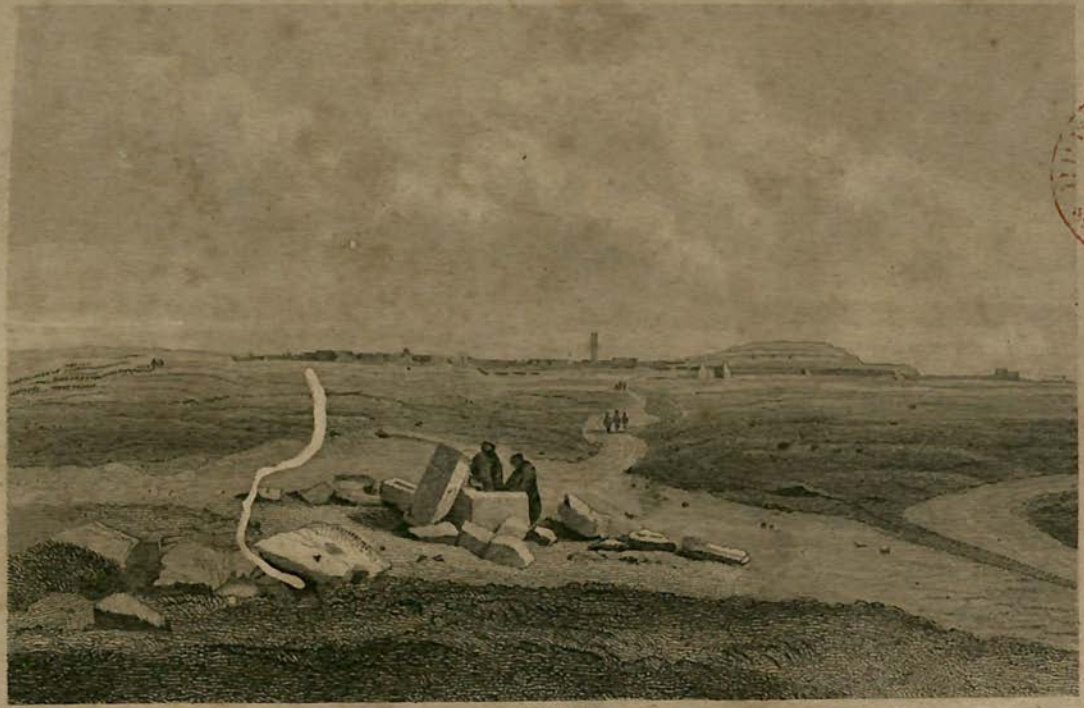

ROYAL SOCIETY

THE ANSAYRII,

AND THE ASSASSINS,

WITH

TRAVELS IN THE FURTHER EAST,

IN 1850-51.

INCLUDING

A VISIT TO NINEVEH.

83484

BY

LIEUT. THE HON. F. WALPOLE, R.N.

Author of "Four Years in the Pacific."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TRAVELS IN THE EAST,

1850-51.

CHAPTER I.

Residence of the Pasha—Foundation of Mosul—Its Situation—Its Mode of Communication with the other side of the River—Reside at the Encampment of Mr. Layard—Tiyari Nestorian Christians—Their Assassination by the Koords—Antiquity of the Chaldean Christian Church—An Appeal on behalf of those that yet remain—The Jabour Tribe.

THE Pasha resides in a large serai some half mile lower down the river; it is, as most serais are, a vast pile of building which has probably never been repaired since the day it was built. This is one of the things that cannot fail to strike a traveller: he mounts to a Pasha's palace through a court full of dirt, loungers of all sorts sitting about, up rotten stairs that totter with his weight, to a room whereof the walls are whitewashed,—or rather have been, and ought to be again—and so also with the room where sits the great man. The curtains, of the commonest stuff, are held by a

couple of nails over the windows, which are half broken; and patched with paper or rag; the floor covered with rude mats, the divan probably of red baize, ill-fitting, and out of order. The character of the natives here—the type,—it would be impossible to describe—they are so various, and so dissimilar. Their dress, also, is peculiar in each of the races.

The Turks, as elsewhere, also the Christians and the Koords, wear the short, straight-cut felt jacket, and an enormous turban of the native manufactured handkerchiefs, of brilliant colours. The Yezidis seemed neater and cleaner than any, with their many-coloured garments and large dark turban.

The foundation of Mosul is veiled in obscurity. Gibbon assumes it to be the western suburb of Ninus, the city that succeeded Nineveh. There is at Mosul a curious old Syriac MSS., which says it rose on the ruins of that great city, and that but little space intervened between the fall of the one, and the rise of the other. Had we the book of Xisuthus,* buried at Sippara, these things would be plain to us; but this antiquity of Mosul must be exaggerated, or else Nineveh can hardly be the

* The history of the world before the flood was written by Xisuthus, who was warned in a dream by the god Cronos to do so. He was told to bury it in the city of the Sun at Sippara. This is the Perisabora of ancient geographers, and Anbar, the ruins of which are still to be seen close to the castle of Felugra, south-west of Bagdad on the road to Babylon.

Larissa of Xenophon. It is well known and constantly occurs in Saracenic history, that Salla el Deen, the Great, besieged it, and Jenghiz Khan; Tamerlane of course poured out her blood; and the remains of the batteries may still be seen on the mound of Koyunjik, where, in 1743, Nadir Shah planted his cannon when he bombarded the town. Since then it has experienced no great shocks; it has, however, suffered from that slow decay which, reform as they will, falls on every place and town beneath the withering sway of the Turk.

The houses at Mosul seem built now exactly as those of ancient Nineveh, judging from the ruins as laid open for inspection by the excavations; and from inspection of the others, this would in great part account for the ruins being covered as they are. The houses are built of sun-dried bricks, or merely rammed mud formed into bricks on the wall itself, and vaulted over. Sometimes small stones are used in their composition. Within, all round the court, are slabs of roughly carved coarse alabaster, of about ten or twelve feet high; in fact, except the rough scratched work of the one now used, and the elaborate travail of the other, those now are the same as those found at the mounds.

From its scarcity, very little wood enters into the building of the houses; in fact, except for the doors and windows, none. The mere fall of the walls and roofs would bury the slabs, and an accumulation would occur above this from natural causes.

The water used in the town is brought up on mules or horses, in enormous leathern sacks: this water, though of a bad colour, is sweet and good.

Mosul is situated on the western bank. To afford communication with the opposite side there is a bridge of boats; these are moored head and stern abreast, nearly close together, with a platform on each; two or three boats are connected by one part of this. This, during my stay, was out of repair, so the passage was effected by boats, numbers of which plied across. The bridge of boats is secured on the townward side to a water-port, on the other it met a low stone pier that stretched across the shallower portion of the river. Thus, here it was confined within narrower limits than usual, leaving but a small space for the boats to span. During the period of the freshets in the river these are always removed, and few years pass that the river does not overflow the wharf on the eastern side, flooding the flat land within it.

The boats used for the passage are large and

well built, rising remarkably high behind, sharp bowed, with a small sheer forward. The stern may be six foot out of the water, the bow two. They are nearly flat-bottomed, with a good beam in the after part, pulled by two oars, with two or three men at the lee one, where the greater strength is required. A stern oar directs their motions: the crews are all Mussulmans. These boats are required to be constantly hauled up, when their bottoms are covered with pitch; every night also at sunset they are compelled to cease to ply. Besides these, the natives cross on sheep-skins. One or two are inflated in the manner I have described when speaking of the rafts; on these the person places his stomach, grasping the skin; thus, his whole person above his thighs is out of water, with his legs he paddles as well as he can. It has a singularly ludicrous appearance, and reminded me of ineffectual efforts to mount the skin or of anything circular and buoyant, which slips from under one. I omit to describe the sulphur lake, naphtha pools, &c., as already familiar to the reader.

There is a tradition that an original portrait of the Virgin was preserved here, and on one occasion saved the city, which was closely besieged and about to fall into the hands of the besiegers. The

picture was paraded on the walls, and the Moslem commander, seeing no hope but in her, vowed he would build two churches to her honour if the city was preserved. With all the pomp they could command, amidst the mingled prayers of various creeds, she was carried to the walls in solemn procession: the enemy retreated in confusion. Mosul was saved, and the Pasha kept his word and built two churches. Thus, we have a miracle whose result at least is well authenticated. From Mosul the mound of Koyunjik appears of great size, as Nebbi Yunus appears in one with it: the whole has quite the appearance of an artificial mound, which many other tels have not.

From the terrace at Mosul we could see the white top of Layard's encampment, which stood on the summit of the mountain. The tents of the workmen were hid by the formation of the mound. Being soon tired of Mosul, I accompanied Mr. Layard and lived with him in our tents upon the excavated mound.

Crossing the Tigris we mounted our horses and rode about two miles for the south of Koyunjik; passing a small river at a ford; rode along the half of the western face, and then a short desperately steep path brought us to the top of the mound. The plain below was cultivated with care,

and planted with large fields of melons and cucumbers. In the middle of each stood a small hut where people kept watch by night to drive off the wild boars. On arriving at the top, a broken ground lay before you ; entrances to excavations ; heaps of earth brought up from below ; triangles for whipping up basket loads of earth ; huts made of boughs. Beneath the first of these lived the Tiyari Nestorian Christians : these did the heavier work below, being stronger men and more accustomed to labour than the lighter built Arabs. They lived together in one or two large huts with their wives.

Great numbers of these people come down every year to Mosul to seek employment : they are fine stout men but not tall. Their dress is far from becoming ; a little cap with a peak almost as uselessly small as those worn at Madeira, and the half large, half small trousers common in Arabia, that seem the ugliest cut of inexpressibles in the world. The women were tall, handsome, and well made, with large saucer-gazing soft black eyes. I believe at first there were great quarrels between them and the Jebour : * these had gradually been appeased by the admirable management of the head

* The Arab workmen employed by Mr. Layard chiefly belong to this tribe.

of the expedition. They are allowed to be a quarrelsome set, and before the massacre by the Koords were arrant freebooters. Their bitter sufferings must, however, call forth all our sympathies. The bloody tiger-like fury with which the Koords fell on them, mangled them, tore them, is among the foulest tales of history.

The Sultan, I heard lately, gave a large present to one of their chief assassins, a brute who in cold blood knived and tortured them with his own hand. The Sultan is averse to blood even when justice demands it to flow—there is inconsistency here. Beder Khan Bey, of whom I speak, used to say (he is now in exile at Rhodes or Candia), "Ah, it is very well the Sultan punishing me; but we were wolf and dog: they ate me yesterday, I eat them to day." Mr. Layard's book describes many of the horrors of the Koord onslaughts, but paper would fail in describing all,—of maids who threw themselves off bridges and precipices to avoid being the slaves of the hated oppressor, of the firm joy with which many welcomed death when offered as an alternative, with apostasy:

> "If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee;
> If the slave only sin, thou art spotless and free;
> If the exile on earth is an outcast on high;
> Live on in thy faith: but in mine I will die."

The deep hatred of the Mussulman to Christians is hardly to be conceived—he despises yet envies them. I have already mentioned the Mussulman law, that the honour, the wives, the wealth, the faith of the Christian, are in his hands. A Christian's testimony is of no avail against a Turk; by this law (now, however, modified) a Christian was a beast who was to be allowed to live for the tribute he could pay. There are various accounts as to the cause of the Nestorian massacre—I mean the ostensible immediate cause. Fanaticism was at the bottom of it, but a refusal to pay a tribute was the spark that kindled the blaze. Then, the Tiyari were much divided among themselves, and it is supposed Koordish gold weakened the force of more than one Tiyari arm. To us, as members of the Reformed Church, those of the Chaldean Church must ever be brother and sister. We ought, and God grant in his mercy we may, to stand forward with the right hand of Christian fellowship.

Let not, then, the interest English Protestants took in these, their brothers, die away. Shall we read the reproach of the prophet? shall we read the line of the Scriptures?—"Thy people are scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them to him" (Nahum, iii. 15),—and not extend

the arm of our temporal might, and efface the shame—the bitterness of our fellows; shed over them that quiet which God has so abundantly granted us, and give them time to breathe, to live, to recover?

Here is a Church into which though, through lapse of time, ignorance, and confusion, some errors may have crept, we find pure and untainted by most of the dogmas so plentifully found in all Oriental sects; we find an antient people and an antient faith, without contact, professing nearly as we profess. What proof can we show with greater pride than this, that, as far as human changes allow, we have returned to the Apostolic Christian faith of the early fathers? Few Churches have extended their faith more actively than these Nestorians. From China to Cyprus; among the wilds of Tartary; amongst the jungles of India, they restored and saved the southern Indian Church, which, on the death of MacGeorge, fell into great disorder (in the sixth or seventh century); and a better knowledge of the countries would probably trace co-religionists amongst the millions of Chinese and in the southern parts of Hindostan. Twenty-five metropolitan bishops, extended over a fourth of the world, once acknowledged the Chaldean patriarch

as the head of the Eastern Church: the Mussulmans, the Tartars, reigned, and they have become broken and dispersed. Tamerlane outdid his own renown in cruelty and blood, and they became a few persecuted outcasts in the inaccessible mountains of Koordistan and the borders of the lake of Oroomiah. Those few who remained true to their faith on the plains, fell before the persecutors, not one whit more scrupulous of their own faith, and but few now remain in their father's faith. Great interest was excited by their sufferings in England. Fellow Christians, let not this subside; it is a great, a good deed, to save, to help, to protect those we ought to love as brothers. Though now it may be hoped that they will be allowed to breathe in peace and cultivate the rugged mountains they inhabit; still, much may be done, and it is to be feared that others exist dispersed amidst the Koords who are still in the depths of bondage and endure a slavery destructive of every good quality they possess.*

* Mr. Layard will probably write an account of our joint journey from Mosul to Lake Van, through these heretofore unvisited districts; and to him I leave the task he is so well competent to perform, of describing the condition of the unknown Christian districts we found hid away for ages among the mountains. The journey was one of great interest.

Several other huts stood about, occupied by servants, cook-house, &c. ; and then, on a parched, dusty stubble, we reached Mr. Layard's tent. My own stood by its side, and another or two near. At a distance of some two hundred yards S.E. of us stood the black tents of the Arabs ; for as the workmen had their wives, relations, and several others with them, this formed a large encampment, and, thanks to their regular gains and protection from exaction, they were in a flourishing condition. They were a portion of a tribe called the Jebour, one widely spread, and sometimes nomad, at others sedentary, and often labourers in the fields. The tribe may be found scattered in divisions down to Bagdad. This division had been in a wretched state of poverty ; their wages for work on the Mound were by no means high, yet they are now wealthy as compared with others. How plainly this speaks as to the misrule and incompetence of the government, and the capabilities of the people, if allowed to develope themselves.

CHAPTER II.

Frequent Visitation of furious Gales—Their Effects on the Tents—Excavations by Mr. Layard described—Reflections caused by the Monuments—Arrival of Southern Pilgrims on their way to Mecca—How other Pilgrims now reach their Destination—Further Excavations by Mr. Layard—The Well of Thisbe—How the raised Monuments verify and illustrate the Language of the Prophets—How far Mussulmans are addicted to the drinking of Wine—Legend of Mahomet respecting Wine—Two hostile Tribes—The Tai Tribe—Its Antiquity—Pride of the old Sheik—Arab Muskets described—Pay-day on the Mound—Another furious Gale—Start on an Excursion to Nimroud—House of Mr. Layard there—Present State of the Villages—Excavations at Tel Nimroud—Imposing and solemn Effect of some of the excavated Figures—Prepare to depart for Koordistan.

We were frequently visited during my stay by furious gales from the N.N.W., hot as fire, of great violence, and heralded by clouds of burning dust, which penetrated everywhere. Paper dried and curled; ink stagnated. Our dinner on these occasions was as much earth as anything, and the first puff generally swept away most of our European-built tents, carrying their remains far to leeward, and leaving a confused wreck of prized property all about. Meanwhile, the wretched, shaky-looking tents of the Arabs stood unharmed. It was very

hard; the neatly-stretched canvas, the carefully-adjusted ropes, all through one blast—and away they went, hurting one's pocket, one's feelings, and one's pride. The wind chops round to N.E., and then gradually dies away.

It was, however, worth while seeing the wild gestures and excited energy of the Arabs. Mr. Layard's kavass, who usually lounged away the day torpid, would dart up in sudden activity, rush down into the trenches, and there, with frantic gestures, recount the disaster. Up rushed the Arabs, the wind roaring, masses of sand sweeping by. They yelled, they shouted, holding and tugging at the ropes to keep the huge masses on their after-legs.

From the time of my arrival here I seldom visited the town, frequenting constantly the trenches and the excavations. Descending a few ruddly cut steps, a narrow passage leads to one of the regular excavations; these were long galleries, some ten or more—perhaps fifteen feet high, and four or five broad, with the earth cut in an arch overhead, so as to render it less likely to fall in. Every fifteen or twenty feet a hole was cut in the top, open to the surface; up this, as the excavations had pro-

ceeded, the earth from below had been passed, and it now served to shed an ample light. On one side in rows stood the flat slabs, while on the pathway were traces that it had been so used before; and above the slab the first cut of the pick showed the sun-baked brick. It was impossible to enter these without a feeling of awe—God's words so forcibly proved! Once the mighty fallen, the great laid low! Perhaps those now digging ceaselessly before us, uncaring why, how, or where, are turning up the bones of their fathers, striking at the Gods of their race!

The extent of the excavations is very great, and they have been admirably directed. Looking at the result and the sum allowed, it is wonderful. As the world knows, these bas-reliefs are beautifully cut, and the inscriptions fresh as on the day they were executed. They had all been washed so as to permit of their being copied. The mound of Koyunjik is only the largest of the mounds near here; the mound of Nebbi Yunus, or the prophet Jonas, is just S.W. of it. This spot, the traditional tomb of Jonas, is a great evidence for the site of Nimroud. It is a large mosque, held in much veneration by the Mussulmans; this, and there being a village and tombs, has prevented any

extensive excavations being made. On the eastern side of the mosque are some cavern tombs of great antiquity. The mosque is said to have been erected on the site of a monastery, built to commemorate the preaching of Jonas.

> "Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
> Than He who deems e'en seraphs insecure?
> Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust,—
> The moth survives you: and are you more just?
> Things of a day, you wither ere the night,
> Heedless and blind to wisdom's wasted light."

During my stay the southern pilgrims for Mecca were performing their devotions here, this being one of the spots they deem it necessary to visit. Many of these people had come one hundred days' journey, painfully toiling through heat and privation to perform the service ordered them by their Prophet: for he says—"It is a duty towards God, incumbent on all those who are able to go thither, to visit this house."* Here is a lesson for us and our lukewarmness.

The Mussulmans themselves, however, say that the morals of the pilgrims suffer by the pilgrimage, and the saying is well known: "Beware of a man who has been to Mecca once; but fly from the house where there is one who has been twice."

* He speaks of the Caaba here.

Many pass years going and returning, either because they like the wandering vagabonding of it (for they beg and live well on the road), or else they receive money and go as substitutes for others. A Dervish who courted my company and went with me several days' journey, confided to me that he was then on his road as substitute for eight persons, each of whom paid him and each of whom thought he went for him only.

The march of intellect is at work here also; the pilgrims from India now often steam it to Suez, and thence to Jidda, only twenty-five miles from Mecca; from Constantinople they steam to Beyrout or Alexandria: we may yet live to see a fair lady drive to the Caaba in her brougham. Many make it a trading voyage, doing a good business on the road there and back.

Beside Nebbi Yunus are many other mounds, and the lines of walls and ditches are still well marked. At one of the gates of the city, Mr. Layard has excavated and discovered bulls similar to those his energy has placed in the British Museum. The mound was always awake with the dawn, when the workmen repaired to their stations. We generally took a ride, the

greyhounds accompanying us: in this way a good idea was gained of the locality, and in company with such a companion as Layard, all was made plain.

The well of Thisbe, the beloved of Pyramus. When flogged at school, and, as I well remember, kept in a lovely afternoon to learn this legend by heart, I little thought of the kind act my good instructor was doing me, and how in after years, sitting on the well, drinking its classic waters, I should repeat those lines thus roughly written on my memory, with true pleasure and gratitude to him who, by sheer might of hand and strength of perseverance, gave me a knowledge of a classic tongue spite of my will, and enabled me in later years to enjoy what it once cost me such tears and pains to learn.* On our return there was a breakfast of fresh melons, sad food to' tempt one on to fever and ague; then the party dispersed to the excavations, whither I also followed them, as there was full twenty degrees of difference between the thermometer in the tent and in

* My gratitude to this good man I cannot express. Spite of every difficulty he sent me forth, knowing enough to wish to learn more. The legend places the well here, though without any reason, as this fountain must have been within the city. However, if we are to look for proof, and correct topography, what shall we believe in the end?

the mound, the one being 104° to 106°, the other 80° to 82° or 84°.

Here carpets were spread on a mattress, and each pursued his employment, some deep in studies, the artist drawing, and I, the idle one, seeing, thinking, dreaming. To me there was something solemn in sitting within these caves; it seemed as if I had been brought here to witness the mighty power of God to convince my own stubborn heart; as if I was here to see, to believe, and to carry forth with me, the wondrous truth of His word. Before me were the pages of the prophet of old: he had prophesied, he had died, his words remained; and here one was called, as it were, to bear testimony to the truth of every word. The spot we lay in, though pitched upon by chance, seemed the very spot we witnesses should mark. At our very feet was a large bas-relief of the king in his chariot, followed by his eunuchs and people, "girded with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads; all of them Princes to look to." (Ezekiel xxiii. 15.) "Which were clothed in blue, captains and rulers * * * horsemen riding upon horses." On our right stood two mutilated

winged bulls, awe-striking in their very decay. The bas-relief at our feet was very fine; the king shaded by an umbrella; his dress, chariot, and horse's gear delicately and minutely cut.

> "The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
> And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
> And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
> When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.
> Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
> That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
> Like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown,
> That host on the morrow lay withered and strown."

On the next stone was depicted a siege without the walls; women were drawing water; the bucket is in the well, a crane with a block supports the rope. "Draw the water for the siege; fortify thy strongholds." (Nahum iii. 14.) On others, "Captains and rulers clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses." (Ezekiel xxiii. 12.) On others, "They shall come against thee with chariots, waggons and wheels, and with an assembly of people who shall set against thee buckler and shield and helmet." (Ezekiel xxiv.) Again, I saw the sons and daughters taken as captives; here were prisoners stript and bound—"They shall strip thee of thy clothes, and take away the fair jewels." These things, as I sat, I

saw portrayed on the walls, the images of the Chaldean. The place, but gloomily lighted, all tended to increase the feeling. "Not open, but half revealed, thou shalt be hid," (Nahum iii. 11.)

In the evening there was another ride, dinner, nargilleh, and conversation. At a late hour, we retired to our tents. Even then there was excitement: the guardians of the gardens below seemed to fire very much at random, and more than one bullet aimed at a boar passed distressingly near to my tent. Thus each day was a valuable record storied up as a memory of the past. Tablets were found (they seemed, by their number, to have entered the record office of Nineveh); many of them resembled cakes of Windsor soap, except, instead of "Old Brown Windsor," they were covered with most delicately cut arrow-headed hieroglyphics. Pieces of glass, &c., were found, but little else during my stay. The task of splicing the ropes was delegated to me. This was duly performed.

There was a young wild ass of Mr. Layard's which was a constant amusement; it had been brought up by an Arab, a petty sheik, on the mound, and nothing could now part it from him. The

capriciousness of the little brute was extreme; it would take food from his hand, and then with wonderful activity turn round and kick him. We said it was a pity to teach him this. "Teach him, Ya guest," for so I was called; "he kicked, as all his race do, in his mother's womb." The shape, make, and form of the animal were perfect, and already it gave great promise of speed: its nostril was full and round as a bell, its colour dusty pink. One day the sheik, who had charge of it, entered the tent, and Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, whose influence is unbounded, told him to drink some wine. He drank it off, saying, rather justly, the sin was Hormuzd's, not his. They say: Mahomet passed a house where a large party were making merry, and he went on his way pleased, saying, "These men were enemies; a little wine makes them forget their quarrel, and they are friends. Wine then is good for man; it is the gift of God, to make his heart cheerful, happy, and friendly."

In the evening he returned by the same road, and again passing the same house he found all fighting and quarreling; so he says in the Koran: "They will ask you concerning wine and lots; answer, in both there is great sin, and also some things

of use unto men; but their sinfulness is greater than their use." Perhaps he saw the actual necessity of this to the existence of a race in such a climate as his own; or else he would hardly have dared, almost at the beginning of his career, to have restrained what has ever been a cherished indulgence with mankind; though probably it was a habit which in excess the inhabitants to the west of the Euphrates were never guilty of.

The Persians, from the earliest ages, have been wine-bibbers, and spite of Prophet and fanaticism, are so now. Herodotus mentions of them, that they used to deliberate on the most important subjects when heated with wine; that then they met again and deliberated on the same subject while cool. If, on the contrary, they discussed any important subject while sober, they met again when excited by wine and re-considered it: between the two was wisdom.

One afternoon the whole mound was thrown into the most desperate excitement; baskets, shovels, and work were thrown aside, and the Jebour demanded with loud voices to be permitted to attack: six horsemen of the Tai, a neighbouring tribe at

deadly feud with the Jebour, quietly mounted the tel. The Arabs were with some difficulty restrained, and the horsemen were ordered to retire. The Tai are a tribe known on the pages of history, and their sheik may probably be of the oldest chief blood in the world. This tribe in the seventh century could send forth its ten thousand horsemen; and had the descendant of the Prophet (Hasseen) confided in their honour, they might have changed the fate, the religion of the Oriental world. War, feuds, and pride have now reduced the tribe; and though too proud to become sedentary, their migrations are confined to a space about the size of the county of Lincoln.

The old sheik, who traces back his pedigree in one pure line from before the Prophet, is a remarkably noble-looking old man; but his pride is rapidly hastening the destruction of his tribe. He will treat with none upon equal terms; claiming a superiority from his descent, which his enemies are little prepared to allow. "If they wish for peace, let them come and ask it." His tribe, who have remained faithful to him—a rare quality—through all his adversities, are at feuds with all, and daily exposed to the ills of unequal war. The Jebour

especially, are their deadly enemies, and during my stay inflicted on them a severe loss of cattle and mares.

It is the Tai who have exterminated the tribe of Ali Abou Hamed, of whom, from a powerful tribe, now scarce thirty houses are left, and these they hunt down with ceaseless pertinacity. I ought to mention that the Arabs on the mound are all well armed, all have good serviceable muskets; these are long barrelled, and the stock short and light. It is a cumbrous weapon to use without a rest; here, however, they have one consisting of two parallel legs, attached to the musket; this not only supports it, but the two render it a good steady stand to take an aim on. The rest lies along the barrel when not in use, held up by a string. The barrels of these native made weapons are excellent; their locks are the part they fail in—the springs are bad, so the whole works ill. The shots, however, they make with ball are wonderful, and our table was supplied with hare or gazelle daily.

Pay-day on the mound was a peculiarly characteristic sight, and well worth seeing. Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, an invaluable secretary,

whose sojourn in England has opened and improved a mind already well cultivated, and who possesses a knowledge of several Oriental languages, presided. Imagine a broad passage, or rather hall, —for a spot was chosen where several passages met—every outlet and cranny crowded by the expectant receivers: the lean, muscular Arab; the more stolid, but more determined Tiyari; the fat, sleek Christian of the town; the haughty Mussulman artisan; the disciplined fine form, and resolute expression of the kavass—all these discordant elements were pliant beneath the young secretary, whose acquaintance with their characteristics, many customs, characters and language, gives him great power. Their healthy appearance, good dresses, and arms, spoke of the advantage they derived from the regular work and fair pay. I forebore asking with regard to their pay, but believe it was two piastres a day for the ordinary workmen, higher for the rest. They were called up in tens, the money for these paid to one, and a bakshish added. They, on their parts, seemed to have implicit confidence in the payer, who insisted that each should buy meat for his wife.

In the evening we had another gale, and all our

tents, save one of Mr. Layard's, went by the board. It was sad, picking up one's goods from the sand, scattered far over the plain—pens, paper, watch, pots, sheets, bed, carpets, pistols, shirts. Soon afterwards, I took advantage of Mr. Layard's going to Nimroud, and one evening, after dinner, with one servant, we embarked, with Mr. H. Rassam and one servant, on a small raft for Nimroud. Slowly we floated down that silver river; the moon shed over the water a pale brazen hue, wavy, tremulous as the ripple; slowly the town floated from us, as we sat leaning on cushions—then came on us the wild, mysterious, barren, lifeless gloom of growing night.

We fell asleep in our musings; for my first consciousness was, that we were near the Awai or dam across the river, and the boatman said we had better get out and walk, while he went down it in a light raft. When my opinion was asked, I gave it against any change of position. Very sleepy; the chance of a swim seemed far preferable than the certainty of a walk, so we whisked down with great rapidity and, what was more, some wetting. One only buttress of this work remains above water, and the rest—when the

water was low, as it then was,—makes a fall again. Awaking, I found we had arrived, but burying myself under cloaks nothing roused me until the force of the sun drove me fairly from the raft. While the luggage was collecting, I could not but contemplate the scene before me. The place where we were, the banks being level with the water, was the watering-place of the country about, so thousands of animals were struggling, fighting, and pushing to the stream. They were tended and cared for by the girls, who either sat on the ground careless of their charge, or else, more busy, ran with them into the stream, keeping back those who rashly ventured too far.

We walked up to the house Mr. Layard occupies, and while the servants were busy I sauntered over the village. The reader may, perhaps, remember Mr. Layard's description of it before he began his excavations: the magic wand of justice waved over it; good order was established. The change is wonderful; every house was neat; a mare and foal stood tethered at each door; fowls, corn heaps, children, plenty, peace everywhere; and yet this was less the actual money spent, than the security given. Here in small was the fruit

of spoiling the buried mound—the buried treasures of Chaldæa: "And Chaldæa shall be spoilt; all that spoil her shall be satisfied." * We too have rifled the treasures in her bosom, and are satisfied.

A Mosulean Christian, the overseer of the work, provided us with an excellent breakfast, after which we started for the Mound. The country around is a perfect plain, now busy with reapers gathering in their crops. From the village we could see the Mound, the famed Tel Nimroud, peculiar among all others I have seen, from a conical elevation which rose on its north-west. Its whole outward form is now much altered, from the trenches and openings excavated in it. We passed rapidly over them: unlike those of Koyunjik, the trenches are open to the sky, as little space seems generally to have intervened between the surface and the bas-relief. Many of the bas-reliefs from this mound are in London; many of great beauty still remain. They are certainly of a higher, bolder, larger class than those of Koyunjik: many of the best now here are again covered.

It would be beyond my province to particularise each passage and trench; the excavations are

* Jeremiah, l. 10.

scattered over a great extent of ground, and though much has been removed, much covered, there was sufficient to keep me in a high state of activity for many days. While looking at the workmen, they turned out a jar; it resembled in everything those now in use, and had it been found elsewhere would have been thrown aside. It broke in the endeavour to remove it, displaying its contents, earth and burnt ashes. The workmen were now at work on the Pyramid, whose outer wall they had dug round, forming a passage between it and the earth. Below, it is encased by a solid stone wall, some nine feet thick; above, of sun-baked bricks, covered with cuneiform character, as fresh and sharp as if cut yesterday.

After a very hasty survey we retired to one of the trenches; carpets and pillows were spread. Mr. Layard was hard at work copying off inscriptions; I was soon deep in Moore's Epicurean—at least as deep as the lively scene before one would allow; the Arabs shouting, as they bore their tiny loads of earth; the people coming for orders, or mysteriously approaching with a handful of dirt. Now a visit, now a petition; then a great bustle consequent on the arrival of Mr. Layard. After

a short rest in the passage, we adjourned to where two enormous winged bulls still stood on their original site: a light awning had been spread overhead to keep off the rays of the sun, but the heat was very oppressive. I lay back in a retired corner: how was it possible to resist a feeling of awe at the figures before one? They stood, freed from the earth, displaying their admirable proportions—emblems of strength, gigantic, passive strength, in perfect repose—the claws doubled up: the whole powerful, but quiescent; the countenance worthy of Jove himself.

Between them was a broad slab of cuneiform-covered stone, which added very much to the effect, and much should I like to see them thus placed in our own Museum. The doorway of the room opened to admit of their standing as an entrance to the Assyrian chamber, and here, immovable, grand, solemn, magnificent, they had stood for ages, since time was young. They grew into this mighty life beneath the sculptor's touch; thousands on thousands have passed between them, trembling with awe, strong in zeal, or mighty for their minute. Vengeance overlooked them, and the earth covered them. Unchanged, they guarded

the holy fane: mighty men from lands grown old during their strength again laid them bare: no longer worshipped, they are found still faithful to their charge. Imposingly grand they stand, unmoved, untouched, strong as of yore. Perhaps we see them to more advantage than those who thronged here, when the temples were perfect; then the errors and coarseness of the detail would have been noticed; time has removed these, and we cannot descend to criticise. When formed, to any thinking mind, these were but stone; but antiquity casts her shadow around; history lies buried in the dust; and we long to ask of this strange guardian of the fane, his tale, his founder, and his name.

It was an epicurean dream thus to remain watching these figures, or rather becoming one of the particles of dust that remained at his gate for a second, and then passed away, blown—who knows where?—while they remain in the position of ages. The sun caused a sleepy, heavy feeling; the body yielded to the heat, and a dreamy state possessed one.

> "Then memory, too, with her dreams will come,
> Dreams of a former happier day,
> When heaven was still the spirit's home,
> And her wings had not yet fallen away."

These figures, perhaps, gained greatly in their effect from standing at the entrance of a dark mysterious excavation, instead of at the door of a temple; but, whatever the cause, never before had any work of man made such an impression on me. You descend from above, and arrive at a large open space, whence the earth has been cleared. In front are these mysterious, strange figures; behind opens a passage leading to the bas-reliefs. On each side are three figures, admirably cut, one over another. The winged bulls, therefore, form the entrance to the passage, dark as contrasted with the outer light. There is a distance of, perhaps, twenty feet between them, paved with a huge slab of stone, covered with cuneiform characters: this distance apart is in good proportion to the height of the bulls, and well adapted to display their massive forms.

Again I returned to the passage, in whose further recesses the flocks of the people sought shelter from the noon-day heat. Our coffee was cooked on splinters of cedar wood, dug from the buildings. The Arabs resumed their work, stretching from the sleep they had enjoyed after their frugal meal: they cursed the people who

made the place so strong, and their work so hard.

"And he will stretch out his hand against the north, and destroy Assyria, and make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness, and flocks shall lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nations." . . . "Desolation shall be in the thresholds, for he shall uncover the cedar work: this is the rejoicing city, that dwells carelessly; that said in her heart, I am; there is none beside me. How is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in! every one that passeth by her shall hiss and wag his hand." (Zephaniah xi. 13—15.)

In the evening, Mr. Layard returned to Mosul, a distance of some twenty miles, and left me with my servant as the occupants of his house. I lay on the terrace or roof of the house: it formed my thinking place, till sleep overpowered every other faculty, and then my bed, till the rising sun sent me forth to hunt over the Mound.

If the reader will turn to "Nineveh and its Remains," he will there find how much of the ruins exhumed were entirely consumed by fire, so much so that it was with difficulty the slabs

(many of them) could be preserved until drawings of them were made. This, also, is another striking verification of prophecy: "There shall the fire devour thee." (Nahum iii. 15.) Also Isaiah, xlvii.: "There is no throne, O daughter of the Chaldeans, for thou shalt no more be called tender and delicate: take the millstones and grind meal; uncover thy locks; make bare the leg; uncover the thigh; pass over the rivers; thy nakedness shall be uncovered, thy shame shall be seen." The whole of the chapter might be quoted, and each portion pointed out, as fulfilled by the actual present state of the country, or the ruins found.

On the following morning, accompanied by Zea, who soon, however, left me in pursuit of a hare, —"Nineveh and its Remains" under my arm, I walked to the Mound, and went over the whole of the excavations with a care, as to detail, I had been unable to give on my preceding visit. The excavations occupy about one-third of the whole Mound, which is of great extent. The wind, or probably the nature of the earth, has already caused much of the trenches to be refilled; but on my visit all the bas-reliefs were perfectly

visible. I have already noticed their superiority to those of Koyunjik. Whilst wandering about, I came on a well in an open trench, the brickwork of it new and fresh, as if of yesterday: but this also was uncovered during the work, and is, doubtless, of an antiquity equal to that of the other ruins. The workmen make use of it.

A beautiful chapter is Ezekiel xxxi., from the 3rd to the 14th verse, and well does it describe the grandeur of that mighty empire of which we possess but faint, scattered accounts. Its ruin was complete; struck down in the midst of its strength, it remains a warning to us and to all. The result of the excavations of the Pyramid of Nimroud will be a matter of great interest, and determine the truth of tradition. It seems hardly possible from its present form, that it can be the tower of which Xenophon speaks; there seems more probability it may be the tomb of Ninus, built by Semiramis.

I thus passed several days, wandering about during the mornings and evenings, and reading or dreaming amidst the ruins. The Arabs were most kind, and constantly offered presents more than enough to supply my simple ménage. Mean-

while, I was expecting my horses and servants from Mosul, in order to commence a new journey south to the great Zab, and then round to Arra, a town in Koordistan, where Mr. Layard would meet me. The weather was hot; the mornings and evenings delightful.

CHAPTER III.

Alarm of Baggage and Servants lost—Their Re-appearance—Preparations for the Tour—Departure from Nimroud—Offerings by the Way—Reach the Zab—Besieged by sick Villagers for physical Remedies—Domestic Quarrel in the Village—How it was maintained, and its Result—Junction of the Zab with the Tigris—Visit from the Sheik Abd-er-Rahman—His Entertainment—Negoub—Description of it—Attempt to examine the Outer Face of a Rock Tunnel—Arab Attendant—His Character and Peculiarities—His Exhortation to Patience, and personal Exemplification of that Virtue—How far the Prophet is obeyed as to Cleanliness—Visit to the Convent St. Hhodder Elias—Its Church—Inhospitable Christian Arabs—Measurement of Time by the Arabs—Difference of Opinion between a Turk and a Persian concerning Time—Distance, as calculated by Time in the East.

THE sun had just driven me in from my wanderings; the coffee had been duly imbibed, and my first nargilleh was in full force, when as I began lecturing Mousoulee on the folly of drinking, nay, even on the heinousness of the crime when his so doing deprived me of liquor, the door was darkened, a bright boar-spear thrust in, and the Doctor of the expedition followed, dressed rather for comfort than for show. He announced the loss of my baggage and servants, and said, having left Mosul at sunset he had journeyed quietly on, now dozing, now walking, when rousing thoroughly

he found but one servant and horse with him. Bawling, shots, and search proved vain, and having passed the night in wandering about, he had come on at dawn to inform me of my loss and concert measures for its recovery. At first I was inclined to speak to the heads of the village, who would readily have assisted me with their people, more especially when the aid might yield plunder or excitement to themselves.

The loss was not to be wondered at: the Tai lately had plundering parties out to the north of the Zab, and though sworn friends to the Bey of Nimroud, might not be able to resist so tempting a chance. A little consideration, however, led me to wait, and the event justified me, as before the evening all arrived safely. It appeared that as each servant found he had lost the guide, the road, and the party, he very philosophically laid himself down to sleep, and did not continue the journey till daylight. My party thus re-assembled consisted of six servants and seven horses, five of which carried luggage, with a servant over the load; the other two were superior animals for my own riding.

It was necessary on the trip I had in con-

templation to carry provisions of all sorts, as after leaving Nimroud, milk was the only food we should find; rice, and coffee, also, with white sugar as presents for the chiefs; and stores of tobacco for the use of all. Besides my old Syrian servant I had a Tiyari, called Lazer, to load and help, a cook—an old Armenian,—two grooms, Mosulean Christians, and an Abyssinian servant. Among us we spoke a variety of languages, and the whole had arms, wanting but courage to wield them. A couple of Jebour Arabs joined me on their own account, and Awad* forsook his superintendence of the diggers, and, in spite of our warnings, said he should come. Being the overseer of the workmen, and feeling the injury it would do to the progress of the excavations, I remonstrated with him, but he mounted his mare and so cut short my caution. The rest of the day was spent in reading, and in a final walk over the more interesting portions of the Mound. We retired early to our carpets spread in the garden, to be ready to start shortly after midnight.

The Doctor awoke me at the appointed hour, and calling the servants the baggage was packed

* The Arab Awad must be familiar to all readers of Mr. Layard's book.

and sent off while we took a hasty meal, and mounting, joined it abreast of the Mound. Here, as at Mosul, it would be interfering with others and profiting by their kindness, were I to enter into speculations with regard to the spot I was now on being the locality mentioned by Xenophon. This I leave to others whose whole talents and research have been applied to the subject. For myself, I passed the Mound and its steeple pyramid, and wound amidst the smaller tels with feelings of awe. The sun poured down its rays with intense force; the plain lay golden with ready harvest before me, and the labourers and Fellaheen Arabs made the place resound with their cries. Yet the eye lingered on those wondrous mounds. Though resolved to return and yet watch by them and see what more they would produce, I felt a foreboding such would not be, and that, as all around, I also must bow to prophecy not to be resisted, and, according to the words of Nahum, flee from her. "And it shall come to pass all they that look upon thee shall flee from thee, and say, Nineveh is laid waste; who will bemoan her?" (Chap. iii. 7.)

The shepherds, as we journeyed on over the plain,

brought a lamb, and stood with it as an offering; the reaper presented a bundle of newly cut corn; a prettier way of begging, certainly, than the pestering perseverance of more polished climes—a way old as the Scripture times, and interesting, as speaking for the immutability of the customs of the East. An Arab was now despatched to Sheik Abd-er-Rahman, the chief of the Aboudar Salman Arabs, to inform him of our expedition and carry to him our good will. We reached the Zab early in the afternoon, here a large and rapid river, and encamped, for protection, near a village of Shemutti Arabs, pitching the tents just on the rise of the bank. The low jungle that belted the river promised abundance of boar, and the village would furnish beaters and milk. The head of the village paid us his respects, and Awad, who knew everybody, brought in all who were fit, according to his notions, to bear us company. The village was a mere collection of bough and reed huts resorted to during the extreme heats of the summer. The news that the great Hakeem Bashi was with me having spread, we were besieged by cases of sickness, real and imaginary: all, however, received some advice, and to those that were

well we gave pills that were innocent enough to keep them so. The different cases the Doctor was consulted on, would, if described, prove he had no easy task to satisfy all.

Near us lay a jungle said to be full of wild boar, with which we promised ourselves much amusement. The Arabs of the village stared at us all day, but towards evening gave it up, and thenceforth we dwelt in quiet as one of themselves. They were a poor set, half sedentary; their flocks their only wealth. A high hill behind us shut out the gaif or plains of Mesopotamia, but before us was the broad stream of the Zab, its banks thick dry bush, and further south, on the opposite bank, a vast plain. In the evening we had two sharp runs at the pigs, but did not either of us get a spear. The heat during the day was intense, but the breeze, cooled over the river at evening, made all fresh again.

This, the first evening of our arrival, the Arab huts were alive with noise; it arose out of a quarrel between a man and his wife; she certainly had the best of it as far as rapidity of articulation went. At first it was a war of two, but very soon several women espoused her cause, and the

man ceased to be heard. Presently, recruits of women came to his assistance also, and the clamour was redoubled; then he fell out with his friends, so there were three parties. At last he settled the matter with the *Alei talac be telati*, "I part with her for three times:" this repeated thrice, constitutes a divorce. He then retired to his hut, nor could all their yells bring him forth again. During the whole time the men had sat quiet spectators. The woman finding words were of no avail, and unable to withstand the force of custom more irrevocable than law, came and moaned under the awning of our tent, rejecting, however, with scorn all our consolation.

The next morning my companion had a touch of fever, to which he had been a martyr for many months; as I fancied myself fever-proof, it seemed an unpardonable folly being ill, and after giving him such comforts as we had, Awad and myself started for a ride along the banks of the river. It was too late for the pigs, so I rode on to see the junction of the Zab with the Tigris. The former is here a considerable stream, and forms numerous low islands of the soil it detaches from the banks on its passage: these soon become covered with

bushes. The northern bank at the angle of junction with the Tigris bears marks of fortifications; high artificial tels, and a deep trench to isolate the mounds in their rear, may still be traced above. Also, along the banks of the river are other mounds, this might have been the southern part of Nineveh; and the walls north of Koyunjik the northern, if so it would give a river face to that town of twenty-seven or twenty-eight miles instead of the nineteen supposed; though a city of three days' journey through would be even more than this;* and considering the ancient Eastern cities to have been built like the modern ones, of one story with open courts of considerable extent, it does seem improbable.

On my return the Doctor was up and actively employed administering physic to a crowd of applicants. I had a visit from Ishlash, the son of Abd-er-Rahman, sheik of the Abou-Salman, whom Mr. Layard mentions: they were encamped a little up the Tigris. We received him and his horsemen with all respect: a lamb was procured and handed to Awad, who turned its poor head towards Mecca, drew his knife, winked slily at us, stroked

* See the Prophecies of Jonah.

his beard, pulled out its tongue to its full extent, pronounced the Bismillah, oo Rachum oo Raheim, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful,"* and let out its life's blood, which the dry, thirsty soil, licked impatiently up. Eau sucré, coffee, some milk and rice, were set before them, and the whole feasted their fill. The sheik whispered in my ear a request for rakkee: in this, however, we were unable to gratify him, for we had none. In the evening he left with many expressions of friendship.

On the following morning Awad returned to his diggings, and we proceeded up the bank of the Zab. The country is a slightly undulating plain, dry as a burning sun could make it; the only vegetation the caper plant. Passing the site of a large Arab encampment, we halted at Negoub, establishing ourselves in the outer part of the ancient tunnel. The Arabs call this Negoub, or "the Hole:" it is described by Mr. Layard. It seems formed for a channel, and is placed in a small bay in the Zab, where the water runs with peculiar force. Its original object would probably

* The Koran says, (chap. xxii.), that they may commemorate the name of God on slaying the brute cattle which he hath provided for them; see chap. or xvi., also chap. vi.

have been either from this higher elevation of the river irrigating the upper portions of the plain, or else conducting a channel to the southern and eastern portions of the city. A work of such immense labour would hardly have been undertaken for an inadequate reason. During my visit the river entered it with considerable force; but sand and mud had raised its level so much, that it did not penetrate far. At the river side a hollow rock has been tunnelled, presenting an arched entrance to the river: this passage leads into the hollow of the rock; here pillars of the rock have been left. On the inner side, a square tunnel has been dug, which leaving the rock an open water-course of the same size cut in the low rocks, takes a more northernly course than the river, and preserves a higher level.

The first chambers being filled with water, the horses and ourselves occupied the next, which was deliciously cool compared with the temperature without. Here the Doctor, for whose sake we had sought the shelter, was laid up with another severe attack; so much so, that I feared for his life. The tedium of waiting was relieved by shooting the pigeons, which abounded, and by a

desperate attempt I made to see if there was any inscription on the outer face of the rock tunnel. At first I tried this by wading out and then swimming to the mouth; this, owing to some eddy, neither myself nor my Abyssinian who accompanied me could do; so we went outside up the stream and let ourselves be carried down. It was rather perilous, for the rocks rose perpendicularly about 150 feet, their base honeycombed with caves into which the stream set with a good deal of force. Accordingly, we floated down: the upper part was too much covered with creepers to allow anything to be seen. Unable to keep my position, I dived, and found myself, by mere good luck, in the cave. The poor Abyssinian did not appear for an hour, and then tired and cut by the rocks. He gave a sad account of what he had undergone.

We saw a plundering party of Arabs on the opposite bank; but I suppose they judged our position too strong, for we heard no more of them: a wild boar also paid us a visit and escaped, to our disgrace, almost unhurt, carrying off my spear-head in his chest; he rushed at me, broke it, and turned off into the jungle. In my explorations I discovered that where there was not rock, the tunnel

had been built of brick, now become as solid as the stone. We sent for our supplies, such as corn, sour milk and bread, to the nearest encampment.

One of the Arabs with me was a never failing source of amusement—nay, rather of instruction. He had travelled a great deal, and, while perfectly conversant with the manners of his own people, was not altogether ignorant of those of others. He had picked up most of the high sonorous phrases of the Koran; these he darted, apropos or not, at Lazer, the Tiyari, whom he seemed to regard as the most worthy, or perhaps as the most easy of conversion; he being, as the Arab told me in private, the one who was least guilty of the unpardonable sin mentioned by the Prophet—(idolatry is considered by the Mussulman doctors as the only sin which, if not repented of in this life, can never be forgiven in the next.) One of his arguments in defence of his faith he grounded on the fact that the Arabs are unchanged—he did not mention that this was the same long anterior to the Prophet, even since the days of Abraham; and it may also fairly be questioned whether a change of manners, customs, &c., could be for the worse.

He would not at all believe that his ancestors had ever professed a species of Christianity. He

likewise confirmed my idea, gained elsewhere, that the early Moslems gave an equal share of spoil to horse and man, and if the horse was Arabian his master received two shares for him. Even now in their plundering parties, he told me, a horseman receives double the share of a man on foot. This man also in several conversations always mentioned Orfa as Ur—and Palmyra he only knew as Tadmor :—this is a curious fact.

The Tiyari, however, upset all his philosophy. He had been holding forth to the servants the sin of impatience and the necessity of a profound resignation to the Divine will ; a moment afterwards something vexed him, and he exclaimed, "May your mother be childless of you," (a very common oath.) "Hulloa, hulloa, my friend ; ya sheik, you are dictating to Allah ; wishing, wanting, asking," said Lazer. He expressed a great contempt for my washing, saying he was so strong he never required it, and in fact he rarely ever performed his religious ablutions, which seemed to him perfectly useless. His being strong was a fact I did not presume to dispute ; the sense of the word probably we interpreted differently. Mahomet places cleanliness as one of the fundamental parts of his religion. The ablutions were of two kinds, as may be seen

by reference to the Koran : the first or total bath is a commandment very few persons out of the great towns obey—and it was one of the cries of the Wahabees, " How can we be ordered to wash in a land without water?" they deeming the ceremony performed with sand ridiculous. Probably they also did not like the peculiar mummy feeling produced by it : it seems, after the perspiration is dried by sand, as if the juices were dried up and the body dry and chippy. One law of Mahomet's we may approve ; it has probably preserved the race of his followers through all their bestial vices ; it is that which forbids intermarriage eight generations inclusively.*

The poor Doctor continuing unwell, it became necessary to change our plans ; and I therefore determined to repair to the convent of Sheik Mattie, the usual sanitary station of Mosul, situated half in the Djebel Macloub ; we therefore left our retreat where, in its praise, I must record the thermometer as never being above 99°. Coursing over the plain, thickly sprinkled with mounds, natural or artificial, and all the vegetation parched by the sun, in four hours were reached the deserted convent of Hhother Elias. We encamped just without the

* See Koran, chap. iv.

walls, a little way from a village of the same name: at noon the thermometer in the tent was 115°, in the church 92°. The convent is large and well built, but the church is really ancient, and though plain, chastely handsome, lined with the coarse alabaster of which the bas-reliefs in the ruins are composed at the mounds. It struck me as larger and handsomer than the Church of the Virgin at Mosul. But now the quiet monk is fled, the congregation gone, dispersed; seeking shelter elsewhere, from a persecution they found intolerable: the immediate cause is said to have been the exactions of Achmet Pasha of Rowandiz. Fanaticism is always a sin, even against their own laws. The Koords avowed that what they did was for their faith—was an act enjoined on them by their creed, by their laws and professions. How could they, under this head, justify attacking convents? for I see Abou Beker, the successor of the Prophet, in his orders to Gezeas, departing for the Syrian campaign, said:

"You will find some religious persons that live retired in monasteries, that purpose to serve God that way. Let them alone."

We occupied the empty church the rest of the day, and soon after midnight started afresh.

Three hours over the plain, whence all the harvest was gathered, brought us to the large, populous village of Bartella; on our road the servants tried to let their horses drink at the troughs at the village of Karra Rush, where the cattle of the village were drinking; the villagers, however, drove the men away, an insult which would have cost them dear, as they were by no means so well armed as those they drove off—but I interfered. The Arabs exclaimed, "Ya Beg, we never refuse water to an enemy: here the Christian drives his brother from the well, where there is water and to spare for all." We now continued under the guidance of an Arab, one of the wildest savages I ever met, the other two returning to their village, on account, as the more intelligent said, of the unforgiving nature of the people about. "I paid them a visit, Ya Beg, three years ago; I have forgotten and forgiven all that long ago; but these people, I fear, have not." He omitted to mention that the mare, a handsome grey one he then rode, was a part of the proceeds of that visit.

On my asking the man who remained with us, "How far are we from Sheik Mattie?" he said, "Ya Wallah, Ya Betch (Turkish Bey, by less polished ones pronounced Beg, by the Arabs-Betch),

I do not know—hours; but it is as far from here to Sheik Mattie as from Nimroud to Mosul." Here was the truth and a good definition. In the East it is impossible to form any idea of distance; for, as each man judges by a standard hour of his own, what must be the result? It is very well to say "an hour is what a good walker would do in an hour;" this all must acknowledge; but who will determine among a people, who never even saw a watch, what an hour is? Nor in the village have they the calls from the mosques to define space or time, and they differ much even with regard to such palpable facts as sunset and sunrise.

I was in quarantine during the fast, the Ramazan, and two Persians and a Turk lodged at the door of my room on a terrace. The Turk made it sunset, ate and smoked; the Persians cursed him as a greedy brute who would not wait for God, and for whom hereafter God would not wait. At dawn the Persian ate on, rigidly shutting his eyes to the light; the Turk cursed his beard and his eyes, as those of one who preferred his belly to the commands of the Prophet; for each made it sunset and sunrise, according to his own idea. But to return. From the earliest time this definition of an hour or a day has puzzled geographers and

cast a shade over history, confused accounts, and set at nought enquiry. Herodotus and Xenophon both differed in their definitions. Herodotus himself differs in various places. The Arab defines every distance as an hour (*saaha*): with the Greeks it was ευζωνω ανδρι. Horace has it—

> "Hoc iter ignavi divisimus altius ac nos
> Præcinctis unum."

I never but once heard a distance defined as "a pipe;" though travellers say it is a common standard for calculating distances in the East. It was from an old Ansayrii I heard it, and it was used as a negative; for he said, "Ya Beg, it is so far I cannot pipe the distance;" meaning he could not smoke the whole way. Maundrell, (p. 64,) mentions that the place tradition fixes as the day's journey of Joseph and Mary, before they returned and sought the child Jesus, is Beer—about ten miles from Jerusalem. How strikingly this proves the unchangeableness of all things in the East. It is the invariable custom to go but two or three hours the first day, both on account of the difficulty of starting the first time early, as also, if anything is missing or wanting, to be at convenient distance to send back for it.

CHAPTER IV.

Reach Bartella — Kindness of the Priest there—Persecution of the Christians—Want of Privacy in the East—Incessant Visits from staring Strangers—How a Traveller should comport himself in the East—Fall from my horse—Take Refuge in a Convent—Its Renovation by the Bishop—Accommodation there—Kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Badger—What a Traveller in the East has to expect in the matter of eating and drinking—Food of the Natives, rich and poor—View from the Convent—Plain repeopled—Past Ages called up—Destruction of the Convents by Tamerlane—Strike amongst the Workmen—Peculiar Exhortations of the Bishop—Marriage Tests of the Chaldean Girls—Journey pursued—Two of the Party fall Sick—Cool Retreat—Complaining Visitors—The Jews and the young Jewess.

WE reached Bartella; a servant had been sent on to see for lodgings. About a mile from the village, I was met by a large body of people, who bore me along: at the entrance of the village, I was lifted off my horse, nor did my feet again touch the ground until I was deposited on the coolest corner of the priest's divan. No, good man, I will not call you priest — clergyman rather — that name endeared to English ears, as belonging to the good man at home, the friend of the village, our own mentor in youth, the friend and councillor of man-

hood. Nothing could equal the kindness displayed to us; the women exhausted their culinary arts to produce a breakfast, and one lively maid brought a present of bread which it needed not her soft smile and innocent words of welcome to make palatable.

I was much touched by these poor people: persecution, hardship, injustice, are things so constant, they were part of their existence, and they complained not of them. But lately they had been attacked, with more than Moslem fury, by the Papists: every means had been exhausted to drag them into the papal fold. Like gold tried in the fire, they seemed the better for the trial; and during the day and night I spent there, not one uttered a word I could wish unsaid. They imprecated no curses on their enemies, they regretted with kind words of compassion those of their brethren who had fallen away; but they clung to England with a fond and deep-rooted hope that she, the generous, the honourable, the great, the pious, would help her brother in distress. They spoke of Mr. Badger with grateful remembrance.

In the evening, we repaired to the terrace and there the whole who were met, put up a prayer to God for comfort and for strength. I could not

of course understand the words of the prayer; but the intonation, the slow clear tones and audible delivery, struck me much, accustomed as I had become to the hand-gallop style of Eastern sects in general.

On awaking the following morning, I found myself a leaping-bar for young kids, who, driven into another terrace, had broken over to where we lay, and used me as I described. The whole of the terraces on the roofs were one large bedroom; and as they all joined, except a small parapet for a division, we had, as it were, all slept together. They got up and looked at us as we arose and washed.

At first, one of the greatest privations I experienced in Eastern travel, and one that half did away with the pleasure derived from it, was the want of privacy; and one can fully understand (as probably centuries have produced but little change in their habits,) the expression in the Bible, of our Saviour retiring apart to pray; for, in the East, privacy is a word unknown. Families live in one room; men, women, sons, daughters, sons' wives, &c., and may be said never to be alone. This at first annoyed me, but habit is second nature. As

soon as the traveller arrives he has visits; all the world crowd to see him; the thousand nameless things one likes to do after a tedious hot journey must be done in public. Before you are up they are there; meals, all, there they are, and there is nothing for it but to proceed just as if the privacy was complete.

The custom also of paying interminable visits is at first very distressing, but this also is a feeling that must be overcome. The people do not, I think, require that you should stick upright at the attention position; they are quite content to be allowed to look at you, and, perhaps, enjoy the exhibition more if you pursue your regular occupations,—they then see the strange animals, as it were, in their natural state. Of course I do not allude to great men, the Pashas and Imams. But to the thousand and one persons, it is just as well to be civil, to elders, priests, &c. The best method is to set them to smoke, give them coffee and sugar and water; and, perhaps, more of my success when I was among the Ansayrii, may be dated to this than to any other species of tact or talent I possessed. To Pashas, of course, as well as others, a proper respect must be shown. Now, as I travel, women,

children, and all crowd round me; and, perhaps, no stranger has ever had such intercourse with the natives. On the noon of the day, on the evening of which I write this, my tent was honoured by several female visitors; Christians, maids and mothers, who, their veil forgot, amused themselves, I trust, as much as I did. Let the traveller put his *hauteur* in his pocket, be *lateef* (gracious), as they say, and he may enjoy as much as the country affords.

Bidding adieu to the kind people who steadily refused all bakshish, we left the baggage to follow, and rode on alone to Sheik Mattie. My companion had revived at the mere prospect of coolness, Zea was in excellent spirits, and the horses in first-rate condition. We put up gazelles, bustards, and hares by dozens; these distracted our attention and beguiled the road. Out-stripping our guide, we made straight for Sheik Mattie, whose green gorge we could discover high up the face of the mountain. The plain was a succession of low hills all brown with the summer; here and there a Koord village with its cultivated fields, cucumbers, and cool melons. The villages west of the river are nearly all Christian, but on to-day's ride we passed two Koordish ones. At one we halted and regaled

ourselves and horses on the fruit they pressed on us.

The old sheik came out, followed by two men with felts; these were spread in the cool, and we made kief. He begged the loan of Zea, whom he praised beyond measure for his extreme beauty, to kill hares. To hear him talk, his complaints of game, of fields hares destroyed, &c., I could have believed myself once more in England, but that he closed each sentence with "It is God's will; His will be done," and such like holy words. His long wide, graceful robes also brought one back to the East, to poetry and to romance. We started afresh; Zea, tired by numerous bursts, started after a gazelle: in the pursuit my horse stumbled heavily into a large hole, falling upon me, leaving me little to relate save a ride of great pain to the convent, where I went to bed as soon as possible. Poor brute! never man crossed a better: well-bred, of large size, and handsome form, he neither knew fatigue nor distress until this his last day of health. He had injured his shoulder; and, though he worked gently afterwards, I only kept him till I found one who would take care of him as he deserved.

It was a delightful change to the animal portion of me to be high up in the air, in a clean room and quiet, cool shade, and rest; but the pleasure was three-fold enhanced by finding one whose learning and social qualities would have made him a sought-for companion anywhere, likewise a sojourner here; his amiable wife shed her kindness around and imparted to all her ready goodness. Every comfort was collected round them, and to these we were warmly welcomed.

Rich's Travels give, I believe, a description of the origin of Sheik Mattie, to whom dedicated, by whom built. It stands beautifully two-thirds of the way up the Djebel Mackloub, on its western face; the conical road to it is up a narrow gorge, whose watered sides almost close on the path that winds up it. It was a ruin till a few years ago, when the present bishop devoted all his energies to rebuild it. He collected funds from his communicants, and directing the work himself, made it what it is. The whole is inclosed by a wall: within are courts and rooms built here and there. Just as he has money he puts on a room where there is space; those we were happy enough to be put into stood on a huge boulder of rock,

on which, as they could not remove it, they scarfed flat and built. There were two little rooms and a porch: into one was bundled the baggage, the other I occupied: the servants slept anywhere; the Doctor lived below.

We slept on the terraces, and the aisles of the church sheltered us from the noon-day heat. Here generally assembled all the inmates of the place, which consisted of many families of masons then at work, and families from Mosul and the villages, escaping from the heat of the plains. These lounged, worked, slept in the dark, solemn, old-fashioned church, nor seemed at all constrained by the solemnity of the place, as we were; with us a church is essentially a sacred place; and even when we enter it merely as spectators there seems an atmosphere of holiness around which forbids conversation, or other than noiseless steps and suppressed words. However, my airy eyrie was cool enough, and in after days of journey I often looked back to the hours passed there with mingled pleasure and regret. Mr. and Mrs. Badger admitted us to their table, so we fared more sumptuously than was our lot for many a day to come.

"For happiness for man, the hungry sinner,
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner."

The gourmand, or even he who *must* eat his dinner, should abandon all idea of travelling in the East; he will not only be without variety, but without even what constitutes the ordinary necessaries of life. Inns are now found at Beyrout and Damascus; but elsewhere in the country of the Crescent he must depend entirely on his own resources. Fowls tough and tasteless; milk, and the various articles made from it, such as leban—(which is milk boiled, a small leaven of leban put in, when the whole becomes a species of curd)—sour, but most refreshing, thick as cream cheese, or thin as water, according to taste—*yowourt*, as it is called in Turkish; *kaimack*, the skim of boiled milk: these are the principal articles manufactured from milk, as butter is not generally to be found, eggs, of course: these will constitute the ordinary fare. The bread is in a thin, half-baked, round cake, that is at first peculiarly unpalatable. Vegetables are seldom found, except onions and cucumbers. The natives use enormous quantities of the former. We will not wish our traveller the ill-luck of eating them (*see* Herodotus). This is all he must expect. Figs, apricots, pears, plums, and grapes, will be found in their seasons;

but these are luxuries, and he will often journey for days without them. At the towns, meat—mutton at least—may be procured; but, except in the large Christian villages—and there only once or twice a week—he cannot otherwise get it without purchasing a whole sheep. Fruits, &c., are abundant, but only in certain localities; and the people have no idea of sending or procuring them from elsewhere. The climate, also, while it produces everything, spoils everything almost directly. The supplies are superabundant for a short space: thus, for ten days the markets will overflow with apricots; three days afterwards, they can neither be procured for love nor money. Game is plentiful, yet nobody kills for the market; so the sportsman must depend on his own exertions. In such towns as Beyrout, nearly every description of vegetable may be procured, but this is of foreign introduction. In the other towns, rice must constitute the main vegetable.

Honey is to be had; the bees either have long cylindrical jars of wood, or of cane, coated within and without with mud. The honey is good: but this is a rare luxury. As a general rule, the traveller, I think, may do everything in

moderation : as to diet, with no choice but one style of food, or starvation, it is ridiculous to talk of it. Kismet and Mashallah—what must be must be.

I travelled with native servants. Their general food was rice and grease, with leban, bread, and onions, or *burgoul*, or wheat boiled and dried in the sun, reboiled with oil or butter. Meat, from choice, they seldom touched. On one occasion, I told a new beginner to make me some soup; when ready, he brought a dry mess of fowl and rice, and put it before me. I said, "But where is the soup?" "Here," he replied, pointing to the dry mess he carried; "this water," pointing to the soup in a saucepan, "I keep for the servants." I begged to change. The food of the poor is generally leban bread, onions, and burgoul boiled in grease or oil. This, and large quantities of vegetables, constitute their diet. An old ox, or sheep, or goat, killed to prevent its dying, is their only meat : and this is a rarity. But they hardly eat meat once a quarter : even eggs are an uncommon luxury among the poorer people. So, probably, like the Atalantes of old, they hardly know what it is to dream. Even the more wealthy eat little meat, and that generally made

into dishes with vegetables, &c. Coffee, among the poorer classes, is an unheard-of luxury, and rarely even to be found in the out-of-the-way villages. The traveller must take what comes, be thankful for it, and forget to murmur at what he has not in the thankfulness for what he has.

Επι πετρας, from the rock. Carpets were spread under the window, books were brought up from the depths of saddle-bags, and there I reclined, recalling, as it were, the history of the plain below me. Beneath me is the patched pile that has arisen by the bishop's exertions; and I see him now bustling among his work-people, exhorting, entreating, and now and then energetically abusing them. The women in the yard pound the corn in chorus; singing songs that are fresh and lively, yet old as those buried ruins afar. The eye shoots perpendicularly down the verdant ravine, up which, terraced with care, ascends the road. Its depth could not be guessed, save by the tiny thing which mounts and halts, and mounts again, and in an hour will arrive at the gate,—a tired but large lusty mule with ponderous load. On either side, the mountain falls away with jut and crag almost perpendicular to

the plain; at the foot, hills rise above hills in irregular and petulant ranges, like a stormy sea when the wind is gone, and nothing save its memory remains, lashing the waves with restless motion. Westward lies the vast plain, its surface broken by the mounds of imperial cities long passed away.

One moment the eye rests on the Tigris as it glides its vast volume by; then, out upon the plain, the desert broken by the range of Singar, again on to distance where earth and air mingle imperceptibly together. To the south, over a varied land, is Mosul, the white glare of its mosque glistening in the sun; to the south and east, a sea of hills, wave after wave, low and irregular. The Zab, forcing its way, takes a tortuous course to its companion; further on, they join their waters, and run together to the vast worlds of the south. Beyond are Arbela and the Obeid. Kara Chout and its crags shut out the view, passing many a spot graven on the pages of the younger world.

What a blank in history is there around those vast cities, now brought to light! A few vague traditions, a few names whose fabulous actions

throw discredit on their existence, are all that research has discovered. Even the nations following after these we know but dimly,—tradition, garlanded by poetry, our only guide.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away;
He in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud his robe of state;
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate,
The Persian on his throne."

Fancy conjures up to the south a small and compact body of Greeks; around them, at a distance, like vultures round a struggling carcase, hover bands of cavalry. Now, as a gap opens, they rush on; now, as the ranks close up, they melt away, shooting arrows as they fly, vengeful in their cowardice,—it is the retreat of Xenophon and his gallant band. They encamp at Nimroud; as in his yesterday, so in our to-day, a mound smothering its own renown.

Northward again comes a mighty band; with careful haste they cross the rivers, and with confident step traverse the plain south. On the south-east plain, a legion of nations, golden, glittering, yet timorous, await their approach. Alexander, the

hero, scatters dismay; assured of conquest ere he met the foe, he esteems the pursuit the only difficulty. On the one side, Asia musters her nations, —Indians, Syrians, Albanians, and Bactrians,— the hardiest population of her empire. Elephants and war-chariots are of no avail: the result was fore-written, and Darius foremost flies along the plain.

Faint, afar, we can see in the north-west Lucullus; and the arms of Rome float over the walls of Nisibis (B.C. 68). We may almost see the glorious array of Julian; hear him subduing his mortal pain; hear him pronounce with well-modulated tones one of the finest orations the world can record. We may see the timid Jovian skulking in his purple from the field he dared not defend in his armour. But again rise up the legions and the Labarum; Heraclius throws aside his lethargy; the earth drinks deep of gore, and Khosroo* is vanquished under our eyes.

The white and the black banners now gleam upon the field; the crescent flaunts on either side. One God, one faith,—they fight for nought. Hell for the coward, paradise for the brave. Abou Moslem and

* He was subsequently murdered, A. D. 62.

Merwan. The earth on the spot which had last drunk the red life-blood of Greek and Persian, now slakes its fill. Merwan flies with wondrous steps, but the avenger follows fast. He first loses his army on the Tigris; himself dies on the banks of the Nile: there perished the rule of the Ommiades.

The hordes of Timour now approach; their war-song ought to be the chorus of the spirits of destiny in "Manfred:"—

> "Our hands contain the hearts of men,
> Our footsteps are their graves;
> We only give to take away
> The spirits of our slaves."

What a different aspect must this plain have presented when those sun-burnt mysterious mounds were living, teeming, sinning cities; irrigated, cultivated, protected, safe; fruitful and productive. And these were barbarous times; and now, in this our day, peace congresses, civilisation, one vast federal union, liberty, equality,—a few villages fortified as castles, a population flying without a hope of even a death-spot in peace,—fearful alike of robbers and rulers, robbed alike by protectors and enemies, planting the harvest they may not reap; a government seizing what the roving Arabs choose to leave; law known but as oppression; authority

a license to plunder; Government a resident extortioner.

Too long have we lingered on the scene. Again the plain is naked, bare, and lifeless; the sun hovers on the horizon; he gilds the Desert, licks the river; the Desert breaks his glorious disk. Slowly, like the light troops covering a retreat, he collects his rays; with fondness lights up each hill; warms with his smile, lighting with unnumbered tints each peak and crag of bold desert-throned Singar. Reluctantly he hovers for a moment on the horizon's verge, large, fearful, red; then

> "The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out;
> At one stride comes the dark."

Near the convent is a dripping well; a rough path leads us to it, and its entrance is shaded by a gigantic tree. The water is very cold and sweet: the moisture shed a coolness around, that made an exquisite retreat. Near it is a cave which in days of persecution sheltered securely many of the poor fugitive Christians. The destruction of most of the convents about these mountains and on this plain is imputed to Tamorlane; but in our own time Sheik Mattie was

attacked by the Koords; its fathers were slain, beaten, and dispersed; and the dust of long ages of bishops scattered to the winds. They still show in the church the tombs of Mar Halveus and Abou Faraf, which they say escaped the observation of the destroyer. The inscription of one we were able to decypher; but another resisted even the efforts of the scholar then resident at the convent. We in vain tried many learned men, but the inscription defies all investigation.

"Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood,
Untold and mystic still."

Awakened this morning by a strike among the workmen. They had consented to work for the bishop for twenty paras (a penny-farthing) a day; this is half the usual wages, their wives assisting gratis. At last, they left in a body, saddled their animals, and prepared to depart. The poor bishop was frantic. "Brothers, cousins, for the love of Heaven, work! Why are ye so lazy, you sons of the devil? Children, my sheep, work. Pesawinks, why do you not move? Brethren, we ought to live in charity. Limbs of Satan, I will burn your

fathers!" He rushed off to us, and told us many most amusing anecdotes of the Rev. J. Wolff.

The people consider the convent as their joint property. On repairing to the church, and entering without noise, I found a bevy of young girls throwing knotted handkerchiefs, and trying to lodge them on the ledge over the door leading to the tombs. They are allowed three throws; if in these the handkerchief does not lodge once, their chance of marriage for the year is gone. One or two carried their point; the rest retired sorely disappointed. However, the Chaldean youths must be cold indeed, who see and do not love these maidens, with their lustrous eyes and noble forms.

In the afternoon I sent the baggage down, and it rested at the small village of Maardic, just at the foot of the mountain. In the evening, the Doctor and myself bade adieu to our kind friends, and descended to the plain.

Monday, 8th July.—Off before daylight. Skirted in a southerly direction round the western face of Djebel Mackloub, and passing over the hill-broken plain, turned its southern flank, arriving on the banks of the Bumadus, a fine stream flowing south to the Zab. We passed the ruins of a

handsome bridge, which crosses the stream ; the buttresses alone remain, but these are fine, strong, and as sharply cut as the first day they were laid. As soon as the heat came on, we pitched our tent at a wretched Koordish village, Kaimavah. The habitations were mud hovels, roofed with bushes. They called the river I call Bumadus, Gomer ; and the bridge Kupri Mal Nimroud. The southern extremity of Djebel' Mackloub they call Cassar Mal Nimroud.

Tuesday.—We crossed the low spurs that run south of Djebel Mackloub, course northerly ; opened the plain of Navkur, passed several villages, and in five hours reached Peerbeem, a small village. We pitched the tent under some large mulberry-trees, the thermometer 119° in the tent. None of the people could be induced to come as guides ; many declared they had never been beyond the next village.

This plain might be rendered capable of producing to any amount ; villages are thickly strewn about upon it : they are generally built on a tel, and each now half buried in the huge masses of unthrashed corn gathered round it in heaps.

We started at four. In many of the villages half

the people were down, ill of the fever. We pitched our tent on a lofty artificial tel, of great height but small extent, one of two that stand like towers protecting the northern portions of the plain. Our cook taken ill. The other servants recommended me to leave him; I said "Good gracious!" (*co lateef*), "no; he would die here." "God knows," they replied.

Wednesday, 10th July.—Abdallah, my right-hand man, struck down with the fever; the Doctor also. Both lie on the ground, nor will any persuasion induce them to move out of this pest-house. At last, we forced the sick to mount, leaving the baggage to follow. We rode eastwards over the dry broken plain, Djebel Hair before us; its abrupt sharp peaks and narrow ridges reminded me much of the range at Waohoo, in the Sandwich Islands. But where are the green verdure, the cool glades that render the climate and them so pleasant? We passed ground irrigated for rice; whole villages struck with fever; children, men, and women in its various stages. We passed the low hills that skirt the base of the mountains; two streams dry. The sick had to be driven on by force,—to me it was a day of intense fatigue.

Few people can bear heat with less inconvenience than myself, yet this day it was very oppressive. It seemed as if the Koran was true, and the last day should be ushered in by extraordinary heat,—as if, to use the Eastern expression, "the sun should no more be veiled, but drawn from his sheath, and allowed to pour down his rays direct on us wicked."

We ascended the base of the mountain, and entered a gorge. Had Paradise opened before us, the change could not have been more delicious. We dived under the shade of olives, pomegranate, apricot, plum, cooled by running water beautified by creepers, and cheered by the full-throated note of the nightingale. The town of Akka was above us, burnt and parched. We turned into the shadiest garden, and there pitched the tent when it arrived, in the shadiest spot. The sick were put into a house, where I applied for their comfort all the means that I possessed.

We had lighted on a delightful garden; one room of the small house which stood in it was given up to the sheik, and I soon became a great ally of the pretty widow (whose husband had lately gone on a journey and not returned), and

her married sister, with whom she lived. They were savage and morose when their Koord brother was near, but nothing could be kinder than they were when he left. We, however, were forced to move: worried by the repeated invitations of the Montselim, we took up our quarters in his garden, he and his suite occupying another end of it. Complaints poured in on us. First came a Nestorian of most unprepossessing countenance, bringing with him a half-witted lad, all whose relations and family had fallen in the massacre of the Christians at Rowandig. The cadi had taken this lad, and ordered him to prepare for Mahomet and circumcision in a week. The Montselim, however, who was kind and attentive to all our wants, utterly denied the charge, and promised to send the boy to the Christian mountains, which he did the following day.

Next came a large company of Jews. For a while they sat at a distance, but gradually approached and made known their complaint. They said, that a few years ago a Turkish man had seized a Jewish maid and carried her to the harem, where he kept her; at the time, they were unable to procure justice or the restitution

of the girl : now, however, the man was dead, and the cadi had taken the woman and refused to give her up, though she still retained her native faith and wanted to return to her friends. The cadi always protects widows and the divorced ; in fact, he is the person to whose house the women fly for protection in all cases. I would not interfere, more particularly, as I had heard the case had been long in agitation, and was not quite so clear as the picturesque groups of suppliants made it appear. Report said the girl had willingly gone to the Turk, changed her faith, and now sought the cadi to protect her from the vengeance of her people. However kind the Montselim was, he little thought of our health ; nightly his gardener irrigated the garden, so that we slept in a pond.

CHAPTER V.

Continued Illness of some of the Party—How Sickness is borne by Natives of the East—Accompanied by Mr. Layard, start for the Koord Mountains—Town of Akka described—The Pasha deposed by the Sultan—I fall sick—Murder of Professor Schultz—Scenery on the Journey—Welcome of the Pasha to Mr. Layard—Arrival at Van—Bitlis Cloth—Bazaars of Van—Visit the Pasha—Reception by his Hasnedara—Taken worse—Tacktervan in which I journeyed to the Convent—The Dresses of the People of Van—Policy of the Porte briefly considered—Frankish Dress adopted by Turks—"Lebiss Stamboul"—Apartments in the Convent, and partial Recovery—On the Pleasure and Advantage, or otherwise, of travelling alone.

FRIDAY, 12th.—I rose as well as usual: on one side of the tent lay the Doctor, dead beat; under one flap, which constitutes a separate room, Abdallah perfectly insensible: the cook lay behind on a heap of horse-cloths, equally stricken. I sat down to write in the air; finding the flies annoyed me, I read, fell asleep, and remember nothing save a great sensation of pain and weariness for two days. It seemed as if a noise awoke me; it was early morning, and Mr. Layard stood before me. Poor fellow! he had learned

how to treat the fever by bitter, almost fatal, personal experience; and now he dosed us and starved us, till all but Abdallah were out of danger, at all events.

It is curious how soon people of warm climates, —or, in fact, I may say,—all uneducated people, succumb to sickness. Hardy fellows, apparently as strong as iron: when attacked, they lie down, wrap a coat or cloak around them, and resign themselves to suffer. It would seem that the mind is alone able to rise superior to disease: their minds, uncultivated, by disuse weak, or in perfect alliance with the body, cease to exist when its companion falls. In intellectual man the mind is the last to succumb: long after the poor weak body has yielded, the mind holds out like a well-garrisoned citadel: it refuses all surrender, and though the town is taken, fights bravely till the last. Mr. Layard kindly waited a few days to enable us to recruit, and then one morning we started, a goodly company, for the Koord mountains.

The town of Akka, the capital of the district, governed by a Montselim sent by the Pasha of Mosul, is situated on the western slope of Djebel

Hayrr. It consists of small detached flat-roofed houses built of mud and wood, and looks cleaner than Turkish towns generally do. The mosques are neat and well-built, with bright glistening crescents over all. On a bold point of the mountain stands the castle of the hereditary Pasha of Akka, a descendant of the Caliphs of Bagdad: Mohammed Said Pasha was the last. About thirteen years ago the Porte reduced him to subjection, by the capture of his castle, a badly built rubble building, yet impregnable except by blockade. He surrendered, and now, I believe, resides at Mosul as a private individual. We skirted above Antle, and tortuously ascended the face of the mountain.

I was sometimes suffering from fever; ill, peevish, and weary,—but enjoyed myself well notwithstanding. We journeyed through strange regions, where Frank had never wandered. We saw the Koords as they are best seen, free in their own magnificent mountains;—not "the ass," as the Turk calls him, "of the plains." Mahomet Pasha, son of the little standard-bearer, and Pasha of Mosul, was requested to provide for its defence by the consuls, and to attempt by

better rule the civilisation of the Arabs. He replied :—

" Erkekler Densige
Allar genisig
Kurytar Donsig
Devekler Yoolarsig."

" What can I do with people whose men have no religion, whose women are without drawers, their horses without bits, and their camels without halters ?"

Thus we wandered over many miles, plains spreading between their fat mountains, splendid in their grandeur ; now amidst pleasant valleys, anon over giant passes—

———" Dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
Where rocks were rudely heaped and rent,
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled."

My health after this gradually got worse ; repeated attacks of fever, brought on probably by my own carelessness, weakened me so much that I could scarcely keep up with the party. Riding was an agony, and by the carelessness of my servant my horses were ruined. One evening, an Abyssinian, one of my attendants, went so far as to present a pistol at my head. My poor dear

dog, too, was lost, which perhaps afflicted me more than most ills which could happen to myself. At last, we passed over a ridge, and Lake Van lay before us. We had, perhaps, been the first Europeans who had performed the journey. The last and only other of which we have any record, was poor Professor Schultz, who was murdered by order of Khan Mahmoud for the baggage he unfortunately displayed. The Khan received him kindly, entertained him with hospitality, and despatched him on his road with a guard who had their instructions to murder him on the way. He was an accurate and capable traveller, a native of Hesse, and travelling for the French government.

The morning of the third of August saw us passing up a most lovely valley, the Vale of Sweet Waters. We had encamped in it the night before. Leaving its pretty verdure, we mounted a long range of sun-burnt hills covered with sun-dried grass and *immortelles*, whose immortality must have been sorely tried on that sun-exposed place. Achieving a pass, we gained our view of Van; the scene was worthy of Stanfield in his best mood. Before us, on the north-east, brown, quaintly-shaped hills, variegated with many tints,

filled the view of the far horizon. From this a plain led to the lake; around it were noble mountains, snow and cloud-clad, their beauty enhanced by the supervening water. Saphan Dagh, with a wreath of mist and cap of spotless snow, seen across the sea, was imposing—I might say, perfect.

The plain on the eastern coast spread out broad and fair; here verdant meadows, there masses of fruit-laden trees; while between the mass wandered the mountain streams, hastening on to their homes in the fair bosom of the lake. Van itself swept round its castle, which stands on a curious rock that rises abruptly from the plain; but the lake indeed was the queen of the view, blue as the far-depth of ocean, yet unlike the ocean—so soft, so sweet, so calm was its surface. On its near coast, bounded by silver sands, soft and brilliant, while its far west formed the foot of Nimrod Dagh, on whose lofty crest are said to be a lake and a castle.

We were soon met by a large party of hytas and kavasses who bore the Pasha's welcome to Mr. Layard, and accompanied by an Englishman, a dear friend of mine, who had left Mosul during

my stay there. We passed a large Armenian convent perched on a hill on the right: green trees encompassed it; waters ran from it, and the view it promised was fair in the extreme. It seemed the abode of peace and retirement, with pleasant glimpses of the world below.

At this period again I had the fever, spite of a liberal dose of quinine taken the day before; the rain had poured all night, and the damp tent had probably contributed to my disease: so I resolved to escape from Van as soon as possible, and seek health and quiet in the convent.

On the opposite heights, nearer the lake, was another lower convent, but inferior both in extent and situation. Reaching the plain, we traversed well-cultivated fruit gardens, and rode along pretty lanes with willows shading and water flowing, while little country houses nestled under the shade. The trees were loaded with fruit, burdened beneath its tribute of the year, the effects of summer and sun. In these villas, Van goes out of town during the summer: we left these for wild shadeless fields. The castle, an ill-built straggling building, shows now a large extent; but it is sad rubbish,—rubble and mud. There is a wall both

within and without the ditch; the portion built on the rock, however, is naturally strong.

We entered through rows of fruit stalls within the gate, piled with apples, plums, apricots, and the beautifully-coloured Bitlis cloth, which here receives its beautiful dye, being made at Bitlis. The two favourite colours, purple and red, cannot, I think, be matched. It forms the head-dress of the Koords, and causes a considerable trade. The bazaars are fine, and some are undergoing repairs —a new sight in Turkey. The Pasha, however, is most highly spoken of. Altogether there was a great look of prosperity about the town. On our route we had heard the rule of Mohammed Pasha praised; therefore, it must be excellent; for present rulers are seldom appreciated.

Proceeding through a quarter of the town reduced to ruins by an earthquake, we turned in at a very dilapidated gateway, and entered a large court, across which ran on the further side, a covered gallery, also out of repair. The two other sides were mud walls, with a few wood-grated windows. Dismounting, we were shown up a wooden staircase almost useless, so old was it, and rickety, and entering a large room forming the left

side of the square, we were established in the Pasha's best room. Wooden cupboards were all round; these held the nargillehs, &c., and a divan of cotton ran down two-thirds of the length of the room, a fire-place forming the further end. The place of honour had two old silk cushions, and the room was covered with coarse felts.

We were received by the Pasha's *hasnedara*, or head-man, the Pasha himself being at another serai* outside the town. He, however, paid us a visit shortly after our arrival. Tea here took the place of coffee: an excellent meal meanwhile was prepared by the Pasha's people, and the Turkish *cuisine*, exceeding by far the Arab, proved very acceptable after our scanty fare on the road. The dinner and dishes have been often described; these however,—Arab and Turkish,—differing in the plates, differ also in the mode of serving up. In the Arab all is placed on the tray at once, while with the Turks, each dish is placed separately, and served one at a time, and the dinner generally consists of one dish of meat, then one of sweets; another of meat, another of sweets, and so on; pillau, rice boiled with grease, concluding the meal.

* Palace.

Finding my fever rapidly increasing, I ordered my bed to be got ready, and set out to see as much of the town as my time would allow. I tried to smoke a nargilleh, but the attempt proving abortive, I returned. A separate room had been prepared, to which I was shown with the rather unpleasant assurance that, though it was new, it had never been occupied, as it was considered unsafe. It consisted of four mud walls and a roof, with two open windows and a door—here for some days I remained nearly insensible. The Pasha's *hasnedara*, Halida, a Circassian, had been intrusted with the care of me, and he constantly flitted before my delirious vision in new and most gorgeous dresses, my small remains of sense being exerted to find praises for his attire, which was certainly, as far as I can recollect, very handsome. For many days I thus lay, as it were, awaiting death; all my strength was gone, and I only apparently lived because he did not come to take me my food, brandy, opium, quinine. Mr. B. nursed me with a mother's attention, and to him, under God, I own that my bones are not resting by the borders of that lake.

As soon as it was deemed possible to move me,

the Pasha most kindly put his *tackterwan* at my disposal: it had been made for fairer burdens, but gently bore me without jolt or jostle. Into this, accordingly, I was lifted, and escorted by my kind friend, carried to the convent of Yebbi Klessi—the one I described on my arrival. The tackterwan was a cage some five or six feet long, by four feet wide, with a rounded roof: this, and the bottom, were of boards, with four stout posts at each corner, surmounted externally by brass knobs. The rest was of wire-work, lined with cotton; folding-doors on either side. Two poles before were lashed to pack-horses, one before, and one behind: before, there was a species of dickey. Two men attended on either side, and one held each horse. The motion was delightful, when the horses stepped together; but jolted sadly when they got out of step. Four irregular horsemen, *hytas*, escorted us; my baggage and servants, horses, &c., bringing up the rear. Being too weak to move, my view was circumscribed to the dirty yellow cotton lining: the journey was borne well, and I was deposited safely on a carpet in the middle of the court, while a room was prepared.

The Pasha had paid me a visit previous to my

departure, of which I retain little recollection beyond the pain and annoyance occasioned by having to sit up during his stay. He and his suite were dressed in the Nizam dress. It was a sad change for these proud Osmanlees, with their wide flowing, picturesque, sculpturesque dress, to be brought to the tight European dress, to the buttoned frock, and close-fitting trouser. They seem—at least, according to our standard of grace, ill-made; a vast mass puffs out the waist and that portion of the back which ought to sink in. This is probably a little owing to their tailors, who, saving tanzimat,* ought therefore to be punished severely.

Then they wear mostly the native shirt, which has no collar; so there is the bare cloth against the real skin, which outrages our notions; and none are *bien chaussé*. The Nizam dress, as it is called, is a blue braided frock coat: there is another modification also, a huge, shapeless coat-cloak, no improvement on the former. Clothes-brushes are unknown, so they look untidy and slovenly to a degree. The soldiers wear jackets of blue woollen, and by way of setting off their

* The reform which forbids all corporal punishment.

figures, their native dress (20-yard trousers) underneath; so they resemble stuffed trousers, not men clothed in legitimate breeches.

As we went out we passed the Pasha again walking home, surrounded by a crowd. It appeared, a man had presented a petition to him; he pleaded the impropriety of the time—the man however, persisted. He read the petition; allowed its justice, and gave orders about it at once. This is as it ought to be—as it was, in fact, when the throne of the Sultan was a sheep's skin, and his rule, equity. He is a worthy man who, under the present rule of Turkey, does this. It reminds one of the days when Saladin sat at the door of his tent, and the poor man presented a paper to be signed. The great fighter of the faith replied, he would sign it when his secretary came, as he had no inkstand, and could not then attend to business. "Sign it," says the suppliant; "there is one behind you in the tent." "The man is right," replied the great Sultan; reached round and signed the paper. I said "under the present rule of Turkey;" for as yet their reforms fit them, as well as the dress they have adopted from Europe. Whether the rulers will adapt themselves

to the reform is another question more difficult to decide. The reforms of late years effected by the Porte have been very great, and much improvement has taken place; but whether Turkey as she is can, or even if let alone will, ever take her place amidst civilised nations, is a question difficult to answer. As yet, these reforms have mostly failed. The Turk can only govern as a conqueror—"Once a Turk, ever a Turk," is true to the fact. Many of the reforms projected are never carried into execution; others are so defeated in their execution as to become the organs of positive ill. Then again, a question occurs,—the necessity of which must strike any traveller—how much freedom are the people capable of bearing? The tanzimat has now been in force a sufficient number of years to test its working fairly: what do we find? In many places it has literally never come into force at all; in others it is not acted upon, and in many it has produced evils. The power of life and death has been taken from the Pasha; murders have dreadfully increased; the bastinado has been forbidden—it is used as much as ever.

The Turk has only one means of governing—violence: he governs well with that: he is merciless,

and, put Islam on one side, just. The people generally consider the concessions granted them as signs of weakness in their rulers, and, as such, incentives to resistance. In Turkey there is one law for the rich, and one for the poor; for the one there is immunity, for the other oppression. The fabric is rotten at the core, nor do I really see any human cure that can purge it. The poor are poorer, the rich, not richer; confidence does not increase, and all that is done seems rather a postponement of the evil, than forward steps to a wholesome change.

The conscription produces evils daily augmenting: the taxes, high in themselves, are collected so as to make them grievous in the extreme. Would that the Sultan could be told that pleasing saying of Tiberius, when the Prefect remitted him a larger collection than usual, "It is my design," said the noble father of his nation, "not to flay, but to shear my sheep." * And alas! the empire presents an inert mass devoid of vitality, retaining its proportions because none shake her framework.

It is curious how readily they adopt the Frankish

* Xiphilin in Apophthegm. *Tiblas.*

costume, in spite of their very natural prejudice in favour of the native dress, and their contempt of all belonging to Franks. Not only those whose offices compel them, wear it, but all who can. To dress *Lebiss Stanbouli*, (for they trace it to Stamboul, and will not call it Frankish,) confers talents, superiority—everything, on a man; and my exclamation of "What an ass so and so is!" is constantly met by "Lebiss Stanbouli;—dressed Stanbouli fashion,—impossible!"

Meanwhile, my room is ready, and I am led up a small flight of mud stairs to it, a long mud place paved with fleas. Here I was put to bed, and being very weak and afraid lest I should die, remained quiet, and did as my kind nurse bade me. The change did me good, and Mr. B. being a liberal doctor, who fed me well, I soon came round, or rather the fever became intermittent, and on the clear hours I had a respite from pain and positive illness. Shortly after my arrival, Mr. Layard's doctor and artist arrived, both ill; so I had company. In a few days Mr. B. left us to visit the American missions of Urumia in Persia: of these, at our subsequent meeting, he gave me a charming description—but this is his. At his

departure he seemed to carry off both health and fair weather, for the rain poured down till the court became a pond, and we all succumbed to the fever,—servants and all. Again Mr. Layard came and paid me a visit previous to his return south, and at last the doctor and artist prepared for a start on their way to Stamboul. For myself this was impossible; a start out of bed brought me to the floor. How could one begin a wild journey of three hundred miles, with servants sick into the bargain?

It would be difficult to determine between travelling alone, or with company, and much might be said on either side of the question. The difficulty is to find two persons congenial in habits and taste; for, without this, little pleasure can be expected. Alone, perhaps, the traveller omits much which he might, with an agreeable companion, survey with interest; but, then, he is master—perfect master—"lord of himself"—perhaps, as the poet sings, of "a heritage of woe," but often extremely agreeable.

> "Ah, wretched and too solitary he,
> Who loves not his own company;
> He'll feel the weight of many a day,
> Unless he call in sin or vanity
> To help to bear 't away."

But it is weary, for months and months to travel on without the smallest polished society. The natives, with a very few exceptions, are unintellectual to a degree—"money, money" their only conversation; and I am not sure but that he who travels with his dragoman, without any knowledge of Arabic, has the most enjoyment. For him there is the charm of mystery; he only hears what is said, filtered through translation: he sees the venerable native, a very patriarch; he sees the granddaughter, a perfect houri: unable to penetrate further, he fills up the picture from fancy, nor finds the one a voracious Jew, the other but a waxen doll.

It is, indeed, pleasant, now and then to meet a European, to interchange ideas, and to enjoy the intercourse we enjoy alone in the civilised West. To see and hear open, honest ideas, and enlightened views, is singularly refreshing; after some period of Eastern travel, the mind requires this. As in the days of Sulieman El Ioudee, so now: "A friend sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." With all, there are moments when companionship with one's kind is agreeable, and then the lonely traveller will find the want of a com-

panion; and even objects of veneration, of grandeur, and admiration, lose half their pleasure when gazed at alone. We long to admire with another: the remarks, the reflections of a friend, indicate new points which have, perhaps, failed to strike us. And pleasure itself is but half pleasure after all, when smothered within ourselves.

For myself, my wandering steps had roamed, in former years, over many parts of this historic land; then life was fresh, and everything was viewed beneath the influence of youth and spirits; then, with oneself, one found sufficient companionship; but in these, my later travels, I freely own that, many and many times, I regretted the want of friend and comrade—never more than now, when, laid low by sickness, I was left to suffer alone.

CHAPTER VI.

Misery of being left alone in Sickness—The Hytas—His History—His Habits and peculiar Cookery—Illusions and Vagaries of Delirium—Reception by the Hadji of the truant Servants—Visit of the Armenian Bishop—Mussulman Fast—How the Kavass of Mr. Layard kept it—His exploit at Van—Interior of the Church—The Chapels—Trading in the East—Monks of the Convent—Armenians—Their good and bad Qualities—Opprobrious Terms used by Turks against Christians—Gathering Harvest—Character of the Christians of the East—Return to Van—Turkish Doctors—Their Carousals—Taken by the Pasha to his Country-house—His Opinion on the Affairs of Turkey—Antiquity of Armenia as a Kingdom—Its present Power—Servant beaten by Soldiers—How that Injury was redressed—Leave Van—The Hasnedara of the Pasha—How his Memory of me was to be kept lively—Pass several Villages—The Monastery of Yavik.

It was not without many melancholy forebodings I saw these last Europeans depart. There seemed a safe feeling as long as they were near,—some one upon whom I had a claim; and, in spite of caution, I crept to the window to see them ride away. They mount; they move; bob low under the *porte cóchère*, and I am alone with fever, weakness, and perhaps death. The chill, added to the anxiety, had done me harm; and for the next

two days chaos had come again. I awoke again, sensible, thank God ; but conscious of fever, headache, weakness. My poor skull seemed to bound, to split ; and I gave up quinine to avoid madness. At first, my only wish was to relapse into insensibility ; but as the head became clearer, even though it ached to bursting, one could but be thankful for reason.

My first conscious moments were embittered by the only two servants with me, who came and demanded wages in advance, one plucking my sleeve to arouse me from my trance. This imposition I firmly resisted ; upon which they immediately threatened to quit my service, and I was left alone again in that dreary room. Not that I took the solitude quietly,—not a bit. I bawled and yelled, but as nobody answered, I gave it up. The next day, however, a half-crazy Hytas, a legacy of Mr. B.'s, came back from Van, where he had been sent, and putting his horse-cloth in a corner of the room, did nurse me, poor fellow, to the best of his abilities. He was a Mahometan of Egypt, and had passed his life in a species of military wandering. He had served as pipe-boy to a Mamlouk Bey, as a soldier to Ibrahim ; had then

served Berber-Pasha, and now was a species of hanger-on of the Pasha's, who fed him, and as he said, gave him the run of his coffee-pot. Mr. B. had him some time as a kavass, and then handed him over to me.

He smoked bhang * perpetually, but it only increased his philanthropic feelings. His method of cooking was simple, consisting of putting all he found into a pot, and boiling it. Thus I regaled one day on maccaroni and tea; another, on rice and chocolate. However, he was always willing to consume the mess himself, observing, that I might pronounce such dishes ridiculous, but it was prejudice, as they were excessively good. For days the old man watched or rather smoked by my side; and his solemn "Min Allah, mackaraaouna, waar Allahhi, marhaouna," (from God he came, to God he must return,) still sounds in my ears.

Delirium continued for many days. I seemed in my reverie to be the last man; methought all others but old Hadji Mansour had gone, and that he would go soon. Nor was the thought altogether without pleasure,—at least, so I find by reference

* *Hasseeth*: the opium of the Turks.

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to my note-book, many pages of which were scrawled over during my delirium.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Behold!
Bloodless are these limbs and cold."

Perhaps there is no medicine more dangerous in inexperienced hands than quinine. If taken during fever, and failing of its effect, delirium nearly always ensues, and the pain and headache attendant on fever are most considerably increased. Long, sad, and weary were the hours, yea, days, I thus lay in that dreary room. The windows opened on a court flooded with water; the drone of the Hadji's pipe, the only sound pertaining to me: two servants sick as myself to be cared for. Light was cold, for there were no sashes, and darkness suffocation; my bed was swarming with fleas.

Sadly, sadly my past life rose up before me,—years wasted, friends despised, warnings disregarded, talent buried to be accounted for,—it was sad to die; sadder, sadder thus. Past scenes rolled before me—Allah Kerim, God is merciful.

"I strive to number o'er what days,
Remembrance can discover:
Which all that life or earth displays,
Would lure me to live over;
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour,
Of pleasure unembittered."

Thursday.—Fever has left me,—free from pain,—servants returned from Van. The Hadji was looking out of the window; he retired to his corner, selected a stout leather strap, tried it, descended the stairs,—cries, shrieks, yells. The servants mount the ladder, kiss my hand, cover my feet with embraces. The Hadji follows more slowly, deposits the strap in its place, and resumes his pipe. Their conduct was irreproachable for the next few days,—at least as long as the strap-marks remained.

Beautifully as the convent was placed, not one window looked outwards. Carpets and pillows were now carried outside, and placed beneath a small clump of willows where the stream dashed through, and here I lay musing dreamily, looking on the lovely scene beneath; and thus passed several more days. The Pasha's German doctor bled the servants, which cured them, and prescribed me a jar of wine, but put into it some stuff that considerably abated my desire to consume it.

Spite of their mummeries, spite the broad idolatries of their creed, it is very sweet here as I sit alone, to hear the chanting of the mass. Mellowed by distance and obstructions, its nasal twangings

no longer insult the ear; it rises to my room meekly, quietly, peaceably, and calms the fretting spirit within. It is a great progress in Christian charity to love the sinner while we hate the sin; and what the traveller must constantly have in mind while among the Eastern Christians, cut off with hardly Christian charity from intercourse with their freer brethren of the West. For centuries they have been isolated, breeding their own ignorance,—enslaved, debased, persecuted, avernised: still have they clung to the faith, as they fancy it, handed down to them by their fathers; through all, they have rallied round the Cross, draperied though it be, and tinselled with their follies. Still they raise their voices where their fathers prayed; fire and storms, and—worse and harder still to bear—the slow insult of constant, daily slavery, have not turned them from this. We may despise the corrupted belief to which he bows, but we must admire the resolution of the man.

The Armenian bishop, though himself an invalid, came up and paid me a visit, to see to my health, and that I was comfortably established. He was a fine, venerable-looking old man, but I should fancy excessively fond of onions. The lay

brother, who superintends the affairs of the convent, was abused by him for his charges; exculpating himself by, "I could not charge a bey, son of beys, less; I honour him too much to do such a thing." The bell sounds to prayers, for here they have, by some strange indulgence, small bells. The Basilica takes it up with its tinkling sound; a solemn chant swells up; it dies; one voice continues,—all is done. And how the Christian day is over,—hark! a gun booms over the waters; Van's lake bears the sound, and, striking the far mountains in peals on peals, it dies away. And now true Mussulmans may feed and drink; amply is their penance repaid by the appetite and feast of the evening. By many this fast, or feast, is religiously kept, though others make little account of it: it is the Ramazan.

The manner of fixing it has been often told. Towards sunset every culinary operation may be seen in full activity; pipes are loaded; the coolest water-vase placed ready. The gun fires as the sun sets; as the sound bellows forth, the feast begins, and the first pipe is inhaled with a gusto it requires previous abstinence to appreciate. The rich feast, eat, and drink till daylight, when guns

again proclaim the fast begun. An hour before, the drums and fifes noise out a species of dinner-bell; it is to warn all that the hour is near, that they may rise to eat before the fast begins. The idle then sleep all day, so the fast to them is no particular hardship; but on those who labour, when the month falls in the summer, it is a severe trial. The Koords keep it with great strictness, though we met several who openly laughed at it.

Mr. Layard's kavass, (the baraikdar, or standard-bearer, as he was called and known through his master's book,) used to remain within, with the Christian servants, during the day, and at sunset boldly go out to the Mussulmans, as if he had not smoked and eaten since sunrise. This man, whose fidelity to his master was well repaid by the trust that good master put in him, was a boy of Scio at the time of the massacre. He fell into the hands of an irregular soldier, who made him a Turk, and put him into the profession he himself followed. At Van he performed a service for the Pasha.

Having been sent on before to announce our arrival, he slept at the serai in the evening. He was awakened by an uproar. On rousing up, he found the Hytas actively employed, as they said,

in detecting some thieves who had broken in. Not liking the appearance of things, he took two of them prisoners, and the next morning, on inquiry, they were found to be the thieves themselves; and the baraikdar had saved the Pasha's nargillehs, which they had destined to make their prey. 'Yebbi Clessi was the name of the Convent of the Seven Churches; Clessi would probably be derived from the Greek *ecclesia*. Formerly, they say, there were seven churches here, but now all are ruined but one.

As I got better, I formed regularly one of the congregation, which generally consisted of the three monks (I cannot call them fathers, they were so far from venerable), two or three old women who came and went, and myself. Old Hadji also entered and prayed according to his own Mussulman fashion. He had a great notion of antiquity, and when once convinced of the church's claims on this point, he attended pretty often. The walls of the church were painted curiously; on either side was a green parrot, elaborately adorned with tassels, &c.; St. George figured in unknightly guise, killing the dragon with a gun; St. Michael wore hessians, and a short Spanish cloak; the

saint who bears the precious handkerchief, impressed with our Lord's face, wore a crown and ermine pelisse, finished off with tights ; and there were several other even greater absurdities :— there were abominations.

The chapel contains the tomb of Serrai Kerim, a king of Armenia : before this, a light is constantly kept burning. The other chapels or churches, now in various stages of decay, were larger and finer ; their interior was of handsome stone, so they were spared the ornaments inflicted on this. About are several stones, with cruciform inscriptions ; around are cottages inhabited by the peasants, who till the convent lands ; so it forms a village of itself. The corn, when thrashed, is spread on mats to dry, a process much approved of by the sparrows, who at once dart down and devour as much as they can. The crops are consumed on the spot, for there is no sale ; and if you wish to purchase, a price is asked it would not command elsewhere.

This is a peculiar feature in the East. Generally, where things are plentiful, and in little demand, they are cheaper, and the less visited places exhibit a simplicity in trade : here, on the contrary, go to an out-of-the-way village, and a

greater keenness will be shown than in the towns. They probably think your stay will be short, and meditate how to make that short stay available to the best account. Then they argue—"He must have this at any price;" and they never do undersell each other. This virtue they possess certainly. I suppose there is a rule not to interfere with each other's prey. Thus, corn will sell dearer at the village that exports, than at the town that imports it. A servant comes to offer you his services: you say, "What do you want a month?" "So much," (naming a great advance on his actual wages,) "Well," you reply, "you have only so much now; I will add as much more to what you have: will not that do?" No; he will probably prefer working on like a horse for five or six shillings a month rather than come to you for ten shillings,—fifteen or twenty being what he demands.

In this they are totally without conviction. A traveller gives a dragoman who speaks five or six languages, seven hundred or eight hundred piastres a month; a wretched fellow, from keeping goats on the mountain, will demand the same, affirming, "You give so and so such a sum; I must have the same." In vain you say, "But he knows such and

such languages; cooks; does all." "Oh, that is nothing; I must have the same." Hundreds go to the towns with these delusive ideas, only to find out too late their mistake. They take care, however, to cover their failure; for they maintain stoutly, even to each other, that their wages are so and so, an error their masters generally allow to pass uncorrected. Few natives, particularly Mussulmans, ever pay their servants.

The convent had but three monks and one canon. They could read, but could not understand the ancient books; so they knew the prayers they repeated daily, by rote. These men would come and sigh over their poverty, their oppressed condition, and accuse England and Europe of sin and supineness for not restoring their Church; yet the next moment they would be hard at work, praising Beder Khan Bey for massacring those brutal blasphemers, the Tiyari, or cursing any other Christian community. The falsehood of these men was dreadful, as they asserted that so and so was the belief of such and such a Church.

I must plead to no great fondness for the Armenians. In physiognomy they resemble the Jews, without the fine classic cut of feature; their coun-

tenance is heavy, stolid; phrenologically, they are deficient, and would be judged unintellectual, and deficient in imagination and all spiritual organs. They are, however, industrious and persevering beyond all their fellow-subjects. Thousands go yearly from Van, to labour as porters, to Constantinople, returning and settling when they have realised a small capital.

I have deciphered another name. Hosh Hosh, the wife of a king, built one of the chapels here. Serrai Kerim appears to have been her husband; he was defeated and expelled his kingdom by the Persians, who drove him to Sevas. Here he resided under the protection of the Greek Emperor of Stamboul: at his death he begged to be interred here, and his request was granted.

Two or three women lived in the convent, wives of the labourers?—no; grandmothers,—wrinkles the only thing they had in common. St. Francis might have lived among them without snow. Yet, poor creatures, how they toil! Long before dawn they are up, grumbling, muttering, and working: two grind the corn; the huge pots are put on, and dinner prepared for the labourers. They sit croningly, chewing heads of garlic.

I was sitting in the church porch, listening to the noise they made, when my only companion, the old Hadjee, came up in a state of great disgust. In prowling about the church he had come across a bunch of onions and bread put in a niche by some hungry votary; this he pronounced a deep abomination, and one he could not forget. While he was speaking, one of the women rushed into the church and threw herself at the feet of a priest who happened to be in the church. He was a handsome, bearded man: he bent over her, assuaging, consoling, speaking in a low, earnest voice; she sobbed violently, passionately, but accepted his consolation, and left him calm and tearless; for one moment she cast herself at the feet of the gentleman on the wall in tights and then resumed her labours.

Karabash (bishop), is a Turkish term which the Christians have adopted and use; it means literally "black-head:" the quiet way the Christians adopt and use the terms of Mussulman contempt shows the depth that the iron of persecution has entered. A Christian will say, speaking of a Christian or himself, *Giaour:* now, used in their way, it is a term of great reproach; as a general

term it merely means "infidel," but applied to an individual it is opprobrious. The shame of this I in vain endeavoured to impress on my servants, who, though aware of the meaning, would always conciliate the Turk by using words sweet to his ear. At first I used, when the term was employed, to resent it by some abuse of the user, but latterly I found it more efficacious to speak, in reply, of the Turks as the followers of Mahomet the Arab man, which generally brought them to allow they had no right to abuse the faith of others who did not abuse theirs.

And now I loiter about and watch the gathering harvest. Huge wains of grain are brought up from the plains. A circle, or large heap of this is formed; a huge iron roller, armed with iron of the shape of old caulking-chisels, is dragged over it in a circle by oxen, who, contrary to the scriptural order, are muzzled, and cruelly beaten if they pause with down-bent neck to catch a scanty morsel. There is something pleasant in watching harvest: the flail as it beats the triumphant march of Ceres through the land, as it divides the wheat from the chaff and straw, reminds one of the processions of old. Boys sat on these, as in the

prototype, and the cheerful song or laughing shout, as they trod over the abundance with waving hand and healthful gesture, brought back the living reality. The labourer is always noble; and there seemed something of dignity about even these servile fellahheen as they bore the golden harvest.

I am sorry—but it is true—that I do despise the Christian of the East. There is an honourable death for all: no man need live a slave—rather ten thousand times let him die free. I see the man as he is; and forgetting, not allowing for the drip, drip of centuries of oppression, see him but as a degraded serf,—lying, cringing, cowardly, hypocritical. But, whatever he is, labour, in any form, must be applauded; how much more so when it is the poetry of labour—the labour of the field! There is a sacredness, too, in labour: it seems repaying the debt due by our first father: this wresting harvest from the earth seems like bearing with patience the infliction of an outraged God.

Then, again, there is always something hopeful in a man that works: he feels demons around him perhaps — discontent, despair, rebellion, misery, poverty; but he bends him stoutly to his task and

they fly, having no companionship with toil and hope. Idleness alone is the true despair, and all the pack of ill and hell watch round him who surrenders to her embraces. These men of Mesopotamia labour unrewarded, for they must feel that the granaries are not stored for them; yet labour, labour, labour, must be and will be their lot. Well might they exclaim with the poet—

"A las cœur de mon visage,
Je passerai ma pauvre vie:
Après long travail et usage
Voici la mort qui me convie."

At last I took my leave; the excitement of a fresh start supplied the place of strength, and I ambled rapidly to Van, where the Doctor, by the Pasha's order, received me—he daily sending a dinner sufficient for twenty such eaters as myself. Here of an evening all the medical staff met, consisting of several Turks educated at the College of Stamboul, who, whatever other knowledge they might have acquired, seemed to have found out that Mahomet was an impostor, and his prohibition of wine a most objectionable, unbearable doctrine. They dared not indulge openly, but repaired to the Frank doctor's house, whose cellar,

if not choice, was ample, and there nightly indulged in long and deep potations. I slept in a room that opened on the scene of revelry, and as my own jar of wine was so nasty that I could not sit and sip it, I retired early, and used to hear the progressive nature of the discourse. At first compliments were passed, long and poetical; next came discussions on science, medical anecdotes, details of diseases; then murmurs at government, promotion and pay. They were in succession sententious, captious, quarrelsome, natural, bestial, blasphemous—maudlin, confused, sleepy. And there they lay till they went to their duties, cursing Christians, and scorning all men, as good Mussulmans like them might.

The Pasha paid me a long visit, and carried me with him to his country-house, where we sat and smoked. He was a man of much intelligence, and his ideas enlightened beyond those of any Turk I had ever seen. After remaining with him an hour or so, he took me to his harem (his wives, &c., are at Stamboul), but he has several slave girls, who were most unceremoniously, during my stay, locked into an outer room, while we sat in a kiosk looking on a large walled garden. At noon

he left me to sleep, but not being inclined to do so, I walked about, and was surprised at the mean way all the places were furnished: there were none of those stored luxuries one is taught to believe the harem abounds in. The poor Pasha was deeply impressed with the approaching fall of the empire. "It was gained," he said, "by God's favour when we were true and good; we lose it, for He has left us; we are foul-handed; He cannot help such as His people have become. God is great! His will is our law."

On the following day I left his house and Van.

On the south-west of Van, to the right of the road, from the convent to the city, are the relics of a curious road. Lines of pyramidal-shaped stones mark its course: it is now disused. The inscriptions at the convent in the cuneiform character, as well as those at Van, I forbear to mention, as Mr. Layard will probably describe them. The Armenian nation claim a descent as ancient as any: their traditions say that Haig, the son of Togarmah, the grandson of Japhet, was the father of their race; hence they call their country Haik or Hayasdan, and their language Haig-Aran, or Arman. The seventh king of the

dynasty of Haig, extended his country, conquering the nations around him; hence the well-known name Armenia,—Armenian. The vicissitudes to which the country has been subject are well known: now free and flourishing, now enslaved and debased. Antony conquers it, and gives it as a plaything to Alexander, his son by Cleopatra. We find it preserving its Christianity when the doctrines of the Prophet and the sword sweep mightier nations away, and a tradition exists, borne out by many particulars of physiognomy, dialect, &c., that the Koords of Antioch and the adjacent mountains, are converted Armenians, who were transplanted thither by their conquerors.

During the Crusades it existed as a Christian power, now losing provinces, now gaining. In A.D. 1249, it makes war with Antioch; in A.D. 1346, it receives help from the knights of the Crusade. It fell eventually, its kings becoming vassals, till they were dismissed for their rebellions, and the country was finally annexed to the Moslem empire. For a while their Church joined itself to the Latin, but the union was insecure, and they are now under their own Patriarch. More recently there has been an alteration in their

ecclesiastical government, Russia having the nomination of one spiritual head. No other nation, however, can show an uninterrupted succession of Patriarchs for a thousand years—for such is the time the Patriarch has resided at Aghtaman, an island in lake Van. The nation seems to possess vitality beyond the common lot: transplanted to die or propagate, martyred by Christian and heathen, they are yet a nation, and exhibit under unequalled disadvantages, more progress than any sect of Eastern Christians.

They now almost hold Turkey in their hands; for they are the bankers, the moneyed interest of the land; they are the scribes, the confidential secretaries of government and governors; and as most of the great are deep in their books, the debtor can be controlled as they please. As Gibbon says, they have often preferred the crown of martyrdom to the white turban of the Prophet, and now, as of old, the main body of the people hug their error, and their nationality.

The foundation of the city of Van itself is wrapt in obscurity, and from the advantages of its position, and the capabilities of defence found on the castle rock, it may fairly be supposed

it would early have been fixed on. Though now prosperous, and if the Koordish districts south of it become settled, certain of being a great entrepôt, its trade now is far from equal to what it once was.

The waters of the lake have lately been analysed, so the curious substance found floating on its surface, and used as soap, will be accounted for: it is sold in the bazaars. At present there are but three small boats or launches on the lake, and even these can hardly find trade enough to remunerate them. Their principal occupation is carrying passengers to the towns on the coast.

August 19th, Monday. — Van to Terlashing, five hours. — Just as I was starting, a servant and horse were found missing, so I had to return to the Doctor's, where, after a short period, the servant appeared escorted by two soldiers. They made a thousand apologies, and regretted they had not known he was in my service before. The fellow, who was a great rogue, had taken the horse to the bazaar to be shod; the animal not liking the operation, kicked a soldier who was looking on; the soldier seeing the man was a Christian, beat him, and finally the poor fellow was walked

off to the guard-house, where the serjeant had him beaten again: between them he was all bloody. Telling the soldiers that they should suffer for their brutality, I sent for the captain; but before the messenger started, the serjeant arrived likewise, to regret the occurrence: then the captain; then the major; the colonel; and finally the aid-de-camp of the Fereek (military Pasha). All these said they came to apologise. I replied that I would freely forgive the insult as far as it concerned myself, but must exclaim against the injustice of soldiers being allowed to punish subjects of the Sultan as they pleased, and for no possible cause; and that as the man was my servant, I was bound to protect him, and would do so most certainly. "What punishment do you wish inflicted?" "That," I said, "you know best; he was beaten without a cause." So at last the soldiers were severely beaten, and the serjeant degraded on my account, and then beaten for theirs. I took care to let it be known that this was because they had beaten a Christian.

In an hour I was off; a large party of Christians with me, in honour of the service I had done their cause. The Pasha's hasnedara joined me with the

missing horse, which had strayed away, and taking me aside during the quarrel, gave me mysteriously three heads of Indian corn and a cucumber; he told me he would take nothing from me in return, so I was riding off. Hurt at my deafness, he said: "Love was all he wanted; he would think of me by day and by night." Again I was going, when he said: "By day I can never forget you; but by night—tell me, dear friend, how am I to keep you in mind?" This was a puzzle; suppers and indigestion in which I might, perhaps, figure as a nightmare, suggested themselves to me. "Pray help me," he said; so, after directing my ignorance, my Macintosh bed was handed over to him; and I left him on the road, forgetful of all, with his mouth to the pipe, inflating my much-regretted couch.

The road lay along a fine plain north of the town: now and then low hills closed round us, but again opening, we found the plain one mass of corn, growing, cut, or being reaped. An hour's ride brought us to the pretty village of Esgara-Koi, with trees, fruit, and a pretty coffee-house containing wine for infidels. The lake, in all its beauty, lay on the west; in parts the further

horizon was not visible, and the mirage made the hills appear like islands floating on its surface. In good time I reached Terlashing, a Christian Armenian village of seventy to one hundred houses, and pitched the tent.

Terlashing to Merik, four hours and a half. The baggage left early, while I breakfasted and lay quiet; then mounting I ride on quickly, make a long halt; mounting again, find, on arriving, my tent pitched already. An hour's ride across the plain brought me to Gaeb, a large village of Mussulmans, all hard at work at the corn. They have stone inclosures, some ten feet high, within which they stack what they do not thrash at once. Since leaving Akka the camel has ceased, and here, even on the plains, all work is done by oxen and the huge unwieldy water-buffalo: the cry of the latter is as peevish and disagreeable as the camel's.

Of all ungraceful beasts the camel is the worst, with its long swinging gait, its beastly jaws wabbling about, the shambling pace with which its hind legs follow. Useful, it is, beyond all beasts, to this country; but to see a man ride on it is a very ridiculous sight. As the camel walks differently from other animals, the poor mortal is

obliged by hard work of his body to keep up with the motion of his beast, and perform much the same sort of motion a steersman performs in a boat-race when he wishes to steer fast. The labour of riding is, to one unaccustomed to it, greater than that of walking. The dromedary's pace is softer, and not unpleasant. Some camels it is almost impossible to ride: they swing so much.

In an hour more I reached Shargeldeē, a large Armenian village. The people praise the Pasha and his rule: the only thing they could find to grumble at was, that it could not last long. Three and a half hours after starting, during which the road was plain with undulating hills on either side, turned up a wooded gulley and halted, being lifted from my horse and laid on the ground. The Hadjee went in search of milk, which being refused, he inflicted, before I could prevent him, summary punishment. The village of Yarnik, an Armenian one, was here. My pipe had fallen amidst the herbs, which imparted a fragrance to it I never enjoyed before. I reached Merek, a large Christian village built on a hill overhanging the lake, where I encamped.

The monastery here, famed for its festival,

stands a little higher up, prettily situated among some crags. The building is plain, merely four walls with a low square steeple. There is an old burial-ground here, many of the inscriptions of a date anterior to the schism of the Church. I find the crosses on the oldest ones are merely two cross-bones; then comes a cross with arrow-headed points, and later, a more arabesque one with ornamented devices. The church is dedicated to St. Miriam the Virgin: the keeper of the key lives at a considerable distance, so I was unable to see the interior: it, however, contains little that cannot be seen elsewhere. The festival is one numerously attended.

The graveyard had also several terebinth trees which were used by the Armenians much as the Turks use the cypress; the one, however, wants by a great deal, the picturesque and perfectly appropriate beauty of the other. The cypress seems to me peculiarly a tree for the grave; there is a solemnity in it—a quiet that marks it for this use. It seems to stand a watchful sentinel over the undefended dead: we look up to its lofty spire pointing whither the spirits have flown. Other trees have brighter foliage, others throw

abroad their branches with more wanton verdure : this alone, winter and summer, day and dark night, seems to have an existence apart, never to rejoice him, as others do, but to watch. So much has this tree become to me a sign-post of death, that as one rises before my sight I look below for a clump of brighter verdure, beneath which, shielded, sheltered, screened, may appear the tomb, the short home of the case of the mind. Fancy will then indulge : fiction prunes her wings, and away imagination rides. This was, perhaps, some daughter, fair as the poet's dream, who died in the prime of her virgin bloom ere yet she had learned ill, or man had made her the creature of his will ; perhaps a wife loved, how loved, taken away in sleep, ere yet the horns of the marriage moon had waned. After all, perhaps it was only some beast, who ate, and drank, and lived, till this lone vault received his well-worn clay.

CHAPTER VII.

Island of Chifis Kloster—Axbraf—Myriads of Gnats—Abundance of Aquatic Birds on the Lake—Large Cemetery—Dispute as to its Occupants between the Hadjee and the Armenian—Reflections in Illness—Fascinations of Travel—Spirit of Independence it engenders—Variety of Scene—Gird's Advice to me—The Veil, how regarded in ancient times—Disappointed in finding Ruins—Serpent Rocks—Visit from two Priests, who prove Job's comforters—Admiration by Villagers of the Russian Rule—Autana, the Holy Island—The Old Man and his Legends—Past Grandeur—Plain of Ardisch—Swarms of Locusts—Tent pitched in a Prairie—Visit from Isman Bey—His Visit returned—Furniture of his Tent—Shields and Spears of the Koords—Mollah of Komdingars—His Gratitude for a trifling Present—The Hadjee disputes with some Koords—Armenians *en Route* for the Frontier—Arrive at Patnos—Fight between the Hadjee and a Christian—Its Cause—How settled—Present Appearance of Patnos—Its Buildings—Houses at Karakono—Its present Aspect—Wonder of the ex-Bey that Englishmen should study—Turkish Confidence in Christians as Guards of the Harem—Its Cause—Karaka—Difference of Demeanour in Slaves and Freemen—Arrival at Melasquert.

MERIK to a Koordish kislah, one hour beyond Armis, six hours. I skirted along the plain, which is here, perhaps, a mile broad, from the lake to some steep and rocky cliffs, rising fifty or sixty feet high; the plain itself well cultivated. The hills above it produce a rough crop of hay and thistles: beneath, the lake, so still, so quiet. We paused opposite the island of Chifis Kloster, with

its few trees and its lone, lifeless, monastic look ; and the pretty town of Aschraf, whose domes and minarets seemed to rise out of the blue lake and float amidst its limpid waters. An hour after starting we descended through a forest of roses to the lake's side, the road lying along the beach.

No pleasure but has its alloy : the road was charming ; the heavy scent of the roses softened by other sweet perfumes grateful to the sense ; yet myriads of gnats literally made the air ring, and the whole caravan were busy fanning them away : even the horses, generally so patient and enduring, were maddened by the bites ; so I felt no regret when we turned up over a dry barren plain, leaving a promontory to run out into the lake. The water here is said to be more salt than in any other portion of the lake : this is probably occasioned by the lake being for miles excessively shallow ; so much so, that here at the northern angle it may almost be waded. The lake here finishes in sedgy bogs, which abound with swans, coots, ducks, and geese. They were little disturbed by my approach, swimming slowly away ; but the hadjee, with an eye to dinner, fired ; then the whole air was alive with birds ; every sedge and

tuft around seemed to give up its store; round they swept with startled cry, the air whistling with their rapid whirls, as they flew to safer places.

At the very north-east corner of the lake was a large cemetery, and behind it the ruins of a large village. Enchanted with the view, I made my noonday halt. The tombs were placed on a small eminence looking on the lake, the tenants, perhaps, in life loved so well. The hadjee fondly asserted they were the graves of true believers, while an Armenian who had joined us, loudly denied the fact: one might have said—

> "Christian or Moslem, which are they?
> Let their mothers see and say,
> When in cradled rest they lay;
> And each nursing mother smiled,
> On the sweet sleep of her child.
> Little deemed she such a day,
> How those limbs would mould away;
> Not the matrons that them bore
> Could discern their offspring more."

But the subject ceased to interest, and my thoughts were withdrawn from the beauty of the scene to others more closely connected with myself. I felt my weakness; felt grievously the fatigue of travelling; felt how true the opinion of the Doctor, that I must return to colder regions to recruit, if I wished to live. Henceforth

my course was west: henceforth my shrivelled sickly shadow would mark my morning path before me—just as I had learned enough of the languages to enter into familiar intercourse, to enjoy travelling; just as boundless regions opened before my wandering steps, my body proved unequal to the task, and all was dashed. Well might Cræsus say, "Pronounce none happy on this side the grave." And even the reflection of dear fat Sancho Panza, that there is a remedy for all, save death, afforded no consolation.—Allah Kerim!

"Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the mists and vapours
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps."

What is it there is so fascinating in this life—discomforts, inconveniences of all kinds? Dangers abound, but they are excitements. Yet, what is? It would be hard indeed to find an answer. Is it that this wild nomad existence is after all our natural state, and that, spite of generations of civilisation, the tendency still remains? Is it that we are then free, are loosed from all conventional

institutions? For my own part, though thoroughly despising the whole race, hating their manners and love of money, yet for me there is a fascination I cannot resist; and it is, I know, by no means unshared by others of my countrymen. In early boyhood a gypsy life seemed to me the perfection of human bliss, and I looked at their encampment as fairy land. But they were restricted to high roads, and harassed by parish officers, trespass laws, and magistrates. Now that my youth is past, and manhood creeping away, the illusion remains. Here I am, all prince, lawgiver, tyrant, or friend; now menacing a sheik, now riding through a village like a prince; now administering justice; now tending the sick; now counselling the weak or the strong—all these.

"Yellah-hamel," and the servants load, the tent falls, the packs mount, the horses—and we are off, here, there, anywhere. Now we press on, now we linger: I fancy, I whim: the tent is pitched, the pegs driven, the cushions spread; my home, the same by the mountain brow, the same by the city wall, the same in the pathless desert, opens its hospitable porch to receive me. Have I journeyed? I shall seem where I rested yester-eve; the divan,

carpet, all is as it was. Here my glass ready to my hand. Yes, no : I look abroad, another view opens from my study windows. Last night my house was on the hill top, and now a verdant valley with its purling stream opens before me—different men, another sect, an adverse race, are around me.

Yes, this is travel : the sun has poured down his rays, his heat has flowed on me like molten lead ; yet now the cool breeze fans my brow, and I throw myself on the couch, eager, ready for repose. The evening draws on, the meal is prepared. Shade of the epicurean ! thy ghost would fly its sight ! meat, sour milk, flat dough half baked, mountain wine fermented thick. It is over ; the result is the same had we fed on thy one fish, one meat, one wine—we are satisfied. The pipe is, at all events, perfect ; the coffee pure —and now the evening comes on apace. The frogs seem to wake, the insects chirp, and the traveller reclines at the door of his home, lost in that state which is not vacancy, which is not thought : the horses champ their corn with measured noise ; the servants sing, talk, move and settle to their watches ; the tent closes, and on his

couch the wanderer takes his repose; sound, because earned by labour—light, from the necessity of wariness—refreshing, because needful, and the result of a life natural and agreeable.

Shortly afterwards we crossed a well-built stone bridge over a small stream; the pitch extraordinarily high here. A large caravan of oxen were resting from the noonday heat, their loads scattered about. The saddle merely consists of loose felts slightly girthed. Again along the plain: we met about twenty Koord women, all on "ox-back." "Where are you going, pretty girl?" I said to one. "To where you ought to go, to see what you ought to do, instead of riding about like a mad man." "Well, where is that?" "To a marriage—go you and get married; don't come here, stay at home." The Koord women do not veil, and this sketch will show that they are free enough with their tongues. Then, no men were near.

"Much I respect, and much I have adored,
In my young days, that chaste and goodly veil,
Which holds a treasure like a miser's hoard,
And more attracts by all it doth conceal.
A golden scabbard on a Damasque sword,
A loving letter with a mystic seal;
A cure for grief;—for what can ever rankle,
Before a petticoat and peeping ankle?"

From the earliest ages, women seem to have veiled themselves in token of modesty, of reverence and subjection to their husbands. Thus, Rebekah veiled herself when she saw Isaac (Genesis xxiv. 65; 1 Cor. xi. 3, 6, 7, 10): yet Tamar's case seems to prove that women who covered their faces were improper people. The Grecian women, from the earliest ages, were rigorously secluded, as we find by Herodotus. The Koran likewise (chap. 24), enjoins women to cover their bosoms and ornaments; and again (chap. 33), to cast their outer garments over them when they walk abroad, that they may be known to be women of reputation, and may not be affronted by unseemly words or actions.

We passed three cairns raised over three noted plunderers who had been lately shot: the Armenian who was with me, and gave me the details, took up a stone, which he threw on the third of them. I said, "Come, be fair: give one to each." "Oh, no," he said, "two were Mussulmans; this was a good Christian, though a more cruel robber than the others." No village presenting itself, I turned up to Arnis, a Koordish village. This we found deserted; but a few of the villagers offered to show us where the summer encampment was,

assuring me that there I should find everything. This is an announcement that always frightens me, as it surely presages nothing.

After a short rest (for I had fallen off my horse from weakness) we proceeded; had a tedious ride over a mountain, and at last reached the tents. Near and about were not less than six hundred persons collected in the valley and on the neighbouring hills: they leave their villages early in summer and pitch here for pasturage, saving that near their village for hay. The whole plain was covered with their horses, flocks, &c. They refused to supply our few beasts, saying, they had got what they wanted, and we might do the same. The hadjee was furious, and rushed off to the Montselim, who was encamped some way off. I do not know what magic he used; but the Montselim came humbly and paid me a long visit, assuring me it was all a mistake, and—what was better—he got us something to eat for ourselves and horses: on the following morning also we got all we wished.

Arnis to Ardisch four hours easy. A Koord told me there was a stone covered with strange figures near, so the baggage was sent on to the

next konack, while I with a servant followed him: he led us over hill and valley till we came to a most beautiful gorge, where trees where clustered, sheltering a small stream, whose banks were covered with flowers. Here women were dressing hides: we confided the horses to their care, and commenced scrambling over the rocks. My guide rather damped my ardour, for he said Franks had come here before, and had carried it all away in their books, and had thought it of such value that they gave him one hundred piastres. Ill as I was, scrambling over rocks was hard work; at last we came and saw—some wretched half-dozen crosses scrawled on a rock. On my expression of annoyance, he said he felt sure the Franks had carried it away; "However, ya bey, I meant for the best." This is constantly the lot of the traveller; but one goes for fear of really missing something worth seeing. The Koord pressed his horse on me as a compensation for my disappointment and seemed really annoyed at my determined refusal, saying, "Ya beg, you are a curious people; we offer you a noble horse, and you refuse it; yet you come and hunt for old stones not worth a para. You are ill, take her; she is kief to you when you ride her."

Passing the baggage, rode over a wild slope to the lake—large blocks of rock covered with thistles, beautiful and gay, holyhock, larkspur, and Palma Christi: at last we reached the road on banks of the lake. Here was a most curious-shaped artificial tel, between which and the main flowed a river: we crossed over to it by a ford, preferring that to a very rotten bridge of faggots laid on cross-beams, and pursued our route to the westward. The river is down in the Prussian map; but they, as well as myself, seem to have been unable to get a name for it.

A broad plain opened out, little cultivated, and totally uninhabited. We now reached some rocks of most fantastic forms on the right of the road, which here runs a mile or so from the bank. On these are two tablets of cuneiform inscription, quite perfect, and another nearly effaced. They are deeply and well-cut: as they had already been copied, I merely looked at them, and passed on. It was a good monument to leave behind; and now, in the age of time, a few brave heads look at and decypher these, reviving the history of thousands of years.*

* The new generation will throw aside our few vague sketches of the

These are the Serpent Rocks, and well they deserve the name ; for a hundred heads, a hundred tails, may fancy form from the fantastic twirls of the stone. Twenty times did I turn from among them, attracted by what seemed the work of man, to turn back to find it but a trick of Dame Nature. As I neared Ardish, a large valley opened and ran up far into the interior, presenting a lovely plain smooth to the edge of the lake. Numerous villages standing in clumps of trees scattered about ; to the largest of these we rode, found there a fine guest-room, into which I was carried till the tent arrived. I fell twice during the day, cutting my face a good deal on the gravel.

Just outside stands a pretty lantern tomb of a Moslem Bey : he seems to have enjoyed considerable reputation as a plunderer ; but a bigger than he ate him up. I visited the church which boasts 1200 years of age : it is a neat building of black and white stone ; another, like the houses, a low

Assyrian empire, and laugh at our bungling attempt. Each year, though it takes us further from those that are past, only brings us nearer to them in knowledge. The life's labour of one is condensed into a quarto for the rest ; where we tread with danger, fatigue, and toil, our younger scions will skim along in a railway train, and wonder at all our talk of the distance and labour. Where the lion roars to-day, the boarding-school miss sings tomorrow.

building of round stone from the beach, has been added; but it is too low to take away from the symmetry of the other. Within, the place is low and dark, with a few cotton cloths, and fusty books of no value. In one corner the priest kept his tools and stores.

In the upper church is the tomb of Sit Kevook, or Kevork: the priest said it was four hundred years old: but whether man, woman, or child, he did not know. The coffin would only contain a child or small woman; and the name is that of a woman. It stands on the ground, a stone panoply over it: on it were some two ounces of sugar as an offering, a common muslin handkerchief, and two or three brass candles before it. On the doors of either church were two or three Armenian inscriptions.

My tent was pitched on an open spot in the middle of the village. In the evening two priests paid me a long visit; I was sorry to hear the tone they talked in; perhaps, also, a little ruffled at the calm way they talked of my death. When the servant said, "He never eats, and falls off his horse from weakness once or twice a day;" they said, "Oh, he had better die here; what is the use of

his going on; he will kill his horses; oh, he had better die here." In this opinion I did not at all acquiesce, and changed the subject.

One of the priests was on his way to the Russian frontier, whence he would take a protection and return to his flock. All the people here spoke in raptures of the Russians; money given as wanted, lands, houses,—anything. From the village of Arnis the frontier is only distant seven hours, and the Koords there are exempt from taxes, to guard it and the road to Van. Ardisch is marked on the map as on the borders of the lake; but it stands about four miles from it.

Another town (Karsina Vourn), stands on the brink. Thus, it took me four days to skirt round the lake, or rather one-third of it, a distance that might easily be run in a boat in seven or eight hours. I obtained a fine view of Autana, the Holy Island, where the Patriarch resides, though at far too great a distance to discern any particular features. In the morning, the priest of the village came to me: he amused me with many childish legends of his country, and dwelt long on her past glories, speaking of kings whose names I knew not.

Long did the old man dwell on this theme. To him, he said, the past supplanted the present; and he forgot all the poverty and toil, persecution and dispersion of his race, in visions of the long-lost ever-dearest period when Armenia sent forth her hosts to conquest and glory. And where is all this now? this blood, this life? Even the renown —a vague tradition—passing away.

" Weighed in the balance,
Hero dust is but as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, mortality, are just
To all that pass away:
* * * * *
Nor deemed contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the conquerors of the earth."

Ardisch to Sulimback, four and a half hours. West, parallel with the lake, the plain of Ardisch is on a higher level than the river and plain to the westward. I passed the river of Ardisch, running through a grassy swamp; ascended from this to a plain on the level of the river of Ardisch, and passed the Koordish village of Eurana. No one could here tell me the road to Patnos, so I started a-head, and, directed by the map, resolved henceforth to be my own guide. The river below us swarmed with geese: the plain we traversed swarmed with locusts, who had eaten off it every

blade of verdure. If these indeed, as the Chinese say, are the souls of poets who sing till they starve,

> "Let truth attest; let satire's self allow;
> No dearth of bards can be complained of now."

The sun was intensely hot, and gnats and flies devoured what little of me fever had left. Passed the tomb of Akoin; it is finely placed. The Armenian who had joined me, said he was a king of great renown in bygone days. Passed a small Koordish village, Kura Merick, two and a half hours from Ardisch, the inhabitants out in tents. Four hours' ride along the plain brought me to the head of it, a ridge which stretched across, on which stood the village of Sulimback. It is impossible to discover the extent of this, so much is buried under ground. The burial-ground was of great size, and in it stood a small handsome Armenian church, of grey stone. The village was deserted, the Koords being out in tents, and the church was piled full of fresh hay. It had a sloping roof, the whole built of stone: here I took my noon-day meal. Within, the church was covered with rudely-carved crosses, and one inscription in Armenian.

A Koord came and told me to come up to their

encampment, which stood about an hour off, N.W. He said the village was Koordish, but that the Bey had some Christian servants, who were then out cutting hay. The tombstones were all Armenian, some very ancient. It was sad to see these neglected, broken ; the church a granary ; the few who yet remain of all who once lived here, slaves. Sadly, sadly have these Christians suffered. If earthly atonement can wash from sin, they have atoned the first fall, the daily sins of man. Sad must it be for them thus to remain, and grieve over their fathers :

> " There is a tear for all who die;
> A mourner o'er the humblest grave."

I turned northwards up the hills which now bar the valley : here, amidst a wild rolling prairie, I found my white tent looming out amidst the black *kishlaks* of the Koords. Oh ! with health, what a delightful life this is ! Each day a new panorama opens before the door ; each day new scenes open ; each time, as the tent flaps and falls unpitched for the march, the very ignorance of where it will again open lends ever new, ever grateful excitement. The independence also,—

wood and water the only necessities, the only ties that guide one in the choice of place.

No sooner was my tent pitched than Ismael Bey, the chief of the Koords, came, with his attendants, to pay me a visit. They brought the votive lamb, which was duly slaughtered before the door. The people belong to the tribe of Haiderat. There may be here one hundred and fifty tents; these are all, as well as many more, under Haidar Aga, whose visit I evaded on the road, not having, from his reputed character, any wish to see him. The whole district goes by the name of Isdroik.

The Bey was most civil and hospitable,* and I was forced almost to use violence in pressing upon him remuneration. He sent me a fine horse, which he would not receive back, until I said it

* Hospitality was the first step of civilisation. Barbarous man considered all strangers as his enemies. The families bound themselves to receive certain others. This we find the custom in Homer's time:

Ου μοι θεμις εστ', κ.τ.λ.

So well rendered by Pope;

"The swain replied, it never was our guise
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise;
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door:
'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor."

Zeus Xenius was the patron of the right; and in the East alone, now do we find in the Oda Nessafer of the village, the Ξενων of Plato. A sum is set apart by government for supplying these; though usually the more wealthy traveller repays what he receives, adding a small gratuity.

should not go with me. He likewise promised me the church should be cleared, and the Christians allowed to re-occupy it. He said, "When your guard go back to Van, send a letter by them to the Pasha; if I have not done what I promise, let it go; if I have, let them tear it up." Nothing could be fairer: he said that it was their custom; but the fact was, he was afraid of the troops pouncing on him, and demolishing his independence; and this he was most willing to avert by any means in his power.

The Porte reduces these semi-independent chiefs one by one. The Bey had recrossed the frontier some five years; having previously migrated into the Russian territory; he said he liked the Russian rule well; but the pasturages were not fine, or near so well watered as these. Shortly after, I returned his visit. His tent was large and well furnished, divided by mats into partitions, the mats gaily ornamented with red and blue strips of cloth, plaited in with the mat. Shields, of elegant workmanship, hung around. These the Koords always carry; their spears are also shorter than those of the Arabs, and not ornamented with tuft or feathers. He also showed

me some arms he had taken in the plunder from the field of Nizeeb. Opposite, on the east, were two Armenian convents, prettily situated on the slope of the hills.

Sulimback to Patnos.—I crossed the low hills in front, and followed a mountain tract across undulating downs; a sluggish stream, choked with weeds, ran along the bottom. I caught sight of Sapan Dagh. The Armenians, in their traditions of the Deluge, allow Noah a pilot: why, then, with this precaution, which our legends omit, do they make him run aground? They say the ark first grounded on Sapan Dagh, and then, floating off, reached Ararat. In two hours and a half, crossed a small stream flowing west, the Zaanli Chi, and in half an hour reached the small Koordish village of Kourdingars. Here all were most civil. I fell from my horse at the entrance of the village, and they carried me to the guest-house, a nice open divan, bringing me lambs, fowls, leban, milk; in fact, all they possessed.

I was also amused; for the Mollah, seeing I was too ill to sit up, went and brought his Koran, which he commenced reciting to me; for he could not, he owned, read a word of it, not under-

standing Arabic. The portions usually read he knew by heart. His heart completely overflowed when I gave him a pencil and some paper; and he kissed me, an operation that I could have dispensed with. The hadjee got into trouble; he began to talk of his idol, Mahomet Pasha, and produced his talismanic firman. The Koords told him, "Pasha Yokta—we' know no Pasha." The hadjee vowed and raved: the Koords quietly said, "Your Bey is our guest, not because of that bit of paper, but because we love the stranger: he comes to us." The hadjee's hand felt for the butt of his pistol; but I pacified him, and he retired, vowing he would let them know who Mahomet Pasha was.

This independence among them is odd; for they are still smarting under a punishment inflicted on them by Omar Pasha, "the little pet lion," as the soldiers call him, who not only reduced them, but took from them their arms and their tents, forbidding their summer migrations. It is said he did not leave a knife among them. On the road put up several birds, which, in their flight, colour, and size, resembled hen turkeys: on my asking if they shot them, they said, "Ask us for diamonds, Ya Bey; but a musket you

could not find from here to Ardisch or Erzeroum." This, as well as most of the villages, was Armenian; but the people have migrated to the Russian territory, and their villages been occupied the Koords previously migratory. They told me that the Koords had only occupied this one twenty-four years. This and north is the district, Waiderea Toubourack.

I passed a large party of Armenians *en route* for the frontier, all their property with them —children in one saddle-bag, balanced by lambs in the other. They were joyous with hope: no more oppression, no more persecution now. I passed several villages deserted for tents, and a magnificent plain turning round the hills, flat as a table, opened before me. In the midst of it stood Patnos, while several small tels marked ruins of other days. I rode on into the now wretched ruins of Patnos.

> "The very generations of the dead
> Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb;
> Until the memory of an age is fled,
> And buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom."

While I went to look at what there was to see, I sent the hadjee for wine: he accosted the

first Christian he met with: "Have you any wine?" "Eh, you Mussulman; you want wine? pork also, perhaps?" The hadjee's whip descended across the fellow's head, who, however far from daunted, up with a long staff he had, and a vigorous contest ensued. This I did my best to quell. But what surprised me most was, that the Koords around took no part in the fray. At last, by my horse's exertions—for I, having no strength, only drove the animal between them—they were parted. The Christian had possessed himself of one of the hadjee's pistols, which he quietly pointed at my head, and fired. I drove the spurs into my horse, which sprang on him, and knocked him down, giving him a severe blow or two with his feet. We then retired to my tent, leaving the man on the ground.

The Montselim was not forthcoming, so I thought there would be an end of the matter; but before a quarter of an hour, about ten men, dressed in the Russio-Armenian costume, came to me and demanded payment for the fray on the part of the great emperor. I said that I should be very happy, at all times, to render an account to the great emperor, whom I considered my own

sovereign of England; that to me it mattered little whose subject a person was—his nation was no matter: if he insulted me or mine, I would avenge myself, though all the world was at his back. He then stated, I should not move my horses or my tent until I paid 2000 piastres (20*l.*) The Montselim came and said their claim was just. "Well, then," I replied, "we shall see: I shall move when and where I choose. As for the quarrel, we are quits: the *soi-disant* Russian was rude and impertinent to my servant; my servant beat him, and he beat my servant: so you are debtor there. He presents a pistol and fires it at me, who had done nothing, thereby putting my life in extreme danger. I ride over him, and break his ribs; so, on the whole, we are pretty nearly quits. You have your insult; we have his ribs."

When I moved, the next day, they were assembled to prevent me, but did not venture many attempts. The hadjee passed the eve in very loud complaints of the Christians — generally giaours, except the Bey; the Koords, as *jaash* —asses; the Russians, king and all, as sons of wicked men and the devil. On Sunday all the world rests—all the Christian world; and even

the few poor Christian families of Patnos put on their best dresses and most cheerful looks in honour of the day. The town, or rather skeleton, of Patnos stands on a large, well-cultivated plain; it is some mile and a quarter round, surrounded by a deep ditch. There are still circular mounds on the ramparts, as if towers had once stood there; but there are no remains of walls throughout. It seems to have had four gates, one facing each cardinal point; for the walls were disposed in a square. Facing that way, at the eastern and western gates, are large blocks of stone standing on either side, covered with crosses and Armenian inscriptions. The other two are only marked by the otherwise deep ditch being filled up; within and about are many other large stones with Armenian inscriptions. Outside are burial-grounds, occupying a great extent. Within the ditch are scattered some houses occupied by Koordish families; and four Armenian houses still remain, though, they say, not of the old race of inhabitants, who migrated to Russia some ten years back, when the Koords took possession. They belong to the Said Abdallah, a tribe now nearly extinct.

The only ancient building is the church, now closed. It has a pretty exterior, the interior chaste and handsome. The altar has been thrown down, but no other injury done. In the western quarter was an oblong space, inclosing the body of some Christian; for the stones were covered with crosses.* Without, on a portion of a shaft of a column, I found a cuneiform inscription, which I duly copied and sent to Mr. Layard; the rest neither search nor promises of reward could bring to light, nor from whence the column had been brought—all pleading ignorance.† I said at last, "You do not wish me to see it." "Ya Bey," said one, producing his purse, "I will give any man eighty piastres who will show it me; for I am sure you would give me one hundred." I hope the inscription that was found will prove of use.

The town is watered by a small but pretty stream, which runs round its eastern walls: this was spanned at the gate by a handsome bridge

* The Koords said it was the tomb of an Armenian saint, St. Tirk. marnock. The Koords said that numerous cures had been performed at the shrine.

† The Sheik said that the stone had been brought from a field near four years back; but on going there, I found nothing else. They spoke of a village, Kayelk, where there were many others; but I was too ill to go, which now I regret.

of two arches, but it is now fast falling into decay. In the afternoon I repaired, alone, to the church, and read the service. It seemed a pleasure to do so, a natural tribute to the God to whom it was dedicated. Afterwards the poor Christians came there and sat with me: two or three of the women went and knelt near where the altar had stood, and prayed. They spoke of their lot as better than that of their countrymen generally; for they were tradesmen, and the Koords could not well do without them. The older men, however, spoke with tears: "Ya Bey! I remember this village inhabited: this plain had then five villages within a mile of this: they were ruined by the Koords, and fled; yet persecution could not make them forget the homes where their fathers were buried—where they had played as boys and toiled as men. No, they loved them the better for their sufferings."

In the evening I shifted over to the village about one hour's distance south, called Karakone. It stands on the hills forming the southern boundary of the plain. Though Patnos must have been a place of some importance, and a high road when trade was, I cannot find any mention

of it in authorities within my reach. The village of Karakone is, like all the Armenian villages, a collection of holes dug in a hill side; walls built of loose stones at the front, and those portions of the sides where the hill slopes away; a flat roof. They are much the same as those described by Xenophon; but the entrance is by a door in front, and not from above. No doubt they were so built because less work was required than if a building was made throughout standing separate: and they were better adapted for escaping observation. Within, they present an entrance passage; then a huge, low room, which contains cattle, stores, family, and everything.

Karakone is now but half its original size, and the uninhabited places, whose roofs have fallen in, are planted with hemp. The Christians there, who constituted the majority of the population, had, they said, not had a priest for twenty years, and none of the people were married, save by the parents' blessing; nor the children baptised. When I arrived, a marriage was being celebrated: it was perfect in all, save that there was no priest. When I said it was a sin for Christians to live in such a way, like dogs—that they ought to apply

to the Patriarch ; they did not seem to take my advice : and one said, "Well, we have gone on now for twenty years very well : why should we change ?" I asked about burial : they said, "Well, priest or no priest, the people die ; and those who like pray for them."

Over the village are the ruins of a Koordish Bey's castle. He ruined the plain, and then was beaten and killed by another tribe of Koords, whom he had provoked. His son, a Beysader, knocks about the village—a species of *do no good*, ever ready to idle, or smoke from the bag of anybody who offers. He spent the evening with me. A Persian also came, and we indulged in draughts of strong nauseous wine, till he was happy, and sang. Seeing that I kept walking up and down the narrow limits of the tent, he said, "We have drunk together : tell me the truth. Why do you do that ? We say, that is the Englishman's way of praying : he paces up and down adoring God." He was not so penetrating as his countryman described in Malcolm's "Persia," who, observing our habit of not reclining during the day, observed, how much, at the year's end, we must be in advance of those

who waste time in kief and sleep; and began to conceive how men of such mould had conquered India.

This is a perpetual enigma to the Orientals: they will remark, "You do not want money, yet you toil like horses; you read, you study,—why?" For myself, without career, without any definite object as my studies are, it is difficult to find an answer; so I reply, "Eve plucked the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and I am her son. I read and learn because I love it, and could not live without it." "Odd! odd!" is their wise conclusion. They cannot imagine toil is necessary for health; food as requisite for the mind as the body, and love of knowledge but a spirit that increases as our knowledge grows, by feeding it.

The Koordish ex-Bey was giving me an account of his father's grandeur: he told me what, though I had heard before, I had not believed,—that in default of eunuchs, Christians were made the guards of the harem. As he added, "Of course, no woman, bad as she might be, would permit a——" "Holloa, my friend," I said, "mind your words; somehow the word Giaour always gives me an odd feeling in my knuckles." "Oh," he

said, "I only mean—would not sin with those of another faith."

This is true, so far, at least, that the Christians often do constitute the guards. Whether the difference of faith creates also an aversion to the person, is a fact I should be very sorry to assert. The Turk is more free in speaking of their women with Christians, also, than with Turks. He is so entrenched in his pride, that an idea of the women of his race looking on a Christian with love, never enters his mind. Were all known, it would be found few men are more entitled to wear the horns they so proudly use as their emblem. It poured with rain all night.

Karakone to Malasguird, five hours, and eight of caravan. I traversed the plain, nearly east constantly; passed deserted villages—the doors closed, the whole population fled. In one hour and a half, I came to Sheriman Sheik, a fine village still inhabited: crossed the low range of hills, and traversed again the plain. But here a rocky iron waste touched on the stream that runs by Patnos, which flows down through a valley. Gradually entered on cultivation; and, the rain pouring down, put up at the village of Karakar, four hours from the

place I started from. I found an excellent guest-room.

This is a large Armenian village, with only four Koordish families residing. The chief of the place came and offered me every assistance: he was followed by a train of poor Christians, who stood round as slaves, obeying each call and gesture of their imperious ruler. Presently, two Armenians from Russia, entered, dressed in huge skin coats and high Persian caps: it seemed hardly possible to imagine that these big burly fellows, sitting down at their ease, caring no more for the Koord than for the wall, were of the same race as the poor debased, shrivelled slaves who stood round with folded arms. Yet this was but the result of a few years of comparative freedom. It did me good, as I lay with my eyes closed, to hear how they bounced over the Koord. He refused to find, or rather said there was not, a shelter for their horses —mine being already in the public stable. A small piece of paper,—a Russian passport of which he could not, I am sure, understand one word, —made the desired room. As soon as the rain lulled, I pushed on, and reached Melasguird.

The surrounding country is most barren. From

a distance, Melasguird has an imposing appearance, with its long line of battlements of black basalt, with a touch of time rending its towers and high places. Passed a pretty bridge, now useless, as the stream has made another channel further on. The tent proved no protection; the wind blew in hurricanes; so I took possession of the guest-room, of which servants, horses, &c., shared a part.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Town of Melasguird—Some Account of an eccentric Dervish—Kulitcher—People of the Village—Return of Illness—Suspicions of Robbery—The Thief detected and punished—Rencontre with the Groom—Unveiled Eastern Women—Carelessness of Eastern Parents as to the Cleanliness of their Children—Kindness of Women at a Village—A wretched Altar-piece—Welcome Verdure—Obstinacy of the Guide—His Dismissal and Repentance—Boorish Koords—Journey pursued under increasing Illness—Reach Hassan Kaleh—Armen to Khan—At length reach Erzeroum—Kind Reception by the Consul and his Wife—Care and Skill of Dr. Birgo—My Recovery—Third conjectured Site of Eden—Which was probably the Site?—Domestic Economy of the Consul's House—Importance of Erzeroum—Early History of Erzeroum—Present Inhabitants—Bazaars and Khans—Houses—Climate of Erzeroum—Castle Clock—Dress of the People—The Pasha at Van, a Reminiscence—Superstitions of the Christians at Erzeroum—Produce of Goats' Hair—What Articles are made from it—Harvest—Backshish for first fruits—Preservation of Meat—Gardens around Erzeroum—Introduction of Potatoes, and by whom—Timour and Badazet.

On the following morning I rode to see the town: it is entirely surrounded by a high double wall, strengthened with towers. Being built of black stone, it has a solid and more imposing appearance than a nearer view justifies; for it is ill built, principally with rubble, and the mortar bad. No attempt is now made to keep the fortifications in

repair. The castle, situated in the S.E. portion, is in the same rough style. Armenian tomb-stones had not been spared in the construction, and many finely carved sarcophagi served as horse-troughs. The Montselim received me civilly, and sent on horsemen with me. The present town is built amidst the ruins of the old, of which it comprises about one-fifth only: the whole space is strewn with ruins, walls, and stones.

These ruins, though here and there presenting an appearance superior to the rest, merit no mention. The Armenian church is a large, low, ill-built place, gaudily ornamented with rags and tinsel. Forty minutes' ride brought us to the Sindschan Su, which dashes through a gully of rock, made flowery and pretty by its waters; a bridge of one fine bold arch leads to the western side. Turning north we soon reached the Euphrates, or Morad Tchai, as it is here called; it was here broad and deep, crossed by a bridge of fifteen arches of different shapes, the whole a solid work of white and black stone. Unfortunately, two arches are broken, so we had to seek a ford. One of the Koords rode his horse boldly in, and after a hard swim, landed again on the same side he started

from. A donkey belonging to a Dervish who had joined company at Patnos, swam across: the Dervish looked at him, and then saying quietly, "Well, he did not belong to me," followed us down the stream.

This man was a native of Candahar, and travelled with me a long while: he was always quiet and good-tempered, ready to tell a story or to sing; and whenever I opened my medicine chest never failed to attend, when he claimed a pill of opium. For years he had wandered about, and, as he said, lived with any man whose bread was clean and plenty. Following the course of the river for about an hour, I reached a spot where it seemed fordable, and with the help of the men of Ana Hwoaga, an Armenian village opposite, we crossed dry, baggage and all. My Koord guides looked at me with supreme contempt as I paid them, saying, "A Bey pay dogs like those; it is an honour to them; they ought to pay him." The Dervish made no attempt to recover his donkey, but quietly took the first he saw and continued his route. I have seen him change his donkeys twice in a day in the same way, when the one he had did not please him: he did not let the owner see him, for, as he said,

"They are such rogues, the Koords, they might think I was as bad as themselves."

Ascended rolling prairies that ran north of the river, and in an hour reached the village of Kulitcher. The men were noble, robust-looking fellows, but refused any answer to our questions. This was also formerly an Armenian village. When we asked where the people were gone, they replied, "They are gone; that is enough for us." The hadjee was very liberal of his abuse of them, but they only laughed at him. Shortly after leaving the village, I became so unwell as to be unable to proceed. As there was nothing, I sent the party on except the tent and two servants, and lay down, hoping to get on later. The one servant sat with me; the other was a Mussulman groom. The dervish said I was foolish to remain alone, but somehow it seemed it must be so.

I made them go on to Garserne, a large Armenian village about an hour's distance, and there I lay, thinking my hour had come. The servant with me was the same who had been beaten at Van, and a most sinister scoundrel he was. I must have slept or else been insensible, for it was late when I awoke, and the daylight had almost died away. My

head had fallen over the camp-bed, and seemed bursting; all was quiet; and thus, except putting my head in a better position, I lay. I now found a bag of money which was in the saddle-bag under my head, was gone; somehow the feeling that there was danger, roused me, and I crept on my knees to where my pistols had been thrown; one of these was also gone, and my bowie-knife, a companion that never leaves me, had been cut from the shawl round my waist. I returned to bed and there remained half awake, half overcome with a deep feeling of lassitude, which would have welcomed death, so it were sure and speedy.

Shortly afterwards I heard a man approach the tent and he asked for the Boy. The servant outside replied, "He is asleep; I dare not wake him." He was going away, when I hailed him and he entered with the servant. I said, "Go and tell your chief to come here, and I will give him any thing he asks." I then pulled out the pistol I had, cocked it, and put it to the servant's head, who stood at the foot of the bed, saying "Stir, my friend, and I shoot you." The Koord arrived in about half-an-hour, during which we had strictly maintained our relative positions, I being down

with the pistol resting on my stomach, and the servant standing a little distance from the foot of the bed with a lantern in his hand. The Koords soon tore all his clothes off, found the bag of money and several other articles which they returned me; and I quite forgot my fears as they laid the fellow down and nearly flayed him. When he had had enough, I asked what they required: "Oh, any thing; we will beat the other if you wish," and they kissed my hand for twenty piastres each, which I gave them.

Early next morning the others returned, and leaving my beaten friend to his fate—probably not a pleasant one—we pursued our route, when on the road I remembered the pistol, and on looking about saw it in the groom's belt. So calling the hadjee, we rode up to him, and I asked him for it, and why he had dared to take it. He quietly replied, he slept outside the tent while I slept in, and so he had more need of it; but that he had intended to return it. "Well," I said, "do so now." He said "No, you will then beat me and leave me to die among the Koords." "Probably," I replied; "more especially if you do not return it." He said he would not, and being a determined big fellow, I

must own I felt rather afraid of him. However, none of the others seemed anxious to cope with him, so I had no resource. I said, "The two pistols are one pair, and one pair they shall remain: give me the one you have, or I will shoot you." At the same time I pulled my one out; he did the same; I cocked mine, so did he; I put it to his head, as he to mine, and fired. The ball, true to my wish, just cut the tassel from his cap: and he, not at all suspecting such rapid execution, dropped pistol, knife, shoes, cloak; jumped off his horse, and ran. He returned the same evening, but I would not allow him to come near the tent.

A short ride over rough open downs brought us to Garserne, a large Armenian village, where I pitched. The women here made no attempt at veiling, and—what I never saw before in the East—were the foremost to crowd round the tent and admire its make, &c. Some, who were very pretty, as a right occupied the front rank: they were dressed in most becoming rags. One said, displaying a huge rent that revealed more than decency might have smiled at, "Well, if this dress does not please you, give me another." I did so, and was thanked. It never seems any part of Eastern parents' duty,

wish, or pride to see their children decent; the children of the wealthy are just as dirty, ragged, and mud-revelling as those of the poorest. Here, however, this was carried beyond the age of childhood. The women were dressed as the Armenians are throughout the whole country, in the coarse cotton of Bitlis, dyed of the most brilliant red.

Fever returned with redoubled force. I was lifted on my horse, and in one hour-and-a-quarter, passed the now Koordish village of Christians. I never knew why we call these people Koords: Kourmanchee, or Kourdee, is the name they call themselves. The women were most civil; they rushed to me as I fell from my horse; carried me to the shade; washed my face and feet; brought me milk, and then refused all reward. I had, however, a few pretty worthless ornaments that they let me put on them. In an hour I passed a river rushing to the Euphrates, still in sight, winding like a silver snake along the plain below; passed a village lately deserted. A few starving dogs howled dismally at us: they still clung to the Penates their masters had deserted. Passed the Honous Schai; the baggage reached Kara Tschoban

in seven hours; I rode it in five on a pacer. To the leeward on a hill some five miles off, is the large ruined castle of Darnack, formerly belonging to a Koord chief. The boys amused themselves throwing stones, which tore the tent in several places: the Kiah said he could not stop it, so the hadjee made him sit outside; after he had been struck two or three times he put a stop to the fun —the village was Christian.

Sent the baggage off early and rode to see the burial-ground. It contains, besides the ordinary stones covered with fantastic crosses, terebinth branches, &c.; huge stones carved, to resemble horses: the cause or meaning of this I could not discover, the only answer I got to my questions being, "Thus, thus." I visited the church: it was nothing but a house half under ground, larger rather than the rest, with cross-bars for the congregation to lean on. A picture representing a most repulsive woman hung over the altar. There are no laws, or such horrors would be punished: if the Moslem tale is true, the artist will be astonished when he has to supply a soul for this disgraceful abortion of his pencil or brush.

The children poured in to school; they all had

Armenian books, published in England. Oh, proud England! With regret I thought of my torn tent and gave the priest a long lecture, which he did not take with so good a grace as he did my backshish. The church had no antient books: the priest offered me one, but it had nothing but rough usage to boast of. Lifted on my horse again, and half-an-hour's ride brought me to Yoranderey: here at last were a few trees, pleasant to the sick eye, for, for days and days none had grown in our road. Beyond the village spread cultivation and smiling villages. Met a party of two men and three women: one was a very pretty girl; all three were heavily laden, while the two men each rode his mare, smoking his pipe, which when he had done, he handed also to his helpmate.

An hour more, Karamerout, now inhabited by Koords. Passed a river issuing from the ground in a stream, some yards broad; nor as far as a hasty examination could detect, had it any prior exit. My guide said it had not, and winter and summer was the same. I asked the guide many questions, and at last said, "The Koords hate the Christians." "Eh Wallah, Ya Bey, it is true." "Why," I said, "then they deserve great credit for

not having destroyed their tomb-stones." "Ya Bey, it is not that they want not the will; but it gives no money and is hard work."

Passed two villages lately deserted, and another stream bursting from the rock. Four hours and forty minutes after starting passed Gouesh. We were now in a broken difficult country, and our guide positively refused to go further. What were we to do? roads met and left every moment. The hadjee looked at me; I nodded. "So, you ass of a Koord, you won't go on now." He exclaimed, "Ya, Osmanlee, I will not." He walked on quietly, and the hadjee's whip reposed again by his side; but it had done its work, for the man grumbled no more. The servants had warned me against his knife, but when he left us, it was my hand only was in danger, from his devouring kisses. He was afraid to take the backshish, till we threatened a repetition of the whip if he did not, and then he burst out with, "Do you mean it? I am an ass, I am an ass, as the hadjee said."

Kara Schoban to Goush, eight hours and a half. I had had two falls, but fell well, so was not hurt. I now could not sit up even, and hardly thought I should reach Erzeroum, which was now my hope,

as there was a doctor there, ease, and rest: it seemed to me if I could but live to reach there, I was safe.

Goush to Kirbe, six hours and twenty minutes. The road lay over open downs, tedious and uninteresting; at last reached the *Pontem indignatus Araxes*, flowing through a mass of verdure, a broad stream in an ample valley, and pitched the tent on the banks opposite the village of Kirbe, whose inhabitants were encamped among the low grounds on the river's banks. The Koords sent to say they did not wish us to pitch among them, so the hadjee rode down, and I do not know what happened, but I heard no more quarrelling. On the morrow I could not move.

Eipler to Armen, seven hours.—Resolved to start, so rode on a large pack of luggage, for I could not keep my balance on the English saddle. The Kiah insisted on being paid before hand for guiding us, and then ran off and said he would not go; however, at last a man was procured. He rode, as half the country people ride, on his mare's back, bare, except a morsel of rug and the halter hitched in the mouth. The mountains, at first barren, gradually assumed a character of great

beauty; streams bounded down their sides; roses, wild currants, pease, flowers, &c., abounded. I was half dead before we reached the brow, and saw Hassan Kalaat on the opposite side of the plain before me. Descended to the plain; but was unable to go on, and staid at the village of Armen, containing a mixed population of Mussulmans and Armenians. I was received most kindly and carried to the guest-house.

Armen to Khan, six hours.—Rode along the plain, leaving Hassan Kalaat on my right, a pretty town built on a spur of hill that stretched into the plain. It was built by Oorsun Hassan, the great Prince of the dynasty of the White Brothers. The plain was richly cultivated; road west. Passed several villages, each surrounded by their corn stacks, and then mounted the low range called the camel's back; steep and tedious, as we had to follow a huge train of timber carts. These were merely two wheels: the foremost end of the beam rested on this, the other trailing on the ground behind. The poor oxen required dreadful treatment to make them drag up the steep road.

On reaching the ascent, though but one hour from Erzeroum, I could not proceed, and lay on

the ground: the baggage had not arrived, and the rain poured in torrents. Fits of fever without ceasing, and perpetual vomiting. It was late when I rode on to a khan, and they placed me on some straw, hadjee and the servant making a blazing fire, which soon caught the straw on which I lay—so they pulled me away. It was much the same now to me—I seemed to have left pain behind me, and to be dropping off to rest.

The next day reached Erzeroum: here the fever returned, but nothing could withstand the kind nursing of our consul and his most amiable wife. Every wish was anticipated; every comfort given; and this English home, together with the unremitting and skilful attention of the doctor, an intelligent Maltese, kept me alive and at last patched me up.

Dear friends!—receive the tribute of the peevish, querulous invalid you took in and nursed. And you, Doctor; may every success attend you, and may you long enjoy that health which you restored to me—the greatest boon we can possess.

In this last journey I have crossed the third site attributed by geographers to the garden of Eden. There seems in all savants a wish to far-fetch knowledge—a desire, as it were, to mystify the

world, and then out of darkness to bring light. The scriptural description is now pretty generally acknowledged not to be referable to any known site, and therefore we must suppose, either that Moses, receiving this as a tradition, wrote down the account as the fancy of the narrator dictated; or that the Deluge has altered the face of the world and the course of its rivers. The spot called Eden in the mountains of Lebanon affords an easier means of solution, and has by way of proof its great beauty and its name, which from the immutability of all Eastern things, is probably most ancient. This would also explain how all the fathers of our race came to be buried about and near—Adam, Noah, Seth, and hundreds of others; nor would it contradict any of the biblical traditions. A wise Providence, however, conceals these sites from our knowledge. If millions can be found to bow down and worship any rag of asserted sanctity, what would they do—what would not all do—were any single spot really known? If the ignorant adore a broken feather, even the wisest would hardly resist the perfect angel with celestial wings—*Quid aegrotus unquam somniavit quod philosophorum aliquis non dixerit?*

It would be unpardonable to trouble the reader again with an account of my illness, delirium, and recovery. First, I was delirious and dreamed strange dreams; then, weak, nervous and frightened, *Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem regnare.* But Doctor Borje, like a general attacking a fortress, poured balls into me; established a strict blockade, so as to starve the strong garrison of devils out of me, and finally they departed, leaving the fortress in a sadly shattered, battered state. Then I was lifted to a chair; then leaning on a servant, went out to sit in the sun; then tottered about on a stick, and finally swaggered about unsupported, with a cigar in my mouth.

The consul's house and his nice family were enough to make one well: the order, the cleanliness, the regularity of the household; his wife flitting here and there, smiling and doing every thing with a manner that made each job a matter of interest —all was to me, who for nearly a year had lived with slovenly, dirty natives, a matter of astonishment. In the midst of a desert they had created a Paradise, and such it seemed to me, with clean healthy children to supply the place of angels.

Fifteen years ago a hat dared not appear in

Erzeroum; now you may wear two, and your head be as safe as if it was covered by a thousand soldiers. This is mainly owing to the English consul, nor is it the greatest good he has done the country or our own trading community.*

Erzeroum was founded by a Greek general, A. D. 415, and called Theodosopolis, after Theodosius II., his master. The Armenians called it Garisi, after the province of high Armenia, in which it was situated; the name was subsequently changed to Ardzen, because, on the destruction of that city, the inhabitants flocked to this; to distinguish it from its predecessor, it was called Ardzen or Arzen el Roum. It is now a Pashalic of the first class; the town has diminished greatly: thousands of the inhabitants accompanied the Russians when they retired after their occupation of it. The houses resemble those of many of the

* *Erzeroum* must always be of importance from its position. It is situated in an extensive and fertile plain, between thirty and forty miles in its extreme length, and from ten to twenty in its greatest breadth. It is watered by the Kara Su, or western branch of the Euphrates. On every side are found rich grain countries, and pastures in which horses, mules, and cattle in abundance are reared. Ezeroum commands the road to Persia, protects the approach to Constantinople, and is now the first important place in Turkey, whether entered by Georgia or Persia. As a Pashalik, it yields only in size to Bagdad. In the upper lands wheat yields six to eight fold, while in the lower, near the river, twelve to fifteen; and all the grain is particularly fine.

German villages, being frame-works of wood filled with mud. Here we enter the land of chimneys again, they have a northerly slope, so the prevailing wind would be south-easterly. The inhabitants are Armenian and Turk; the former are, most of them, strict adherents to their church, but the American missionaries are slowly, but surely, at work.

Here, as in all Turkish towns, there are many waste spaces, otherwise Erzeroum is now again prospering; it enjoys a considerable transport trade with Persia by the road of Trebizond. The bazaars are large and good, containing chiefly English and Russian articles, and there are many khans of great size. These are low buildings, entirely roofed in, not open like those in a milder climate, the roofs being supported on huge wooden pillars; for wood is plentiful, being brought from the Persian frontier and the neighbouring mountains: the Fars and Joghanlee Dagh furnish the chief part. Planks thus formed are of great width, but short; the houses have principally sloping roofs.

Erzeroum, being elevated considerably above the sea, has a severe climate, the summer not

beginning till June, and ending in October. Thus, the crops are planted and reaped within five months. The winters are intensely cold; in October wind and rain, and after that snow deep on the ground, and one can well pity poor Xenophon and his men their winter's march. At times, the town is completely blockaded for days by fogs and snow-storms, and guns are kept firing every ten minutes from the castle, to show its direction.

The castle presents nothing remarkable. It had a large clock, perhaps the only town clock possessed in Turkey, but the Russians carried it off. Formerly, whenever a Frank traveller arrived, the authorities used to send to him to know if he understood clocks, and would repair theirs; for there was no record of its ever going previous to its last voyage to Tiflis. An ex-Pasha has just erected a new and handsome mosque; the oldest and handsomest one in the town having been rifled by the Russ, who carried off the doorway, and other portions that were handsomely carved.

Alexander has other roads to Stamboul than the plain, straightforward one of Catherine; and the inscription over the gate of Cherrun, "This is the road to Byzantium," may be put up elsewhere.

The dress of the men is not remarkable; many are in the semi-European dress of Constantinople. The Armenian women wear a flat, round wad of linen on the head, of a red colour, over which falls the veil. This is peculiar to the Armenians, who say it is the same as was worn by the Virgin Mary. The rest of their dress—at least in the poorer, who preserve a national costume—is of the red, brilliant dyed cotton of Bitlis; over this, when abroad in the street, the white izar or sheet. The Turkish women, on the contrary, wear a silk veil of blue, striped with white, which has a handsome appearance. This dress, I ought to have mentioned, is worn also at Van.

The Pasha at Van during my stay was represented as one of the old school; he ate money to any extent, and his exactions had made all men his enemies. The Armenian bishop had bribed him to set his sublime face against the Protestant converts; this, however, he found dangerous work. The bishop could bring no charge either against them, or against their teachers; the latter rather endeavouring to teach them in their church, than to lead them from it: but the Armenians are represented as being bigoted to the last degree.

One of the Christian superstitions here is singular, and might lead one to curious antiquarian researches as to any connexion with Egypt. They hold the cat as sacred, declaring that in a conference our Saviour had with Mahomet, he defied him to perform a miracle, whereon Mahomet spat out a mouse; our Saviour instantly spat out a cat, which devoured the mouse of Islam. Another notion was related to me—that the earth rests on a buffalo, whose motions cause the earthquakes to which Erzeroum is so subject.

The plains near Erzeroum produce the famous goat's hair called tiftic: this is peculiar to the breed, and is a short, fine wool, which grows beneath the hair. They are shorn, and the wool exported. From it a great variety of things are made; among others, the cloak or abas, called *yagh moorlik*—cloak against rain. Of the hair of the goats, rope and sacks are made. The plain around Erzeroum is most fertile; the corn is sown broadcast, and, spite of the shortness of the summer, the crops are good. South, they drill-sow, stating, as their reason, that their fathers did so before them. The corn is seldom reaped, but torn up by the roots.

The harvest, when I was there in September, was being gathered in, so all up the road demands had been made on me for bakshish for first-fruits. The labourer, as one passes, brings to the road-side a bunch of corn—the first fruit, it ought to be, of his harvest; the shepherd brings a lamb or goat, and it would be considered the height of meanness to pass without making a present. Buffaloes and oxen are used for labour; they are shod with two small long plates. The inhabitants having, as Xenophon relates, to lay in a store at the beginning of winter, to last during that gloomy period, preserve meat, to save the fodder of the animal. They preserve it in two ways, the one, covering pieces with salt and pepper, and then drying them in the sun; the other, boiling the meat with fat, and putting it warm into jars, where it hardens. This is then well covered with grease, and secured with air-tight coverings.

Much wine is made south of this; but I could not ascertain that they made beer or cervoise, a drink from barley, such as Xenophon mentions finding in such quantities in all the cottages. Perhaps then they had no vine and no wine: though Xenophon mentions wine, he does not

mention their finding it. Yet one can hardly imagine the Greeks, during a rough march, could have carried such burdensome baggage with them. The gardens around the town abound with vegetables—cabbages, greens, cauliflowers, and excellent potatoes. These last were introduced by Mr. Brant, the consul, and already the inhabitants begin to appreciate them. The consul's own garden produces a variety of good things.

Here, as elsewhere, sheep's milk is the commonest; it is excessively rich, but one's prejudice against it cannot be got over. Honey of excellent quality is also produced in the villages. The hives are wooden cylinders closed at one end, and the honey is taken without killing the bees, who, appearing less nostalgic than our own, submit to the process which robs them of their hard-earned stores.

The whole population here, as well as at Mosul and elsewhere, call consuls *Balious*, and know them by no other name. The origin of this is said to be that the first of the rank was a Frenchman of the name of Balious, and from him the name became generic for all consuls.

It would be too tedious for the reader to detail

the numerous events which have happened to this city; my object is merely to show him the roads, the distances, and the lighter portions of the history and legends. But there is one event, which it would be wrong to omit. Erzeroum was the active cause of war between Tamerlane and Badazet. Grown grey on battle-fields, and, we may believe, tired of blood, the old warrior on the Ganges heard the trumpets of defiance. Leaving the delights of Samarcand, he threw himself, after sixty-three years of toil and fatigue, into a new campaign. The frontier between his conquests and Badazet's had never been determined, and, as Gibbon says, the motives of quarrel between two jealous and haughty neighbours will seldom be wanting. Timour was impatient of an equal: Badazet was ignorant of a superior.

Letters of haughty defiance passed between them. Badazet closed his by saying: "The cities of Arzingan and Erzeroum are mine, and unless the tribute be duly paid, I will demand the arrears under the walls of Tauris and Sultania." Badazet took two years to collect his forces, during which Timour kept his soldiers in exercise by taking a kingdom or two, and slaughtering

some half million of human beings. Badazet, with true Ottoman insolence, moved to the attack, and awaited by the walls of Sevas his enemy and his fate. He accused Timour of slowness, of fear, and of ill faith, till he woke from his dream to find the mighty scourge in his rear, and half his dominions ravaged. Badazet hastened to Angora, whose plains were henceforth memorable for the fight, and his own disgrace. He survived but nine months, though treated with honour and tended by skilful physicians.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Erzeroum—Description of Guest Houses—Ilijah—Mineral Springs there—Baths—Awkward Intrusion—The Ladies alarmed—Fury of the Old Lady—Persian Acquaintance—Change in the Aspect of the Country—Origin of the term Giaour—Philosophy of my Persian Friend—Eski Alma to Bairbout—Scenery on the way—Town of Bairbout—Its Bazaars—Bairbout to Balahor—Party of Ladies—Their Claim on my Hospitality—Their Reception of me in the Evening—New Cook—How he justifies his bad Cookery—Caravan of Donkeys—Evening Scene—Night Adventure—Renewal of the Contest on the following day—More of the Philosophy of my Friend the Persian—Beautiful Scene—The Surme Sar—River of Trebizond—Sultan Mahmoud and the Dari Begs.

At last the kind attention of the English Balious and his people restored me, and I again set forth on my road, though now no more as a young cavalier, but on a well-stuffed pad, supported by cushions, and wrapt in warm attire. The consul and another English gentleman accompanied me some distance, and then, with kind wishes for the prosperity of my journey, galloped back to their homes.

The road lay over a noble plain, bounded on all sides by mountains, which, though by no means lofty, were covered with snow, which had fallen

within the last few days. Villages were scattered about, corn stacks almost burying them. There were no boundaries between the fields, so corn land ran into meadows or vegetables, giving the whole a monotonous appearance. Three hours brought me to Ilijah, where I took up my quarters in the guest house. These houses are found through the whole of Asia Minor, in almost every village, and generally consist of a large, low room, one corner of which is raised about a foot, and railed off, thus constituting a room, while the rest is occupied by cattle and horses. A fireplace is generally the only furniture, however; as travellers in the East carry with them a whole house. They are very good places to lodge in, unless the lodger is sensitive about insects, with which his luggage will become filled.

Ilijah contains hot mineral baths. There is a wall of enclosure built round the principal of the sources; but outside are several smaller ones that bubble up in a pool, and several minor springs burst through the ground near. The people appear to appreciate these, and when I visited them on the following morning, numbers of people were there; some, who had bathed,

quietly resting, others bathing, others waiting. I walked to the enclosure, and, disregarding a sheet hung at the door, passed in. Shrieks! shrieks! and then ploof! ploof! like frogs—I had most insolently burst into a bevy of ladies.

The curses liberally heaped upon me by the dames might have expiated a more premeditated offence: one old lady followed me, furious. "What did you enter for, Giaour?"—"Not to see you, for which I would not run a risk, while there are old and plain women to be seen everywhere." The men seemed rather amused, which I was not—when she began throwing stones, at least. However, we walked off, when the husband came and claimed damages.

After waiting till evening, for it was Sunday, I started—Ilijah to Megmansoor. Two Mussulmans on the road to Stamboul, and a Persian joined company; the latter a most amusing companion. He soon found out all particulars, more especially whether I drank wine or not. Road still over the plain: most of the transport here is done by carts—platforms of wood, with a few upright poles round it, the wheels two thick solid pieces of wood, bound with iron. This is done at Erzeroum,

with Russian iron. The axle is fast to the wheels, so the two move round together, the cart resting on it, and the axle revolving in two strong blocks, one on either side. The platform is narrower before than behind; a pole rests on the yoke, where a peg holds it: oxen draw it. Each cart has a bag of grease slung by the side, with which they frequently anoint the points where the cart rests on the axle.

The villages are now no longer caves, and though the inhabitants seem to have an inclination to bury their houses, they are of a much superior style to those further south. Megmansoor is a pretty village situated at the foot of the mountains which form the northern boundary of the plain. There is a neat, new mosque, the greater part of the population being Mussulmans. The railing of the room was broken, and the calves made incursions on me, but I slept well.

The following note in Gibbon gives the origin of that term so constantly in the mouth of the Turk—Giaour. "The opprobrious name which the Turk bestows on the infidels is expressed Καβοωρ by Ducas, and *Giaour* by Leunclavius and the moderns. The former term is derived by

Ducange (*Gloss. Græc.*, tom. i., p. 350) from Καβοωρος, in vulgar Greek, 'a tortoise,' as denoting a retrograde motion from the faith. But, alas! *Gebour* is no more than *Gheber*, which was transferred from the Persian to the Turkish language; from the worshippers of fire to those of the crucifix. (D'Herbelot, *Biblioth. Orient.*, p. 375.)"

Megmansoor to Eski Alma, nine and a half hours. Road mountainous, but good. Commenced ascending the mountains. At first there was much cultivation, flocks grazing, and here and there a village sheltered under the hills; but these soon ceased, and all was wild and natural, the hills themselves pretty, with occasional wood. Passed through the village of Hooshab Boonan: cultivation wherever ground could be found. As I entered, a poor bullock was being shod; the beast was extended on its back, with its horns strongly lashed to its tail, and its four legs lashed two and two to a pole fastened horizontally; the shoes, small strips of iron, two to each foot, were then nailed on. The poor brute did not seem to like the process. A thrashing-floor was also being prepared; mud was run over a square enclosure

with stones; this is then patted and rammed even and hard.

Passed encampments of Illyaats, a wandering nomad people, nearly the same as those found near Aleppo. They pressed me, with kind hospitality, to remain with them. Passed Khan Kalassi: the bread here is no longer the flat Arab half-baked cake, but a good-sized barley loaf; and, would they but attend a little more to the cleansing of the corn, it would, though barley, be very good. The road along a fine valley, now broad, now closing in on us; the weather cold to keenness. The poor cotton-clad servants were shrivelled on their saddles, rejecting my advice, that they should get off and walk.

The Persian and myself talked and chatted away, being a strange medley of tongues, which rendered the conversation, to me, at least, obscure. He began a long history of the Mahometan religion; gradually showing that Mahomet, whose infallibility he would be the last to dispute, had never meditated his religion extending to cold countries; that liquor was properly forbidden in hot countries, but never meant to extend to these colder regions; and so he would join me and

drink the half bottle. Passed some warm mineral springs bubbling from the rock, and at last arrived at the khan, a large low building, where horses, cooking, fire, goats—all were housed together. My Persian was at first shy ; but after a glass, finding the wine to his taste, he forgot his reserve ; dined and passed the evening much to his heart's content.

They here sow the corn and then plough it in : the thrashing is done with a sharp sledge, the bottom full of sharp projecting flints. The Persian finished the evening by cheerful songs, and at last declared, that a man who knew how, might be happy anywhere. "When I left Tabriz," he said, "I was half dead with grief. How was I to live, how to pass the day, where to spend the evening ? I hated Turks and Christians ; now here I am in a wretched hovel, with a horse poking his nose-bag over my head, sitting with a Christian, and as happy as a prince—all by the magic of half a bottle of wine." He did not, however, exceed proper bounds, and we continued excellent friends till our roads had separate ways.

Eski Alma to Bairbout, nine and a half hours. Opposite the khan was a tel, placed as if it

covered a fortress to guard the valley. Passed another khan and a caravan of full five hundred horses on the road to Persia, laden with English goods. The road still lay up the valley, and was excellent, save where some mountain stream crossed it and made a deep swamp. Sometimes it crept a little up the hill, where the stream, in its rapid course, dashed up to the foot of the mountains, and then, with graceful bend, swept back to its green bed—for, on either side of it was a bed of vegetation and trees. The bottom was cultivated. As our road led through the bushes, we put up numbers of the large partridge, a bird as big as a full-sized fowl. One of these I shot with my pistol, and put it by for stuffing; but the cook purloined, and we ate it instead.

Travelled through much the same scenery all day: now the mountains were lofty and fine, now sandy and barren: then we dipped into the trees—huge roses, sloes, cranberry, and wild pears, wild currant, willow, and mountain bamboo, with others whose names I did not know. The hill sides were covered with dwarf oak; here and there up small gorges were snug sheltered villages, whose chimneys sent up a grateful, friendly, welcoming smoke. Met

several large caravans resting, the packs piled in a square. They formed a shelter for the people, while the horses stood in front tethered to three ropes stretched along to iron pegs, forming three sides of a square.

A road ran along each side of the stream, which was crossed here and there by rude bridges: a stone pier at either end supported two beams, which reached across at a distance of some eight feet from each other; over these were laid sticks, and over these mud or stones. The shepherds were washing their sheep and goats, after which process the brutes lay in the sun, and magpies come and perform the part of an animated comb. Some people joined me who clamorously demanded fluce; on my asking what claim they had, they replied, "We like you; we loved you Franks, and so became Roman Catholics." Pronouncing the claim inadmissible, I hurried on.

A few clumps of lofty trees appear at the turn of the valley, and by our side mineral waters burst from the rock. They were exactly like seltzer waters. A small plain opens, gay with tents, grazing horses, piles of unthrashed corn, and heaps of packs, with the bells of the cattle ringing, as they

brushed off the flies with their restless heads. The town of Bairbout is situated in a round valley of the mountains, up whose sides it has gradually crept: it is 5300 feet above the sea, and the climate, though healthy, is severe, with great cold in winter: altogether, it is the neatest town I have seen in Turkey. The river of the same name flows through its centre, making verdure and leaving fruitful gardens behind it on either bank. These occupy the bottom, while the houses occupy the sides. They are built of the pale whitish yellow stone from the rocks, with pretty verandahs in front, and balconies: each house has a huge chimney.

On the height to the eastward is the castle, a rude, badly built fortress of immense extent, surrounded with a double line of walls: the inner one is strengthened by towers of various size and shape: little now but the outer wall is left. The sovereigns of Armenia permitted the Genoese to establish forts through their territory to the Persian frontier, and they did the same, apparently, to Trebizond. These were placed from thirty to forty miles apart. Trebizond was considered the first, and Byagid the last. They

thus secured their Persian trade, which must have been enormous to have repaid such an outlay. The forts were built on commanding situations, and were extensive enough to receive the caravan within their walls. Bairbout probably owes its fortress to this; the present building being the more ancient one repaired.

I rode to a large khan: the outside front formed shops facing the open square: within were magazines, stores, and stables, while on the first floor were rooms for travellers, and a café for such as chose to lounge there. During the last war, the Russians advanced to Bairbout: here a general was killed—how I do not know; but they say in some tumult brought on by his licentious misconduct. For this the *civilised* Russians punished the town with barbarian fury.

The bazaars were good, as Bairbout is the capital of the neighbouring districts; and it was interesting to see its visitors, who came from the unknown interior; fierce, savage-looking fellows they were. The town also profits much by the transport trade from Trebizond to Persia. Like Hamath, in Syria, it is the residence of many wealthy Turks, who retire here to enjoy animal life uninterrupted by

the exaction and oppression to which they are subject in the more public places.

Bairbout to Balahor, six hours.—The road ascended a hill, and then descending, pertinaciously stuck to the valley, winding, turning wherever it led. The hills, whose slope was west, were barren, save a few, wretched, dwarf oaks. The eastern slopes, that caught the morning sun, were beautifully clothed with green: here and there neat bridges crossed the stream. There were some large herds of the goats from which the tiftic is produced. About three hours from Bairbout, while traversing a most weary, dreary track of mountains, met a large party of servants, slaves, and baggage horses. After them came a party of ladies, veiled in the light and beauty-heightening veil of Constantinople. After we had passed each other (to allow of which I rode out of the road upon the rocks), a messenger returned to beg I would pitch my tent and allow the harem to rest in it, as they were tired.

The prettiest spot in that ugliest waste was chosen; the canvas raised; carpets spread, cushions, &c.; and we retired to a proper distance. Such things as I possessed were sent; bonbons, coffee,

sherbet ; and the cook set to work to cook a meal worthy of the occasion. It was a bore, rather, sitting on bare rocks, while fair ladies were sitting alone on one's soft carpet ; but I turned my back to the wall, and was soon deep in "Zimmerman on Solitude ;" all whose philosophy, however, could not prevent my often looking at the tent. In the evening, a slave came and invited me to see her mistress. I said, "But I had better not—." "For whose sake ?" said the girl, who spoke Arabic. "For your own." "If so, pray keep your tender self out of all danger : if for the Khartoon's, she asks you." So I was led to the rock near which the back of the tent stood, and let in at a dreadful rent the fair occupants had made in the wall.

I was received very kindly by three ladies, one of whom was lying down, being unwell. They wore the light thin muslin veil of Constantinople which reveals all, heightened rather by the slight and graceful covering. The elder one thanked me warmly for my kindness in so patiently waiting, and told me their companion had suffered a good deal ; and had it not been for the tent, they should have had to wait by the road-side. Sweetmeats and coffee were handed round :

I prescribed for the fair invalid, whose illness afforded a pretext for unveiling: we remained talking and smoking for two or three hours, and I then retired much pleased with my visit. They were the wives of an Emin Effendi, who occupied some post at Van. The ladies talked with sighs of Constantinople, its beauties and its pleasures; and with horror of their long journey, of Van and its desolation. This I could not enter into: they were well bred, and the Turkish language came sweetly from their soft musical voices.

The youngest of the three was giving a description of the steamer and the Giaours, who seemed, as she said, bent on sinning, for they were not content till they had seen every face that was veiled. I suppose my gesture exhibited some impatience at the term, for she immediately apologised, saying that the term she used was the one she had heard from childhood. "We used it before I married, though we had an angel with us whom we loved—and her we called 'Giaour' out of love; so the word in my mind reminds me of days when I was a child, and of her I love best; you must not be offended." I suppose she meant a Christian Greek, who are often servants in the harems;—or even a

governess, for there are several employed at Constantinople.

On the following day I proceeded on my road and arrived early at Melanchor, having passed one large Armenian village on the road. The guest-room was excellent, with glass windows: we draw near to civilisation. I had taken a new cook, an Armenian, at Erzeroum, who agreed to accompany me to Trebizond. Visions, when I hired him, came before one of repasts amidst the rocks; plate and plenty out of nothing. For several days I had kept my temper, though greens and onions predominated in every dish. This day I sent for and abused him in no measured terms. No sooner had I exhausted my eloquence, than he quietly retorted by, "Ya Bey; I cooked for a bishop and pleased him so well that there is love between us. You are a Christian: surely, what a Christian bishop likes is good enough for you."

My Persian had fallen in with a friend, so left me, and I read Gibbon till late. Oh! what an invaluable treasure is such a book on a journey—a *pièce de résistance;* when finished, (no easy work,) there is but to begin again. Many is the shady side of a rock; many the cave, the wood, the

desert, the palace, house, inn, khan, shed, he has converted for me into the pleasant study; many the weary hour he has enlivened, the ill mood he has driven away. Just previous to reaching Malackoo, passed a small conical hill from which ran about fifty mineral springs. They here cease to muzzle the ox when he treads the corn.

Belahor to Visnereik, two hours. The morning piercingly cold, and even the huge sheep-skin coat was of no avail. A good walk, however, restored warmth; and as the sun rose higher, the cold disappeared. Up a dreary valley: the hills on each side bare and dusty. This, however, ceased; and we entered a fine mountain track, the road a laborious ascent. But that was the horses' affair; cultivation, villages, and pine forests, filled in with hazel, hanging picturesquely. About seven or eight caravans on their road to Persia. Met a large caravan of donkeys, laden with iron: one poor wretch slipped, slipped, and then went somersetting over, falling with a crash into the bushes far beneath. The people looked at him for a moment and then went on. "Mashallah!" and they thought no more about it. Arrived early at Vesnereik, a fine village with large

gardens occupying both sides of a valley; the houses of stone. It was pretty, in the evening, to see the flocks trooping home—the goats leaping from rock to rock, appearing and disappearing on the pine-covered mountains; now springing down the steep sides, and then skipping across the valley to their homes; the sheep hurrying up the bottom from the green pastures with rapid steps, followed by the cows, who slowly and sedately lolled to their homes.

I went to bed early, but was hardly making my first turn, when angry voices in the next room awoke me. Finding they grew louder, and that my loud cries were disregarded, I dressed and went out: I then could hear my servants engaged in angry altercation. As they seemed out-numbered, and the poor cook's voice sounded much as if somebody was throttling him, I pushed in. A dim wick burning in oil was the only light in a large low place, the far greater part of which was full of cattle. In a raised corner railed off, were about twenty men. My servants were standing in the corner, and a great big fellow had the cook down, grasping his throat with one hand and hitting him over the forehead with the other. He, however,

released him, as I appeared and turned to the Kiah, or head man, who was sitting quietly by. I demanded the reason of such strange conduct. He shrugged his shoulders, and one or two of the by-standers muttered something about Giaours. The man who had beaten the cook again laid hold of him, on which I struck him with my fist: it was a beautiful blow, coolly and deliberately planted: it caught him just under the jaw, and sent him smashing through the railings among the cattle. There was a good deal of talking; but the people gradually dispersed except one man, who was kicked out, and the door closed and locked.

Vesnereik to Starvez Baghay. In the morning my heart had quite forgiven or forgotten the row of the previous night. We paid our reckoning and started. Proceeding across the open space in front of the village, we entered a narrow lane with high banks and a wall on either side. The servants had not mounted, and I was quietly smoking my cigar. As I rode, some ten yards behind, the Kiah passed me running, and going to the headmost horse stopped him. This was a summary proceeding, so I told him to let go, sending Abdallah, my best servant, to make him.

On the servant's approach he ran, and several others who had joined him now rushed on the poor cook, wrenched from him a long pipe-stick of mine; and throwing him down, began to beat him most severely. The muleteer, a Turk, made me a low salaam, seized a saddle-bag, and running up the bank jumped over the wall: the others also disappeared.

Had I then all this time held back from the fray? Unfortunately, or rather, perhaps, fortunately, I had no weapon. My pistols were in a saddle-bag on another horse; my sword with Abdallah, and I had only a small vine-stick in my hand. As they rushed at the cook I tried to make my horse go up to him: the brute was not a fiery one; but my purpose was forestalled; for we were seized; and about three men at each leg commenced pulling at me. Had they been unanimous I should have soon fallen; but they pulled from either side, grasping my leather trousers. One blow convinced me my stick was a rotten one; so I struck vigorously at their faces with my fists, inflicting several very pretty wounds. At last, one of my arms was captured. The Kiah attacked me in the rear with his long knife; this I parried, he

merely cutting at my head: I got, however, a chop on the finger that sent the blood about freely.

Abdallah, poor fellow, came to my assistance, and the horse falling, I was free for a moment, which I employed in pointing first point at a savage fellow's eye, who fell back bathed in his blood, and yelling with pain. I got my pistols also, and the contest would have assumed a more interesting and intimate character, for about sixty people had assembled with cummers,* reaping-hooks, and stones. The cook took his beating like a martyr, on his knees, with his hands clasped. Abdallah stood by me like a man, though he would not draw the sword, observing if he did, they would kill us. To which I replied, "It did seem probable; but we would have some of them first;" and thus we stood, I covering the Kiah with my formidable Mantons, while he remained, one hand elevated, grasping a huge stone, the other clasping a cargo for further use to his breast.

We remained in this posture some time. Abdallah meanwhile drove off the horses, and there remained the cook and myself amidst the yelling brutes; the cattle having made good their

* The name given to the long knives worn by the natives.

retreat, a great manœuvre, I considered how I could effect the same. My horse would not back gracefully, so there I remained. At last a man in the rear threw a stone which hit me on my hat: then they yelled and came on. I grasped my weapon, resolved to make good every shot, when the two Turks I have before mentioned came back. They tore their hair, raved, swore; invoked, prayed; pushed. A parley was sounded, hearing obtained.

It was then agreed, on their parts, that I should pay a certain sum of money and be allowed to proceed. This I refused, saying, it was not for the money, but no dogs should force me to do what I did not like: then again there was row, vows, curses, roarings: at last one of the Turks pulled out a handful of money and said, "Take that." This upset me, so I pulled out mine, and holding out my hand said, "Come and take; the rest of you, bear witness; for if I live, I will be revenged on you when I arrive at Trebizond." None now would take it; the Kaiah observing I should perhaps shoot him, or break his face, as I had done the others who had come near me. "Very likely, Ya Kaiah, for you have smashed

my finger, and I have not hurt you so." At last I was led off between my two friends, and the cook, rising from his knees, followed submissively.

From here, though twelve or fourteen hours' distance from the sea, we obtained our first view of it. From our great height the clouds appeared below it. To me, for many long years a wanderer on its surface, and years when the senses are keenest and impressions deepest, the sea ever appears a home. It may be a distant ocean; it may be a foreign shore; but near it, by it, I feel safe and as if by the side of my own. With such feelings, well do I imagine the joy, the feeling of deliverance, of transport, with which the harassed body of Greeks welcomed its appearance—"The sea! the sea!" Xenophon says, they arrived at the holy mountain called Treches. As soon as the men who were in the vanguard ascended the mountain and saw the sea, they gave a great shout, which, when Xenophon and those in the rear heard, they thought a new enemy had attacked them in the front. The noise still increasing as they came nearer, and the men, as fast as they came up running to those who still continued shouting, their voices swelled with their numbers,

so that Xenophon, thinking something more than ordinary had happened, mounted on horseback and, taking with him Lysius and his horse, rode up to their assistance; and presently they heard the soldiers calling out, "The sea! the sea!" When they had all come up to the top of the mountains, they embraced one another, and also their generals and captains with tears in their eyes. It then goes on to say that from thence to the sea was five days' march (seventeen parasangs). They reached the sea at Trebizond — and feeling at home, celebrated—

Αλμα ποδωκειην δισκον εχοντα παλην.

In seven hours we reached the small village of Stargey Boghay, a collection of lodging khans. "Aibea na Darud,—there is no harm done," cried the Persian, as he cut splints for my finger, which was broken, and sat down to dinner. "Ah," he said, "you English are an odd people: now I am a great fire-eater, but I never make a row when the odds are against me. Stretch your legs no further than the size of your carpet."

Stargey Boghay to Dfeviglek, seven and a half hours.—Leaving early, we met a flock of sheep with ordinary tails, dogs in wool. Do the Christians

eat these? and they formed the subject of conversation for some time.

After two hours of dreary mountains, we entered upon the loveliest scenery it was ever my lot to ride through—the country of the Gebrige. Their mountains are lofty, and even the pass, far from the summit of the surrounding mountains, is 8000 feet above the sea. The mountain tops, wild and grand, were clothed in angry wintry clouds which, lifting ever and anon, revealed for a moment the great heights they had so jealously covered. Rock, glen and valley varied the scene; while the road was shaded, and the hill sides clothed by beech in all its natural beauty of tinted variety; by mountain pine, by tropic sycamore, and flower-laden laburnum. While all above was lofty, grand, and magnificent, the soft valleys below lay basking in sunshine, the golden corn moving in the breeze.

Cottages were sprinkled over the whole; pretty rustic habitations of planks, with sloping roofs. Here one perched on the edge of a precipice; there a few sheltered in a glen; there, on a sunny knoll, here in a shaded nook. Many were built also of stones loosely piled into walls; a pent roof of clinkers covered them in. The keeping the roof

on seemed an affair of difficulty, for the walls, loose, offered no hold for the rafters ; so the edges were piled with heavy stones. Many of the houses were large, and had windows and verandahs: some were placed most picturesquely, and, swathed in creepers, reminded one of Swiss scenery, as it is represented, not as it is. But I might fill pages with description; and had not the bad roads proved the reality, and horses slipping, floundering and falling over the muddy road, convinced me it was no dream, I should have believed the whole a cheat of fancy, to conciliate me for the many injuries she had done me.

The roads being much used, and only earth, were now girth deep in mud, and in places almost impassable. The road was along the side of the mountains, so the whole drama of life was acted beneath our feet in the valleys. Corn rose in frequent patches, or ripe Indian corn in the sheltered places. Here girls were attending the cattle, crossing the rich and luxuriant pasturage.

The dress of the women was much like that of the Armenian women ; nor did they seem anxious to veil ; and I saw some girls, worthy nymphs of such scenery. The men were fine robust fellows,

with a very Grecian cast of countenance and manly independence in their bearing, light haired, and black eyed. They seemed industrious, for those who were lounging about had yarn, and worked vigorously, knitting stockings; an odd occupation for a great he creature armed to the teeth.

The girls, as I have said, are strikingly pretty, but soon fade; toil, hard field toil, early marriage, and bad food, soon take the beauty from their cheeks, and the upright perfection from their forms.

We now came on the Jurme Su, the river of Trebizond, whose course we were to follow till it fell into the sea and we into the Quarantine. This country was formerly held by a number of Deri Beys, many of ancient families, who ruled like independent princes, ministering sadly; sometimes acknowledging the Porte, and seeking favour with the Sultan; at others openly defying his authority. Sultan Mahmoud, however, gradually cut down, one by one, these tall flowers, and now nothing remains of them but the ruins of their strongholds, forming picturesque sites on mountain tops or other advantageous points. The people have been great gainers, and now are quiet and

peaceable—at least, as much so as their neighbours. Khans in plenty lined the road: all spoke a great traffic—shops here and there, where Indian corn, bread, unripe peas, and grease, seemed the principal commodities. After six hours, which passed like moments, arrived at Djerijlik, and put up at the guest house. Over it is the large house of one of the former Deri Beys, and inhabited by his relations. The descendants of these men are often found now, generally idle and vicious, subsisting on charity; and the peoples' respect for his gentility, a claim allowed in most countries except England perhaps: we are too civilised, too far removed from nature to admit an almost natural claim.

CHAPTER X.

Visit from a Great Man—Pride of the Persian hurt—Evidences of Civilisation as we proceed—Probable Passage of the Ancient Greeks—Classical References—Arrival at Trebizond—Consigned to Quarantine—Evasion of the Persian—Quarantine—Italian Innkeeper—Animated Scenes in the yard of the Quarantine—Caravans—What they contain—Native Merchants—New Road—Labourers employed upon it—Of whom composed—Their Wages—Their Recreation during Work—Description of Trebizond—Country around it—American Missionaries in Trebizond—Difficulty of distinguishing the Sects—Easiest distinguished by their Invocations—Arabic Language—By whom best spoken—Its numberless Words—The Pasha offers to punish those who had misused me—Visit to the Pasha—Court of the Serai, and what it contained—Mountain Dogs—The Pasha—His early Life and Reminiscences—Description of the Mosque—Trebizond Honey—Account of it by Xenophon—Family Names adopted in the East—Baths—Antiquity of Trebizond—The Port—Early History of Trebizond—Sultan Mohamet and Comnenus—George of Trebizond—Heroism of David Comnenus—Luzistan—Account of the Luz.

DJERIJLIK to Trebizond, six hours. The whole distance from Erzeroum is fifty-eight hours. In the evening, the great man who lived in the big house came down and paid me a visit. He was rather outraged; for the whole party, servants, Persian attaché to the embassy, and self, were out in the street of the small village, trying to catch some very wild fowls to convert into dinner, and

he stopped short in horror as the Persian knocked one over adroitly with his cap. We entered the room, and, sitting down, made the usual bows and salaams. The great man was badly dressed, and smoked a wretched pipe, yet as proud as if he had invented the electric light, which is enough to be proud of. After a little conversation, he turned to the Persian, and asked me who he was. The blood of the Mede was up, and he said, "I am one whom his sovereign, the king of kings, has honoured; and though perhaps catching fowls is not a noble occupation, I must dine; and therefore I did it." In the evening I returned the visit, which the Persian would not.

Djerijlik is a small village, containing a few khans, farriers, and shops. At the back was a pretty church, now a mosque. The day was gloomy and threatening; but this, if possible, enhanced the beauty of the scene; for as the eye rested with anxiety on a rain-charged cloud, it drew up and revealed a valley lovelier for the mysterious veil that concealed it. The peaks also showed at intervals, calm, as it were,

above the storm, whose fury broke beneath them.

Civilisation draweth nigh: meat hangs in the shops: calicoes, cottons, cumber counters; yowourt is being weighed with English steelyards, and horror overpowered me as man, nay men, passed me smoking cigarettos. The rain poured in torrents, and forced us to shelter in a balcony, full facing the storm. It was worth a wetting to see such wonderful works of God and Nature's hands. As soon as it cleared up, we continued our route; the road frightful, and the horses fell repeatedly,—a process that did no good to the baggage or themselves. The mountains lowered as they neared the sea; so, though Trebizond did not show, I pressed on—or rather slid on—and at last, from the hill-top above it, we obtained a view of the town beneath our feet.

Probably, the Greeks arrived to the east of the road I took; as having to cross rivers, the geography cannot otherwise be reconciled. Mr. Brant, while at Erzeroum, pointed out to me the description of one of the hills assaulted by the Greeks

(Book iv. sec. 7), and showed me how perfectly it agreed with the modern Fars. This great diversion to the eastward may account for their not having touched on Lake Van. The mountain ranges running east and west, a force would naturally prefer turning their flanks to climbing over them. Then, he would go east or west; having already found the west shut by the river, he had but the east open.

The latter part of the road I have just travelled over with the reader, is classic ground, where every spot is hallowed by tradition or history; where each place almost is as well known by the writings of the ancients as unknown by the accounts of the moderns. The Colchians are the immortal heroes of the Argonautic expedition, and their origin alone is wrapped in obscurity. Dionysius and Periegêtês, also Herodotus, make them of Egyptian descent:

> Παρ δε μωχον Ποντοιο μεταχθονα Τυνδαριδαων
> Κολχοι ναιεταουσι μετηλωδες Αιγυπτοιο
> Καυχασου εγγυς εοντες.

Herodotus says they settled here at the time of

Sesostris, either by his order, or that they were unwilling to follow him further. He grounds this assertion on different facts. The one great one of circumcision is now merged in the rites of Islam; and they have received too much addition of Greek blood to admit of tracing a genuine likeness to the Egyptians.

Trebizond.—The road descended the high mountain that overlooks the town; and if it was up this that the Greeks raced when celebrating their games, no wonder they could ascend only at a walk. Now, in addition to the badness of the road, we had to encounter huge masses of stone, blasted from the rock to form the new road now in progress. We slipped quietly down, the baggage far behind, for I was rather in hopes of getting in unobserved, and evading the law which sentences me to nine days of purification, for no earthly purpose except that I had come from a town that was healthier than Trebizond. However, I was caught. A dirty-looking fellow murmured "quarantine;" we were led, like contraband articles, through by-streets and along sewers, as if they wished

to give one the plague as an excuse for such nonsense, and finally, deposited in the Quarantine, where the two Osmanlees and the baggage soon joined us.

The Persian evaded it; and, as the Turks complained of this to me, and talked of speaking about it, I could not help recalling to mind the maxim of Rochefoucault—"Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas."—This is a fault of all mankind. As Swift says—

> "To all my foes, dear fortune, send
> Thy gifts; but never to my friend.
> I tamely can endure the first;
> But this with envy makes me burst."

The doctor, an Italian, came and offered me every kindness, in spite of which I existed the rest of the day very hungry, and finally went to bed dinnerless. The Quarantine is situated on a point slightly projecting into the sea, and is the best situation in Trebizond. It was built by a former Pasha, as his residence; but calumny carried the tale to Stamboul that he was fortifying the place preparatory to rendering himself independent; so

he was commanded to render his account in person at the Sublime Porte. It consists of a huge tower with other buildings, and a most ricketty verandah, on the landward side, to walk on. Without, is a large court, where the trade caravans, &c., rest. My room was comfortable, dirty, and reeking with smells, with windows all round, and a noble view of sea, town, and the distant lovely mountains of Circassia, concerning which one could weave stories about Schamel Bey, warriors, bright armour, brighter eyes, soft women, and stern, free men.

The quarantine at Trebizond is a quarantine to guard against Persian maladies; so you ride all through Turkey to perform a quarantine at the end of it. The board at Constantinople perhaps can explain it, which I own I cannot. Our consul visited me, as also the consul at Batum, who has permission to reside here during the summer months,—a residence at Batum being impossible.

Meals now became necessary. I threatened the consul; it produced no result; but Lord Palmerston's name, repeated loudly and often, caused the man to retire. He returned with a higher func-

tionary, who at last got an Italian innkeeper. The fellow entered the room, and, bowing politely, said "Good night." Now it was noon, and I still in bed, so I thought it a bad joke,—a jest at my indolence,—and I was preparing a sharp speech, when I found it was only his perverted knowledge of English; for he next uttered "Good-bye; I come." He was, as I subsequently found out, one of that numerous class of men who know all languages, and can be understood in none. During the time our contract lasted, we spoke a mixture of English, French, Spanish, Italian, Arabic, Maltese, and Turkish.

The yard below was always full of life, caravans coming, caravans going. The Persian grooms took excellent care of their horses, and each day removed the pack-saddle always kept on, and currycombed their beasts. Their horses were larger than the Turkish, but hardly so well made, nor apparently so strong. The value of them may be here, where there is a great demand, from ten to fifteen pounds. It astonished me how few of them were sore-backed; hardly one even was rubbed. In Arabia

and Turkey, among one hundred you will hardly find one that is not, and seriously so. The weight, the heat, and the cumbrousness of the pack-saddle taken into consideration, it can hardly be otherwise.

The caravans continue arriving; there are full two thousand horses in the court, and more outside. They arrive with tombac, silk, galls, yellow berries, safflower, from Persia; teflik, from Erzeroum; alum and copper from the mines in the interior. On the following day they load with goods deposited here by the steamers,—English manufactured goods, Belgian and Swiss chintzes, nankeens, &c.; beer and champagne for Georgia; iron for the finer works; English tin; German steel, glass, and hardware.

Native merchants conduct the greater part of the trade, gradually taking it out of the hands of the Englishman and foreigner. They have agents in Liverpool and Manchester, and on the Continent, and, in fact, can do it cheaper. The English merchants, say they, *i.e.* the native, will not mind doing a dirty thing, evading the customs, &c.; but the fact is, they can live upon less. The foreigner must live

comfortably, and has expensive clerks; the native has his own connexions, who serve him for almost anything, and he himself is content to live on little, and therefore gains, not spends.

Thanks to my kind friends, the quarantine passed rapidly, and I took up my residence at the consul's house,—a fine new building lately finished for the Austrian consul, who died. The same evening walked to see the new road now making. The Minister of Public Works came himself to superintend it, and is now gone inland to survey and lay down the line of it; and he (Ismael Pasha) seems interested in making a creditable job of it. A sum of money has been devoted to it,—the Turks being at last aware that if a better road is not soon made, they will lose the whole of the Persian transport trade, and its large revenue,—the Russians having begun a road, which would soon have drained this of its commerce.

Four thousand men are said to be employed; probably two, however, would be more correct. Many of these are refugees and foreigners, Germans, who are employed as blasters, and in the

higher branches of the work : they receive seven piastres (1*s.* 4*d.*) per diem. The whole is under the direction of German engineers. Several hundreds of labourers, Arnoots and Roumelians, have arrived by steamer from Constantinople : these receive four piastres, or about 9¼*d.* per diem. The rest, labourers from the surrounding districts,—fine athletic-looking fellows, receive one piastre, or 2½*d.* per diem, and a good allowance of bread. They do not, however, work, as sailors would say, "with a will."

The road, so far as it has gone,—a mile, perhaps,—is well made. A deep bottom of blocks of stone, form a lasting and good foundation ; smaller pieces of stone over this, and earth to fill in the spaces ; walls on either side to support it, where it rises above the level, and a paved footpath on either side,—a very needless expenditure. The cost (taking in the sum that will be eaten) will be little short of three hundred thousand pounds. The same would have almost made a railway. The blasting and difficulty are all at the beginning ; and if it is only completed to Bairbout, an immense advantage will have been gained, as the rest of

the road is plain, and, consequently, comparatively good and easy.

The workmen lighten their labour by music. A man accompanied them as they carried and deposited the stones, playing on a species of rude violoncello, and bag-pipes with one bag, while a third played a flageolet. The men often joined in with their voices, in wild harmonious music. They were encamped under the green government tents, and doctors were there to attend the sick and hurt. Many were wounded by their own ignorance or awkwardness; for mines were sprung here and there without any warnings or precautions.

Trebizond, even to me who had just passed through the most lovely scenery, seemed a lovely town; and it is scattered about, the greater part of the houses being situated in gardens, particularly in the western or Turkish quarter. The view from the consul's terrace was exceedingly pretty. To the south, the lofty mountain shut out the interior, and in its wild well-wooded gorges were pretty houses covered with verdure; streamlets on its craggy sides glistened in the sun ere they fell

into the depths below. On the east, the lofty mountains of Lazistan, broken, jagged, snow-capped, and beautiful, closed round, covering from our view Circassia and Batum, and the free regions of Caucasus.

On the west, were swelling downs, and, nearer the town, in a bed of trees, the ruins of the old town; the castle, with its beetling battlements of rock, domes, and minarets, varied and broke the monotony. Then the green was really green, and the houses really white; and with their red-tiled roofs and pretty overhanging verandahs, had a very picturesque appearance; while new buildings and a bustle bespoke trade,—money-making trade,—and consequent prosperity.

The circuit of the old walls now includes only one quarter, dedicated, *par excellence*, to the Turks, and the large enclosure of the serai and citadel. This overhangs the deep valley of a mountain-stream, which rushes to the sea in a bed of most luxuriant vegetation. The rest of the town is scattered, each sect inhabiting its separate quarters.

One of my greatest difficulties,* at first, was distinguishing the sects; the dress, now, will not always serve for a test. Thus, many of the Christians wear white *lieffies*, or turbans; others of them wear a coloured silk lieffey, properly peculiar to the Osmanli. The Christians of Kesrouan always wear white head-dresses—turbans. A better test than dress, is, their oaths—the Mussulman is thus easily known; his pious exclamations; his "God is great;" "It is God's work;" "God is merciful;" "Allah Ackbar;" "Mashallah;" "Allah Kerim:" his frequent assertion "there is no God but God," La illah Ill Illah: the Christian—"by my faith," "by my belief," *a la dimtee, a la deenee*, and milder expressions.

The Ansayri, poor fellow, at once betrays himself: an Ansayrii who travelled with me invariably was detected: "Wejar Forhtaa;" "Dieou el Hothera;" "El habayen;" "Deen all shebabee;" "Allah;" "Eh Wallah;" "La Wallah;" "Beit

* The nearer the traveller gets to Stamboul the more confused will he find the sects, the less adhered to the distinctions of caste and dress. Even in Syria he will find this: I mean along the sea coast, where there is more intercourse with strangers.

abdul" "Min talib," &c.; all these being their invocation of saints—and if they have not understood, or are asked a question, they answer, "God." The smallest child always says, "Yes, by God;" "No, by God;" and they have another saying, hardly, in its meaning, honest, "sack to his house;" "I will sack his house." This is used on all occasions. Thus they will say to a horse, pig, or what not, "I will sack your house."

With other sects I am not conversant, but can now (as all others can) detect not only the sect, but the place whence a man comes—town, or what not.

The Arabic spoken also among the different sects is different; and the way of spelling likewise; the best Arabic spoken will be among the Mussulmans of high birth in the large towns. Among the Druce-Sheiks, also. Egytian-Arabic is said to be the best—there it is almost a different language. Bagdad and Brusora also enjoy a great reputation. The idea that the Bedowee speak the purest Arabic is as correct as it would be for us to assert that the best English is spoken in Wales.

The Arabs hardly use more words than the

North American Indians; though they are voluble enough at times, yet, to express any great piece of news, it is wonderful how they condense it. In many places, more particularly Beyrout, Aleppo, &c., where there is much trade, many foreign words are used in business, as they have no corresponding word. Thus they say *contracto* for agreement, &c.; *bandeyra* also for flag: a name they have adopted though they have words of their own to express it. The vastness of the language and its want of compound words, of paraphrases to express anything, renders it difficult. The gazelle has, they say, 500 names; the camel little less; horse, pipe, and nearly everything, have numbers of different words to express them. Let me beg the reader's pardon for this long digression, and return to Trebizond.

The Americans have missionaries here who number about fifteen families of converts, their school and plentiful scattering of books having shaken the faith of many more, who yet pause before taking a step attended with such great temporal sacrifice; so the result is greater than the actual returns show.

The Pasha sent horsemen to Vesnerick for the people who had mis-used me, but I cared not to punish them, as the pain had left my finger, though it was still a straight useless affair, covered with strips of wood and rags. The Doctor of the Quarantine, when he saw it, had immediately pronounced it must come off, or the whole hand would—I do not know what—and I should shuffle off this mortal coil. At that moment I hated the man who had done me the injury, and would have pleaded to have had him hanged; but I sternly refused the kind offices of the surgeon, even though he tried to tempt me with a new Russian leather case full of bright knives.

As he pronounced all other remedies useless, I packed the wounded part up again, Abdallah assisting me, and consigned it to a kid glove which we filled with melted wax from a candle; here it remained for some six or eight days, when its mummy case fell off, and I found I could bend it a little. Henceforth my faithful domestic used to pour water over it from great heights—a douche which ultimately cured it. Not, as I said, feeling

any pain, I went with a forgiving spirit to the Pasha's; crossed the bridge, and entered the enclosure of the serai.

The court was surrounded by an odd medley of ruinous buildings, while in the court irregular soldiers, and prisoners in irons, lounged about at their ease. The Pasha's apartments occupied one whole side of the building, and we mounted to the first floor by a large, ruinous, wooden staircase, entering on a broad, equally rotten verandah. Here we had to force our way through a flock of enormous sheep, whose tails were curiosities: about a dozen dogs were lying about, looking eagerly at the closed door, as if expecting a meal.

The Pasha had a farm on the Bosphorus, and the menagerie outside was destined for it. The dogs, of which through our consul's kindness I procured one, were the largest I had ever seen, nor was it only in height; the one I had measured fifty-two inches round the chest; and its fore-paws were thicker than a man's fore-arm. They are brave and sagacious. Belonging to the mountaineers, they are so necessary to guard their

flocks from their numerous enemies, that nothing can induce the owners to sell them. The Pasha had sent out soldiers, who brought them in for him to choose from.

The door opened and we were ushered in through files of well-dressed domestics to a large room with a domed centre, supported by wooden pillars. At the farther corner sat the Pasha, a portly well-looking man, with European shirt and waistcoat and a loose over-gown. He received us most kindly, and asked me what punishment I wished inflicted: this was for him to decide: the prisoner was produced and abused. The Pasha wished to bastinado him, but I begged him off this, and he was imprisoned and fined, which he probably felt more. The Pasha kept us full two hours more and spoke well both on the affairs immediately under his eye and on foreign relations. He told some good anecdotes, which, however, would not bear repeating.

He was formerly kavass at the French embassy of Constantinople; and the kavass, now with Mr. Holmes the consul, served with him; often, he says, beating him for gambling, to which he was

dreadfully addicted. He was put by the French Ambassador under his man's charge, and, as the old fellow observes, a sad fellow he was. When the consul went to call on him, he recognised his old playmate, reminding him of past days. Such rises are too common in Turkey to induce the *mauvaise honte* they do with us. Backallam! the boy of to day may be the Seraskier of to-morrow.

The weather was very hot during my stay, with heavy storms of rain, thunder and lightning. I took advantage, therefore, of a fine day to go and visit the mosque of St. Sophia. We hired a boat and admiring the scenery pulled along the shore to the westward. From the sea the mosque produces a most picturesque sight: it stands near the beach on a cliff covered with creepers and stumpy trees; a wall now ruined and fallen, all save a massive entrance-tower, once surrounded it, and the whole seems formerly to have stood on a mass of masonry, which is, however, now covered by the earth accumulated in the lapse of years.

As in all mosques that were once churches, most of the windows have been blocked up, and the

principal door being to the south, has experienced the same change, and the bricks now cover up what is a really beautiful portico of marble, well and richly carved. The whole is Byzantine, but by the different style of the workmanship of the several parts, it seems to have been built at intervals. It consists of a large stone building with a slightly sloping roof and dome in the centre: two porticos with marble pillars and carved niches add much to its exterior beauty. There are some rudely cut figures and inscriptions beneath.

Without, a well cut ornament runs round, and several places have the Cross and Eagle. Within, four handsome columns support the dome, and the whole walls are covered with paintings, well executed and the colours fresh as when put on. This has been white-washed over by the Turks, but their thin coat falls off and reveals the other beneath. The place is hardly used as a mosque. The pulpit is cobwebbed, and even the Muezzinship a sinecure.

Closely on the west stands a large tower; but apart from the main building, and on the northern

side, stands a chapel similar to the church in every respect, but in miniature. Its walls are covered with paintings; the representation of the Crucifixion is still plainly visible. The pavement of the larger one is marble and mosaic, and must originally have been well done: however, carelessness has destroyed the greater part of it. There are also many marble stones, but the inscriptions have been carefully effaced.

In a porch of a ruin within the town of an ancient church, are four full-length figures of Byzantine Trebizond kings: they are well executed, and enough is still visible to show the gorgeous dress of those Eastern emperors. There are several other pieces of painting within, but not of any historical value. Mr. Holmes had made accurate drawings of the kings and queens. Scattered over the town are several portions of friezes, cornices, &c., of the Ionic style, well worth removal.

It was the beginning of October, and the market was full of fruit; for the climate of Trebizond is backward, figs, &c., having only just come in. Hemp

and linseed are produced in the neighbouring country, and corn and barley in kind form part of the Pasha's remittance to Constantinople. These dues in kind are levied all over the Turkish dominions; corn, barley, grease, fat, &c., and the peculation of them forms no small item out of treasury pockets.

The honey, which is plentiful about the country, has a bitter taste, said to be produced by the azalea. I asked a good deal about its intoxicating qualities as related by Xenophon, and though I heard it possessed them, it struck me the Franks who said so both did not know and were anxious to make the story proper for antiquarian ears. It is, however, allowed to be excessively purgative, which is one of the effects Xenophon describes. He says: "But there being great quantities of beehives in those villages, all the soldiers who eat of the honeycombs lost their senses and were seized with a vomiting and purging, none of them being able to stand upon their legs: those who ate but little were like men very drunk, and those who ate much, like madmen, and some like dying persons.

In this condition great numbers lay upon the ground, as if there had been a defeat, and the sorrow was general. The next day none of them died, but recovered their senses about the same hour they were seized; and the third and fourth day they got up, as if they had taken physic."

Very little information concerning the country people could be given me by the inhabitants of the town, who cared more for their commerce than any other matter. There is said to be a Greek race among them who, though bearing the name of Mussulmans in their secluded mountain, practise the rites of the Greek religion.

It is only among the great in the Ottoman dominions that we find family names, though now many, particularly among the Christians, invent them and use them. A person now occurs to me who, wishing to have one, put his father's name after his own, and so made a surname; but there is a khan at Trebizond which bears the owner's name—that is, Took it and ran away with it; alluding to some act in his life showing probably more cunning or fraud than honesty. The man

is dead, but the deed is perpetuated in his son's khan.

The baths are good, and fitted up with a luxury I had never before seen. Georgian boys are the attendants, and their appearance speaks of the crimes which further from the capital shun the broad light of publicity.

Trebizond boasts of great and undisputed antiquity: colonised by the Sinopeans, according to Xenophon, on whose arrival it was a flourishing city, the Arcadian Trapezuntii claimed it also as their infant. Xenophon is obscure about the following passage: he says in the first part, they encamped in the Colchian villages and plundered their country; he then, after relating the hospitality of the people of Trebizond towards the Greeks, says, "they (*i.e.* the Trebizondes) also concluded a treaty with them in favour of the neighbouring Colchians, and from these also the Greeks received more oxen as a mark of their hospitality.

The ancient port was on the east of the town; one side of it was probably the present quarantine

point, for its eastern side has remnants of blocks as if a wharf had run to leeward from it. It was probably the port built by Arrian, in the reign of Adrian, which he speaks of in his Periplus of the Euxine. Few vestiges remain of it, and ships of the size and draught now used would have profited little by it.

The traveller would do well to explore the mountains for the altars or statues he speaks of as erected, or to be erected, on the spot where the Greeks raised their cairn of joy on first seeing the sea. The Goths sacked the town when they devastated the shore of the Euxine, but this little affects an Eastern city, and we find it in 1204, by the indulgence of Angeli, raised to a dukedom under Alexius Comnenus, of whom Gibbon remarks, that the epithet of Great was conferred on him probably more for his stature than for his exploits.

Except in Pachymon and Nicephorus Gregorius, the Byzantine writers disdain to speak of the empire of Trebizond, or Principality of the Layi, and among the Latins it is the romance of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, rather than reality which records it. Yet Ducange has cited several

passages in Vincent of Beauvais and the prothonotary Ogerius (Apud Wading, A.D. 1279. No. 4.)

The successor of Alexius served as vassal to the Sultan, with a force of two hundred lances. In 1282, the Duke or Ruler of Trebizond, again resumed his title of emperor, taking advantage of the distress of Palæologus, and resisted the fusion of sects: he sheltered such Greeks as fled to him, and upheld the orthodoxy of the Greek church. In 1392 or 1393, we find the title allowed, and the royal family of Constantinople allying itself with that of the Comneni. In 1460, Mahomet, mad with victory, unsated by the possession of Constantinople, impatient while a remnant of the purple of Rome remained in the East, turned on Trebizond. His whole negotiation was comprised in a short and peremptory question: "Will you secure your life and treasures by resigning your kingdom, or had rather forfeit your kingdom, your treasures, and your life?" The feeble Comnenus was subdued by his fears; the kingdom was surrendered; and Comnenus with his family was transported to a

castle in Romania, where they were shortly put to death on a suspicion of treason.

Since then, Trebizond has remained Turk, and is now—as I have said—the seat of a Pasha. Among its eminent citizens we may not forget George of Trebizond, one of the great restorers of Grecian literature in the fifteenth century. In a late "History of the Knights of Malta," the authors say: "David Comnenus, the regnant monarch, after sustaining a siege of thirty days, consented to a capitulation; and was afterwards, with his sons, carried to Constantinople in chains. The conqueror gave him the choice of apostasy or death; and the heroic Greek, with seven of his offspring, nobly chose the martyr's crown." This throws a lustre over him whose light we would fain believe. But who dares to contravene Gibbon, backed by Porson? Not I.

"Impar congressus Achilli."

Lazistan extends from west of Trebizond to the east of it, some sixty leagues, including many districts; the people are fierce and rude, cherishing their feuds from father to son; and, like most of

the population of the empire, never move from their houses unarmed. They carry a short rifle, *cummah* or short two-edged sword, and a knotted cord, formerly meant to bind their captives, but now a mere ornament. Xenophon describes the cummah, or short sword, but makes no mention of the cord. The Laz have no towns, their houses being scattered about, with now and then a row of shops collected, where they buy what they need. The country abounds in splendid timber, of which they make charcoal: they are said not to produce corn sufficient for their consumption: their bread is principally made from Indian corn. They make a fine linen from hemp, much prized for shirting on account of its extreme fineness.

CHAPTER XI.

Departure from Trebizond — Steamer for Samsun — Passengers of various Nations on board—Circassian Boy and Girl—Their Appearance—Their Destination—Samsun—The Vice-Consul—Walk in the Suburbs of the Town—Enlargement of the Town—Excursion to Eski Samsun—Ruins—Remains of the Harbour—Churches—Trade of Samsun—Its Imports and Exports—Silk Sherbet—Bazaars—The Castle—Lasso used in this Country—Lasso described by Herodotus—Lasso employed by the ancient Egyptians and Persians, as now employed in South America—Foundation of Samsun—Eastern Repugnance to put Animals to Death when it would be merciful to do so—Copper Mines—Start for Stamboul—The Steamer—Its Appointments—English Engineer—Various Passengers—Circassian Girls, and their Attendants—Their Dress and Appearance—The Renegade and his Friend—Various Passengers, and their Expectations—What caused my Servant Abdallah to fight the Cook—Battle royal—Interference of the Captain—Fine Scenery not to be enjoyed under certain circumstances—Constantinople in sight—Its Appearance—The Black Sea—Increase of Trade at Trebizond.

I SHOOK hands with my friends and embarked in the Austrian steamer for Samsun. She was a fine boat, and,—spite of a fresh breeze which set Osmanli, Christian, Levantine, Circassian, Georgian, and Arabic stomachs in motion,—carried us there in fourteen hours. On board I found an Armenian scribe of the Pasha's at Diarbekr, on his road to Constantinople: under his charge were two new

purchases of the Pasha of Trebizond—a Circassian boy and girl of about seven and nine years old—5000 piastres had been paid for the former, 9000 for the girl. The boy was going as a present to Ismael Pasha's son, about to be sent to Vienna; the girl was for his own harem.

The boy was an intelligent little fellow, and already spoke Turkish well, having remained some time at Trebizond. He was here, there, and every where; much to the distress of a kavass, of immovable disposition, who had him in charge. The girl was pretty and piquante, (*nez retroussée,*) and very careless about her veil, which she seemed to regard as a useless screen. Both were very fair. The boy told me his mother had come with him to Trebizond, and sold him; an act for which he seemed rather grateful, as emancipating him from servile labour, and opening a road into the world. He said his mother had left him shortly after his arrival, and returned home, taking an order to bring two more of his brothers for the Pasha to buy.

We were anchored before dawn: Samsun is a

pretty little town, built at the foot of wooded hills; north-east, however, is a long range of marshy jungle that runs out into a point. From this, it is probable, the fevers and ague come, which render it such a disagreeable residence. I took a room, but receiving an invitation from the English vice-consul, whom I had known before—a fellow labourer with Mr. Layard at Nineveh;—I shut up my baggage in it, and repaired to his house.

Walked out in the afternoon over fields which extend to the east. They were covered with fragments of pottery, but exhibited no traces of ruins. Crossed the Merd Ismak, a pretty stream with fine forest trees about it; and traversed where formerly must have stood the town of Lycastus, the Merd Ismak being, from its position, the *Lycastus flumen.* The whole was well cultivated, with open patches for grazing, covered with thorn bushes. The tobacco, of which large quantities are exported to Constantinople, was being dried; for this purpose it is strung on yarn and hung in the sun, round the houses. It is of a yellowish colour.

The town has now swelled far beyond the limits

of the old walls, and surrrounded by gardens, runs out on all sides. Many have lately built on the near hills, hoping thereby to escape the malaria. These houses are fine and large: about half an hour up the hills is the Greek town —for formerly no Christian was permitted to reside within the walls. The houses are built of wood and clay, stone being difficult to procure, whereas clay is found in abundance. The roofs are sloping and tiled.

Made an early excursion to Eski Samsun, lying a short distance to the westward, and the Acropolis of the ancient Amisus, now a corn and tobacco ground. It stands on a promontory N.N.W. of the present town. Two lines of ruined walls run round the northern face; but of more modern creation, as great quantities of Roman pottery are built in it. The η Πηγη, as the Greeks still call a small fountain, is pretty, rising on the side of the hill. Below are the remains of the harbour, built of huge, almost Cyclopean blocks, which with little harm have withstood tide and time. There are two modern forts, which would

not protect the place much. Within the walls are two or three stone buildings, a khan, and one which has a very Byzantine look; but I did not enter it. The churches are of no antiquity; and the mosque, out of repair, looks older than its date shows it: the others are modern.

Samsun has now a considerable trade, importing principally English goods, cotton twist, and luxuries. These are carried as far as Amasia and Kaiserea, in the interior, though Smyrna principally supplies both those places. The amount, however, is on the increase: it exports copper, *tekirish*, (a yellow berry used in dyeing,) *pasturmater*, (dried beef,) and tobacco, which requires to be mixed with milder kinds for use; a few furs; *mahlef*, (a small berry sprinkled on bread to flavour it,) *leutres* (largely); yellow berries, gum doaganth, silk and violet sherbet from Diarbekr, of which this is partially the northern port. The silk sherbet is made from the cocoons, and tasting much as raw silk smells, would be, one would fancy, anything but a popular beverage; however, it must be put down as an acquired taste: a small quantity also of goat and sheep's

wool, and German tinder. Corn also is largely exported.

The bazaars are small but well supplied, and the port has some trade with the opposite northern coast, from whence comes (besides more useful articles) a coarse sort of Japan ware. The castle is hardly worth a visit; the lower portions of the walls are well built, the upper but Saracenic repairs: their removal would probably add much to the healthiness of that portion of the town they surround. The moat is converted into gardens; on the beach are numerous sarcophagi, but of a bad period, the ornaments coarse and ill-carved. There were also several columns scattered about.

The shooting is excellent—wild boar, quail, pheasant. These last are hardly as large, but quite as highly flavoured, or more so, than their emigrated friends in England. The plumage, also, is hardly so brilliant. In fact it is allowed that the bird has improved in England. The two lesser bustards also are found during the winter, when they descend from the higher, colder regions, where they remain during the summer.

We walked up the pretty valley of the Lycaster, whose scenery reminded me much of English park scenery; some of the sycamores on the banks were noble trees. Saw herds of camels, which are much used; they are the Koordish camel, and both larger and stouter than the Arabian animal. They stand with ease the cold of the mountains, and are said to have been imported here from Mosul; if so, they have improved by the emigration as much as the pheasant.

In the evening the English steamer arrived with European corn buyers; so the consul had to be employed on samples, and left me to regret his well-informed and most amusing company.

I heard much in the interior, of people who used the lasso. They inhabit the country about Bafra, and use it to catch cattle and game: though much inferior to the Gaucho, they still exhibit some skill. The rope is of leather plaited, and one end is secured to the horse; the man carries a long light pole; over the end of this he lays the noose; approaching whatever he may wish to take, he puts it over it and pulls the rope rapidly to him,

thus eventually securing his prey; for if strong, he gallops off with it, dragging it after him. Here we find then the same habit as described by Herodotus.*

Samsun was founded by the Milesians; it afterwards received an Athenian colony, and subsequently fell under the dominion of the King of Pontus. It frequently felt the effects of war, being taken and retaken several times. Augustus made it a free city. The distance to the Lyradea,

* Herod. *Polyhymnia*, says, lxxxv., speaking of the troops of Xerxes on his Greek invasion: "There appeared of the Sagartii a body of 8000 horse. These people lead a pastoral life, were originally of Persian descent, and use the Persian language. Their dress is something between the Persian and the Parthian. They have no offensive weapons, either of iron or brass, except their daggers. Their dependence in action is upon cords made of twisted leather, which they use in this manner: when they engage an enemy, they throw out these cords, having a noose at the extremity; if they entangle in them either horse or man, they without difficulty put them to death." These forces were embodied with the Persians. The Roman Gladiators, who were called *Retiarii*, used a net for the same purpose.

Two pictures at Beni Hassan show us the lasso was used by the ancient Egyptians. They depict one man who has just taken a stag; another who has just captured an ox. They are on foot: so it would hardly have been so formidable a weapon as in the hands of a horseman, and the end is merely held with the hand. See *Lane's Ancient Egyptians*, vol. iii. p. 12.

Malcolm, in his Sketches of Persia, p. 119, in a note to Roostem, the favourite of Persian story, where he is related to have noosed his enemies, says, "The *kemenel*, or noose, of the ancient Persians, appears to be the lasso of the South Americans, and was employed to snare prisoners as well as cattle. It is also used in India by some tribes of robbers, who entrap the unwary with as much skill as is shown by a native of the Pampas."

however, would show that Eski Samsun cannot by Amisus (*see* Cramer) Ef Menip up Kaph, sub *v.* Καδισια. Amonym. Peripl. p. 10, gives 20 stadia from Amisus to Lycastus fl.; whereas the distance from it to Eski Samsun is about four miles.

While here, I saw one of those cruel kindnesses so often seen in the East. No man will kill to put an end to misery. A poor baggage-horse broke his leg just below the house; the man removed his load to another, and left the poor brute to starve. There it stood for three days: nobody fed it: its leg was soon swollen to an enormous size; there it leaned against the palings: yet no persuasion could induce anybody to kill it. This is a constant eye-sore in the East; they will tie mules or horses up to a wall with a short halter, so as to prevent their eating, and in this way leave them to die; nor will any arguments induce them to put a period to their sufferings.

Near Samsun are the famous copper mines of Bakia Kurch, so productive in former times, when the revenue from these mines alone was estimated at 200,000 ducats.

I had just resolved to start on an excursion into the interior, when the smoke of the steamer appeared, and then, with all my haste, we were only just in time to be bundled over the gangway on to another mass, bundled there before me as she went on. The steamer fate had consigned me to, was a Turkish sloop-of-war steamer, who, in these piping times of peace, lands her guns and does a little trade. As there was no order on board, the deck passengers lay about in all directions: walking was, therefore, impossible; moving difficult. The decks, uncleaned for many voyages, presented a mass of dirt I never saw equalled in a vessel.

My baggage was mercilessly flung into the mass, who, disturbed by its weight, drew aside, and then again closed over it; so that we saw it no more during the voyage. The cabins below consisted of a fore and after saloon. The latter was shut, and the former, whose windows were closed with passengers, heaped high on the sky-light, was full of the slaves and boys of the passengers, laughing, sleeping, and caressing each

other. Without, in the passage, were bales of tobacco and baskets of fruit, with a choice collection of raw hides: on either side were side-cabins. To one of these I directed my servant: we opened the door, and received a volley of good Turkish curses — it was a harem, and about eight people were pigged in eight feet by six.

At last, however, I found one empty—at least, from human occupants—and took possession of it; for no servant or steward appeared. My friends had warned me against these vessels, but I wished to see one: the passage money is the same as in the English boats, which provide an excellent table. We had, however, brought fowls, &c., with us.

Soon after starting, my servant came and said, "They will not allow me to go to the kitchen to cook." On my asking the captain, he granted permission, when the cook of the vessel came aft, and said he should be happy to do it for me; and Abdallah, who has a soft spot in his head, and a large one in his heart, saying "Yes," they

went forward to settle the matter, bearing the provisions with them.

The chief engineer, an Englishman, made my acquaintance—one of those iron men who drink, and work, and prove the superiority of their nation by the fist. The other engineers were Turkish. The engine good, but dirty and neglected. The vessel seemed to know her way, for the helmsman hardly moved the spoke, resting his chest on the wheel, listening to the discourse. She diverted herself, however, with semi-circular bends, this way and that.

There was abaft a small raised prop, occupied by about twenty-seven Circassian girls for the Constantinople market, who lay in a row athwart ships: at their feet were some half-a-dozen men escorting them. The dress of these fellows is excessively picturesque: a frock coat, tight at the waist, but loose above, so as to hang in plaits; the skirts coming to the knees: it is not confined at the waist with buttons, but a broad leather sash is bound round it. On the breasts are cartridge cases, plaits being made in the coat to hold them;

long, loose European trousers coming tight over the instep, with a fine, thin, leather boot, fitting tight to the foot; high conical cap of skin, with the wool on, the lower part turned up all round to the width of six or eight inches. The men were fine handsome fellows.

The Russians give passports to all the slaves—for what reason it would be hard to discover; the English steamers, however, will not carry these marketable commodities. The girls were of all ages, from five to twenty-five, and destined for different purposes, according to circumstances or the state of trade. They had all been dressed out of one piece of chintz. Three, of about fourteen or fifteen years of age, were eminently handsome; and these were to be taught at Constantinople, as the man said, for a year or so, previous to their being sold. The teaching consists of speaking, repartee, dancing, and music sometimes.

Next to this party was a renegade Christian with a tawdry native wife; he claimed a previous acquaintance with me, but I said he was changed

since then, and I the same, which, I was sorry to say—such were my prejudices—must prevent any further intercourse. He laughed a loud laugh, but I could see how deeply he felt the remark. Beside him, with servants, &c., sat a Turkish recruiter; what rank he held I do not know, but he kept on gelling to me, gell, gell, *Anglicè*, "come, come." I advanced, and we bowed, and went through the regular ceremonies. He then said, "That man," pointing to the renegade, "is my friend; why do you not salute him?" I said that, though willing enough to believe in the sincerity of his conversion, still I must decline having anything to say to him. He grew rather authoritative, and took my hand to make us shake together; on this I shook him off, and walked away.

The other passengers were a wonderful collection: blind beggars, who had heard of the great charity of the capital, of fortunes given at once to a poor wretch like themselves; clodhoppers from the plough tail, who had heard that servants got three hundred and five hundred piastres a month;

naked savages, because they had heard this or that; Armenian porters, with their iron bodies, willing to work; effeminate young men, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, in search of fortune. Here were Moslem, Christian, lord, slave—clever, and desperately ignorant—all bent on the same road, for the same purpose, except the honest porters, who brought a good capital with them, marketable anywhere—the will and the ability to work.

We passed the coast pretty closely: broken land, covered with a thick wood, save a cottage here and there, with its small clearing and cultivation. We stopped a moment at Inesim Oglu, a small village where several vessels were building literally on slips in the forest. On awaking the following morning, Abdallah came into the cabin with a woful face. "Ya beg, the fowls are all dead; the cook found them so this morning, and threw them overboard; now upon my honour, and the mutton too. Really fowls all dead now." I had been a midshipman, and was up to a trick. I had cut out suppers; had feasted when others

could find nothing—and now to be done by a miserable ignorant Turkish brute!

Well, there is a *mauvais honte* of making a noise publicly about edibles or money, so I only abused Abdallah, and resigned myself to starvation. Happily, I had a nargilleh, and I smoked that and drank coffee for the rest of the voyage. I do not know what Abdallah said to the cook, but it blazed out in the afternoon, when they fought; Abdallah (and I watched the affair) would have beaten the fellow, for he cared no more for a Turk than a Turk for holy water, but others got hold of him. My other servant then joined in like a man.

I told the captain, "Why do you not put an end to that?" He said, "Giaours." I said, "You dog, is that your answer?" and taking him by the arm, we went to the fray, now become a tumbling mass of half-a-dozen. As my words had no effect, I laid on with a mighty stick I had, and as the captain interposed, hit him hard, and begged his pardon loudly. All the wrath now turned upon me; but Abdallah and Mahmoud had found their

weapons. The captain made a great noise. I said, "Now, the question is, what will you do with me? Dare you, as captain, beat me, throw me overboard—what?" As this seemed a knotty question, and to require consideration, we retired, and were served with obsequious civility for the rest of the voyage.

Next morning we were off the mouth of the Bosphorus; the captain kept in his cabin in the paddle-box, which had a window; the steersman, after a little wandering about, found the entrance, and we steamed up; passed the Cyanean Rocks; heard the cry of the condemned souls that wander there for ever mourning. It did not, however, strike me as a scene of peculiar beauty. Having heard it praised as fairy ground, of course, had anybody else been by, one would have joined chorus in "lovely," "enchanting," "perfect," &c.; but, being amidst a crowd of Turks, Arabs, &c., who gazed with open-mouthed wonder, exclaiming, as they would catch breath, "Ya, yah," perhaps I felt too fine to praise, as if such scenes were below me, and looked perfectly indifferent.

Then, having fasted some thirty-six hours, like Dominie Sampson, from all save sin, I felt world-despising, and was wondering what Misseri would have for breakfast, and if I should be too late or not. The most sentimental must own, the most persevering, enterprising sight-seer must admit, how much external circumstances operate on our feelings. The same place we see all beauty, when happy ourselves, will wear a different aspect when visited in trouble or distress. A cold morning, damp weather, and a warm bed, are sad antagonistic principles to rising and seeing ruins or scenery; a tight shoe, a lost button, even the smallest thing, can destroy the best sight, the most lovely scene. A thousand things will make the doubled rose-leaves that will destroy our bed of pleasure: and I freely own to having caught myself gazing on Baalbec, while my only thought was when the coffee would be ready.

Houses, of huge size, lined each side of the water as we neared the city; huge, unintellectual-looking places, with great, overgrown chimneys.

At first I conceived, as they came in sight, that the builder or owner, finding an ancient pillar, standing where he wished to build his house, had, with veneration, respected it, and built round it; but then came others, more and more, till I saw it was the style of chimney architecture prevalent. The houses were principally new, built of wood and tawdrily painted or washed. Here and there the banks were, to a moderate height, covered with gardens; then villages with houses gaudily new or darkly rotten.

The vessel panted up with the same disgusted air as a showman goes through his wonders. The people on deck pause—a rush to the starboard side; the vessel's keels deep with the sudden weight; back they crowd, a living mass, as Stamboul, in all its sunshine glory, rose before us. It is a glorious sight, a wondrous view, not of man's making, because houses, domes, cypress, water, wharves, walls, gables, minarets—all are heaped anyhow, and compose its peculiarity, its grace, and its beauty. Dome and minaret flashed in the autumnal sun; the waters gleamed a sea

of light; all was motion, yet noiseless; all silent, yet full of sound: and, in the midst of all, the quiet cypress shot up its stately height, apart, alone, as if it too appealed to heaven for the dead, that silent lay beneath its shade.

> "The European with the Asian shore,
> Sprinkled with palaces the ocean-stream;
> Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
> Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;
> The cypress groves, Olympus high and hoar,
> The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,
> Far less describe."

All rushed to the gangway, and a scene of noise and confusion ensued, which, for some moments, I watched patiently, entirely absorbed by the beauty of the scene. I had seen it in winter, snow-covered; the waters cold, icy, and dreadful; and now, as if by a magic wand, it was changed to the Stamboul of Anastasius. "Est in Europâ, habet in conspectu Asiam, Egyptum, Africamque a dextra; quæ tametsi antiquæ non sunt maris tamen navigandique commoditate veluti cinguntur. A sinistrâ vero Pontus est Euxinus."

The Black Sea, but a few years back, was

almost shut to our trade. Mr. Brant conceived the plan of drawing trade to Trebizond, and, laying his ideas before Lord Palmerston, procured the appointment of consul there. One schooner then ran monthly; now seven steamers a month find occupation enough; viz., one English twice every month, one Austrian, and two Turkish twice; the one belongs to a company, of which the Valide Sultana is one of the great proprietors. The others are war-steamers, with their swords turned to ploughshares. They are huge vessels, and carry large cargoes. Another small steamer runs from Trebizond to Batum. This is also Turkish; and during the summer the Austrians also run there. The English steamer belongs to the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

If civilisation increases, and the reforms of Turkey continue, no doubt a vast trade will yet be opened, developing the resources of the magnificent country on the southern shore. The steamers of the Porte now commence to burn their own coal, and will probably do so in time at a proper expense. At present the mines are

mismanaged, and they are too jealous to let them out to foreigners, who have offered for them a considerable yearly revenue, and coals for their steamers free of expense.

CHAPTER XII.

Apostrophe to Constantinople—Proposal of the Slave Dealer—No Room at Misseri's Hotel—Hôtel de Pera—Valuable Hint to Travellers respecting Servants—Dinners at Misseri's Hotel—Various Guests—Walks about the City—Make an Acquaintance—Origin of Constantinople—What Gibbon says of that City—Sight-seeing—How managed—Mosque of St. Sophia—Its Magnificence—What it may one day become—Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent—Visit the Seraglio—Tomb of Barbarossa—Dancing Dervishes—Howling Dervishes, and other Sects—Accidental blowing up of a Turkish Line of Battle Ship—Visit to the Emir Beshir—My Reception—Long Conversation with that Personage.

All hail! City of the seven names, seven hills, seven towers; taken from the Seventh Palæologe by the seventh Sultan of the Ottoman line. All hail! Byzantium, Antonina, Roma Nova, Constantinople, Jarruk (in Arabic, "Earth Divider"), Istamboul (the Fulness of Faith), Ammeddunige (the Mother of the World).

Crushed furiously by the crowd, I got at last down the gangway, and stepping actively over caïques, floundered into one of those outside. Before I had recovered my balance, a push in the

back showed me I had a companion, and seating myself, I found the Circassian slave-dealer by my side. "Hosh gelding," he exclaimed, and we commenced a conversation in Turkish and Circassian—from him mixed Turkish, and Arabic from me.

He said: "Sahib, why do you not buy one of these girls?" "I am not permitted." "Bosh, you struck the Turk among Turks when you were alone; what do you care for law? Come, now, I like you for that; you shall have the Gul for two thousand piastres. She plays, sings, talks, and would make a fine slave for your lordship. I love her myself; her eyes are almonds; I give her to you, and you will love her, do not fear; she would make a cow love her in a month." I, however, resisted his offers, and when we landed she of the almond eyes was still unsold.

I had weary work of it, for all the morning was consumed in walking from hotel to hotel. Misseri was full. "Make me up a place." "Alas, Sir! for four others I have done so, till there is no place left." So at last, I was fain to put up at, and worse—to put up with, the Hôtel de Pera. The

room was the only tolerable part of it, and commanded a gay prospect of a side of a house built to join on to the side of another house yet unbuilt. My servants, as native servants do, both by custom and choice, slept about the landing outside the door, and fed themselves from the bazaar.

This is a good hint to travellers: at the hotels in the Levant, they charge from five to seven shillings a day for a servant. I never bargain with mine, as the moment I suspect his honesty, he is discharged: but after they have two or three days' experience in a place, ask them what they require as board wages. The answer averages from 1*d.* to 4*d.* a day, according as the place is cheap or dear, and they sleep at one's door or anywhere.

My housefellows consisted of German bagmen, so my meals were eaten at Misseri's excellent table. Oh, what a matchless feast it was, after the table of the road! It seemed impossible that such luxury could be real and last. His company was better.; a *soi-disant* philosopher, who had been two years writing a book, whose system he

was only just beginning to discover; collegians, on their first flight, wary for fear of being taken in—cautious not to show the green; the goose (wuzz) on his travels delivering his opinions of Turkey, Turks, and Stamboul, collected in two days' experience through a dragoman; the ex-merchant still anxious; the old, emancipated, wondering, credulous, but shocked, new beholders quite out of their element.

It was a great pleasure to retire from this bad European Pera; cross the bridge, or enter a caïque, and roam over the streets of Constantinople, or Stamboul proper, the Turkish quarter; to plunge into its streets, and wander about perfectly ignorant of the way. Many were the curious adventures I met with, that served more to improve my Turkish than to give me a high idea of the morality of these veiled ones.

One day I had lost my way, and wandered so far as to become fatigued: I sat down in a café, having first roamed over the ancient quaint remains of the Palace of Belisarius. A Turk saluting me, asked, "Why I picked out an old ruin

to look at, when so many perfect were around?" I said, "For the recollection and for curiosity." Another now joined in, and said, "Do you not know that was the palace of the blind general of the Sultan of Rouma—Justinian?" The remark struck me as curious, because we believe that his eyes being put out, and he being reduced to beg his bread, with a "give a penny to the blind general, Belisarius," was a modern fiction—a romance to throw more poetry into the story. I asked my informant, therefore, if he knew the name of the man, which he immediately told me, adding, in answer to my assertion that it was a Frank tale; "on the contrary: living near, he had it from his father." He asked me to his house, an invitation I gladly accepted, and we appointed a day and place of meeting.

I found him kind and amusing, and what pleased me more, well versed in traditional lore. We were one day discussing the history of the original foundation of the city, and I drew forth my Gibbon, a huge thick volume which never left me when I went sight-seeing, and must have given

many the idea that I was a pedlar with a small but precious box beneath my arm. Byzas founded it, the supposed son of Neptune, 656 years before our Saviour. No, the mosque he meant. He then went on to tell me, that when the church was built, an angel brought some dust from Mecca and sprinkled it there, thus taking possession of it for the Prophet and the faithful. This tradition was repeated to me afterwards at Ruad, and thus, having heard it twice, we may conclude it a general one.

The origin of it may probably be found in Plutarch *in Romulo*, where, describing the ceremonies of the foundation of the city by Constantine, he says, "A large hole was dug and filled up by handfuls of earth, which each of the settlers brought from the place of his birth." The story of this would become a legend, and the Mussulmans would, of course, think it proper to throw in a handful for Mahomet.

Constantinople has been far too well described for any such a cursory passer as myself to dare to speak: Gibbon must have indeed paused to frame

his magic sentences: "The prospect of beauty, of safety, and of wealth, united in a single spot, was sufficient to justify the choice of Constantinople." He then goes on to decry the weakness which needed the fabrication of a miracle necessary to confirm his choice. "The vision conjured up was of an old but venerable matron, sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, suddenly transformed to a blooming virgin, whom his own hands adorned with all the symbols of imperial greatness —this was the genius of the city of Byzantium. When marking the bounds of the city, he proceeded farther than cities were; on being remonstrated with, he replied, 'I shall still advance, till he, the invisible guide, who marches before me, thinks proper to stop.'" And without repeating further as we look at her fortunes and her misfortunes, as we look at her master now, and at herself to-day, well may we again quote what he says after the Mahometan conquest of her: "Constantinople has been left naked and desolate, without a prince or a people. But she could not be despoiled of her incomparable situation, which

marks her for the metropolis of a great empire; and the genius of the place will ever triumph over the accidents of time and fortune."

To me the bore of doing the sights was very great. I should have preferred going over them at the rate of one a day; but no, a firman is taken out for 8*l.* or 9*l.* whenever there are several parties to go, and then off all go, after swallowing a hasty breakfast, and are dragged over the whole, going from cathedral to seraglio, from palace to prison, till one returns home and to bed foot-sore and weary, with a mass of sights of all sorts running through one's head: it is too much for one day. The Mosque of St. Sophia is superb; the outside is too crowded with buildings to be at all well seen; but the interior, done up by Italian artists within the last few years, is a masterpiece of art—a wonder. The size, the grandeur, yet lightness and grace of the whole, are perfect.

Nor can the treasures of art it contains be looked at without veneration — the eight columns reft from Baalbec, the columns of the Temple of Diana of Ephesus. Perhaps St. Paul has touched these.

Troas, Athens, Cyclades and Cyzines—all were compelled to supply their best to support the temple of Divine wisdom. Christian and Moslem have united to make it beautiful, and I cannot but think it looks cleaner and purer than when loaded with the trappings of the Greek Church.

Poor Turks! it will be a sad day for you when the mighty conclave of priestly state shall come and purify these holy walls with water and incense. Perhaps a mark higher up the wall will be shown to the younger sons of earth, where Christians heaped up the slain when they reft thy fairest conquest from thee: the mark I allude to is that of a hand, or several, if I remember right; it is some twelve or fourteen feet up the wall. It is said, that in the massacre within the church, on the taking of Constantinople, the dead were piled up to this point, where a bloody hand-mark on the wall still attests the fact.

The Moslems had had good lessons in the art of religious slaughter, taught them by Christian warriors: the red gore had streamed at Jerusalem, till, it is said, the Christian heroes waded girth

deep in Moslem blood. The mantle of oblivion had better be dropped over such scenes: the amount is nearly equal on all sides. Let us only hope that, if again we war, while we show we are men as brave as our fathers, we may also show we are more civilised and less bigoted.

What wonders of wealth were hoarded here; and now a few mats, a carpet or two, with a large board inscribed with a pious verse, are all the wealth remaining. At all events, the Moslems have done it no harm, and from the present state of its repair, we may trust it will last till a purer voice may be heard within its walls, and the real Catholic Church sing from thence their hymn of praise. I cannot but think the verse of the Koran so beautifully written within the cupola is very appropriate: "God is the light of heaven and the earth." The Temple is a worthy offering; the greatest work of man is well dedicated to God, the wise, the merciful.

From here we went to the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, nor can I at all think that Suleiman had a right to say, "I have surpassed thee,

O Justinian!" The whole struck me as heavy and clumsy; fine, imposing from its size, but with no great beauty of detail or grand effect, as a whole. We were next paraded to the Mosque of Sultan Mahomet, where are his tomb and that of his family, and that stone so curious, on which is engraved the prophecy of Mahomet—but it had a far different signification to the Prophet's fancy than his followers will find, when the fulfilment actually takes place.

From thence we were smuggled through the seraglio—smuggled through, I say; because if one of the party halted a little, some of the functionaries drove him on. My speaking a little Turkish, and remonstrating against it, procured an immunity for myself, and I finally lost my party, and wandered about at will—actually; until at sunset, I found all deserted, and every prospect of passing the night alone. Abdallah, however, found a gardener who let us out over the wall, he being evidently wonder-stricken at finding us there. But we had seen more than was meant—not that we had seen any females, but places, &c., not usually shown.

The other days were laboriously passed seeing where Palæologus fell, where the Sultan stood: with Murray under my arm, I fagged here and fagged there, till all had passed before me, and I was rejoiced to find I had done Constantinople. It was more pleasant to return and saunter over some spot of historic interest, or rather over spots whose history interested me. The tower of Galata was one of these, and I almost became a resident there: the old guardiano brought me his nargilleh, and we used to sit in solemn silence on the roof, gazing at the town below, or watching the flights of the pigeons. These are never injured, but suffered to live and multiply—in fact are fed and protected.—

> "Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
> In foul weather and in fair;
> Day by day, in vaster numbers,
> Flocked the poets of the air.
> On the trees, whose hoary branches
> Overshadowed all the place,
> On the pavement,—on the tombstone,
> On the poet's sculptured face."

Barbarossa's tomb I cannot better describe than in the words of Murray. He says: "Being little known it will be difficult to find, nor was it

without some search that I hit upon it. Nothing can be more picturesquely beautiful than this simple monument, covered with moss and ivy, on the shore of the rendezvous of the fleets with which Chaireddin covered the sea. Destitute of the inscriptions which are so frequently lavished on Turkish tombstones, it commemorates the name of the mighty hero in "the midst of the roaring waves of tempestuous times, and the howling of revolutionary winds." Barbarossa was the terror of the Christian fleets; and Chaireddin's memory will live until the latest hour of the Ottoman sway. His tomb addresses the ships of the Archipelago, clearing the waves of the Bosphorus, in the words of Archytas to the mariner:

> "Quanquam festivas non est mora longa licebat
> Injecto ter pulvere curras."

I also cultivated the acquaintance of the Dervishes—not of the dancers of Pera; my head never could stand looking at them; and my two or three appearances at their performances were attended with discomfort. On one occasion I lost my shoes, and had to walk home barefooted, and

on the other two, lost all my appetite for dinner by the sickness produced. It certainly seems an extraordinary way of gaining heaven, whirling into it at a waltz: the solemnity of their deportment adds to the grotesqueness of the scene: the Mevleir* are, however, among the most tolerant of the Moslems.

The Howling Dervishes are well worth seeing; but they are common in every town: the Borda, or hymn in praise of the Prophet, is seldom heard but at Constantinople.

There are several other sects among them. The Nasksh-Bendi: they are strict and scrupulous observers of their religion, and are very fanatic and superstitious.

The Munjevi: in the true signification of the term they ought to be solitary: they are not a very numerous sect in Constantinople: they have an Ickeh near Cyoub.

The Beetachi: the most numerous; a libertine and vagabond set. They wander about laying claim to miraculous powers, and set up as

* Name of the sect.

curers of diseases—as able to arrest even death. They are not strict observers of the Koran, of which they have generally but a very imperfect knowledge. They drink wine, and in fact do what suits them.

One morning the corner of the inn received a shock that made the landlord quake; a rush of the inmates followed; but, used to earthquakes, I pursued my occupation, nor was it till some hours afterwards I heard that it was occasioned by the Neica Chewkit, a fine line-of-battle-ship, having blown up: the number in her will never be ascertained. I walked down and found sentries posted all round the arsenals to keep the crowd off. Women by hundreds were there, crying, wailing, and howling. Poor creatures! they hustled several of the Pashas who appeared. Boats from the rest of the fleet were hard at work, towing away portions of the wreck with which the Golden Horn was scattered. She had gone down, while the masts, bowsprit and cordage, formed a mass where she had been: the water sparkled in the sunbeam; the mimic wave washed tunefully on the shore; the carriage drove

on ; the boat load of picnickers bent to the oar ; all life went on just as if eight hundred poor unprepared mortals had not been hurled up here and there on the beach—all lifeless.

> "As shaken on their restless pillow,
> Their heads heave with the heaving billow :
> That head whose motion is not life,
> Yet feebly seems to menace strife."

The bodies were being collected and ranged on the arsenal wharf for their friends to claim. Some said the whole was a conspiracy to blow up the Sultan ; others, with more probability, that the crew had smoked a pipe in the magazine, and for a wonder it had caught fire—I say for a wonder, for the Turks are fools : while they are afraid to do necessary things with powder, &c., they will, through carelessness, smoke over it.

I paid a visit one day to the Emeer Beshir, a *detenu* at Constantinople ; he was living in a small house about an hour out of the city. A Frenchman who frequently visited him was my introducer. The priest who usually lives with him was absent, which rendered my visit more agreeable. He resided in a small house apart, and had

gone to town on business. The house of the Emeer was low and out of repair; the room he received us in literally darkened with the smoke from his never-ceasing chibouk. At first he received me, knowing me for an Englishman, with a distance almost amounting to incivility, and even omitted the usual courtesies of eastern hospitality. This drove me to thinking of retiring, but as I looked at the venerable old man, his snow-white beard, the lines hard and deep, of misfortune rather than of time—though he numbered upwards of ninety years—I felt how wrong to resent, how ungrateful not to submit. At last I began to interest him, and he condescended to listen, and ere long we were fast engaged in his own loved mountains, Betaddeen, the Kesrowan, and the neighbouring districts. He unclasped his pipe and offered it me. Abdallah also came in, and, kneeling down, kissed the edge of his robe. He relaxed, and we talked merrily, or rather much; for at times there was a swimming of his keen, quick eye it required many winks to clear.

I knew most of his friends; his henchman,

Abdel Bey, Carletti, and several others who had been in attendance on him. When the Frenchman, who could not speak (the priest in his visits acting interpreter), rose to go, he insisted on my dining, and we retired to another room, where a poor plain meal was served on pewter, his excessively pretty daughter the only attendant. In the evening we continued our conversation, chiefly on his part, being an exposition of his policy through life; how it was necessity, not will, which had made him act. He adduced one proof which, if true, was good: "They say I taxed and over-reigned; if I did, it was to spend on themselves; for look! I, who was a king, a great prince, have ten pewter plates and one pipe, worth two piastres. I owe here several small debts, and, on my beard, have not five hundred piastres to pay them." We talked till midnight, and I then returned to find the gates locked, and myself compelled to saunter about till daylight.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Constantinople—Embark on a Steamer—Destination unknown—My Dog and the Agent—Reason why I was treated with Civility during the Passage—Passengers—Young Turkish Lady and her Grandmother—Death of a Child on board—Heartlessness of its Father—Arrival at Smyrna—Make the Acquaintance of a Jew—His Family—Their hopes of the Restoration of their Race—Character and Qualities of Jews in general—Speech of the old Jew concerning Proselytism—Passage granted me by a British Man of War—Inscription on the Tomb of Pisistratus—Smyrna, the Birthplace of Homer—Ruined Castle of the Knights—Scio—Its present Appearance—Reflections suggested by it—Samos—Ruins of the Temple of Juno—Antony and Cleopatra—Cos—Esculapius born here—And Apelles—The Painter and the Cobbler—Arrive at Rhodes—Present Government of the Islands—Favour shown by the Porte to Christians—What they may one day become—Opinion of Mr. Titmarsh, as to the Quality of Samian Wine.

PERA, and its semi-civilisation, soon tired. It had more than the ordinary *ennui* of a European city, without any of its gaieties or amusements; all the tedium of the East, without its pleasures. Misseri's was most comfortable; but society there was none, and so, one morning, hearing an Austrian steamer was to start, I resolved to join her fortunes, nor cared to inquire whither she was bound. Carpets,

cushions, nargillehs, pots, saucepans, &c., were bundled into my much-travelled *hourges* (saddle-bags); my bill paid; Abdallah loaded himself with his arms; a whistle to Beder Khan Beg, and, preceded by porters, we descended the hill of Pera to a caique. The bazaar-dogs clustered round, but none ventured to approach my huge canine, who waddled slowly before us.

We were thrown in a lump on the gangway as the vessel was under weigh. A pert little fellow simpered up, and said in Italian, "Sir, that dog must not—in fact, *shall* not go." "Oh, then, Mr. Agent, there he is; turn him out." This was not easily effected: the agent ordered the captain, the captain the mate, the mate the sailors; but my Koord sat wagging his tail; so the agent went over the side, and the dog quietly took up his position by me, where none seemed to have any wish to disturb him.

The next thing was to inquire whither the vessel was bound. "To Smyrna." "A hum del illah, I thought to Trieste," I said. The captain civilly offered me a boat, to land. "Oh, no," I

replied, "I thank you; Smyrna will do as well;" and he was kind and soft to me for the rest of the passage, thinking I was mad. So there, dear friends, I had trusted to fortune, to chance, —to what you please to call it; and the same had decided I was not to return to Europe. My fortunes are cast for the East, — the land of old, of history, and Our Lord,—the morning land,—but, alas! the land of fevers and the plague.

It was evening as we glided out of the Golden Horn; the dying sun shed his last lustre on the scene, and rendered it one of extreme beauty. Mosque, minaret, and cypress,—house, tree, and sea,—beauties crowded our view. How far different from the scene I left at my previous visit! Then, pinched, frozen, and unfeeling, one longed to be off; now, Constantinople never seemed so lovely. How could one be bored? how could one leave? seemed questions unanswerable. But fainter grows the scene; St. Sophia and its domes are lost in the deepening night; the land opens, and we steam on to the open sea.

We will now take a glimpse of the isles of Greece—

—— "Where every season smiles
Benignant on those blessed isles,
Which seen——
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loveliness delight;
Then mildly dimpling ocean's cheek,
Reflects the tint of many a peak,
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the Eastern wave."

Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence, or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood? With me, however, wandering began at so early an age, it has become a part of life; and travelling seems as natural as remaining at home does to others.

The steamer was crowded with passengers. Among others were many natives, Moslems, and Christians. After a few hours, the former, as they usually do, half threw off their veils, and, in my capacity of interpreter to an English lady on board, we talked a good deal to them. One was the same pretty girl I had noticed at Smyrna: she recognised me. On asking her how she came to remember me, she said, "Because my father gave

me a severe beating when I got home for not veiling; so I have to hate you, not only for being a Christian, but because of the beating; however, get me a lemon, and I will forget it, and you may talk to my grandmother, who never lets a Christian see her face."

I gave her the lemon, but did not enjoy that intercourse with the grandmother which was promised, because she snubbed my addresses. With the daughter, however, we talked a good deal. She had been to Constantinople to get married, but some cause had broken it off. The fair lady for whom I acted as interpreter, damped my ardour for conversation. She said, "Let me repeat some verses to you from the rejected poem of an American. With all your attentions,

> "Yet this tender maiden,
> Careth no more for thee,
> Than midst the stars the pale moon cares
> For the poor love-sick sea."

It was some consolation after this that the wind rose, and the sea rolled, and all were a mass of sick and sorrowing, while I walked the deck, and enjoyed the free fresh breeze and tumultuous

weather. The first night of our departure, a poor little child died on board, of small-pox. On the following morning, the captain, who was very much vexed,—for it appears it had been ill many days, and ought not to have been admitted on board,—stopped, and landed it at Gallipoli. When the poor little thing was handed into the boat, the captain said, "Somebody must go with it." The father declined, saying, he should lose his passage-money and also his time; that the child was dead, and a girl. At last, however, he was compelled; and, as the boat pulled away, he stood up, begging for his money, utterly regardless of the poor morsel of his clay that lay inanimate at his feet.

The inn at Smyrna was as good as ever, and I had seen all the sights,—two great comforts, as it left me nothing to do but lounge about, read, and idle. On the passage down, I had formed an acquaintance with a wealthy Jew, who kindly introduced me to his family and people, among whom I spent many pleasant days. They spoke Spanish, but had lost all the pretty lisps with which the Castilian surrounds his words. Nothing

among them struck me more than their wealth. The dirty fellow who sat in his stall tinkering pots, retired to a home where a wife, heavy with gold ornaments, waited on him.

Their fanaticism was extreme ; but, struck by a stranger speaking Spanish,—a language so seldom heard there, or, perhaps, few travellers go among them,—they were free and courteous in their intercourse with me ; and, among some of the men, there was considerable knowledge of passing events. It was pleasant to hear them praise England for her liberality and her freedom ; and they hailed it as the first dawn of their restoration, as an opening which had been made, and would enlarge gradually, till they, the chosen people, again took their station as the first, the greatest of the earth.

"Surely," they exclaimed, "we have been severely tried ; surely we have wiped away our sins ; through exile, persecutions, and death we have kept ourselves apart undefiled. And oh ! stranger, we regard your nation as raised by Heaven to protect us."

I thanked them freely. As one looked at their marked countenances, one could not but see the purity of blood, remember their wonderful history, and with pity think on their unparalleled sufferings. Other people, other sects, other creeds, have had their persecutors, but have had their repose. All and each have fallen on and torn the sons of the Promise : they have known no friends, no protectors ; the wandering foot and weary-hearted in all ages, among all people, have been the prey, the lawful prize. All sects joined,—enemies who hated each other, yet professed this in common, to despoil the Children of Jacob.

Their qualities have been at once their protection and their foe. Their singular perseverance in amassing, their singular patience in making money, have by turns occasioned them to be befriended and oppressed. They were necessary to the nations : in days when all were warriors or slaves, the Jews were a state necessity. They managed the affairs and provided the money. But this, again, was too strong a temptation for despot princes to resist ; and the poor vessel was broken

to make it disgorge its contents. Spite of the apparent uselessness of gain where gain invited pillage, with more than Sisyphean patience, they bowed to the storm, and, when it had passed, again renewed their thankless toil. Well has the prophecy been fulfilled: "In quietness shall be thy strength." (Isaiah, xxx. 15.)

They seem to regard the Turks with more favour than the Christians: the Raina* they talked of with pity. There is too great a difference of religion for them to feel the hate they do for us; every article of our belief condemns them, and disputes with them the inheritance they believe exclusively their own.

The Jewesses of Smyrna did not strike me as handsome. Spite of the pretty eulogy of Chateaubriand, a blight seemed to sit upon them, and they had more the features of a Chinese than pleased me. The boys were lovely; and their open countenances and noble eyes would have suited their sisters far better than themselves. Of the missionaries they spoke kindly, as men who meant

* A Hebrew word, which signifies bad or mischievous. It is the early term they used for Mahomet and his followers.

well, but whose pleading was vain. "Shall the Jew, who, for two thousand years, has stood fire, sword, and death, sooner than forsake his faith, turn now,—now that the light dawns on him, and all goes fair? No, stranger; our faith we will keep as God has enjoined us; and had he not, the very persecutions and blood on it would make us cling to it with affection. Those who do turn, turn not from our *faith*: they had none, and joined the highest bidder."

Oh stiff-necked race, no time can bend thee! Thou art as ready to persecute the prophets and those who call thee, as when the temple stood in its glory on Sion, and the Son of the Most High wept over thy coming miseries.—Yet their constancy is great; their stubborn adherence to what they deem truth, surpasses human strength. Well might the poet make them exclaim—

> "Were my bosom as false as thou deemst it to be,
> I need not have wandered from fair Galilee;
> I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
> As the God that permits thee to prosper doth know."

The "Antelope," man-of-war steamer, was on her way south, and the officers kindly gave me a

passage. So once more we packed up, and trudged to the wharf, Abdallah wondering where we were going; I much vexed because Herodotus had put the bow into the wrong hand of Sesostris in his description of the monument.—Smyrna looked lovely. She was just cleared of her figs, and smiled: the relief seemed to please her.

" The shallop of a trusty Moor
Conveyed me from this idle shore;
I longed to see the isles that gem
Old Ocean's purple diadem."

" Twice I have been proclaimed Sovereign, twice have the people of Athens expelled, and twice have they recalled me: I am that Pisistratus, wise in council, who collected the scattered books of Homer, which were before sung in detached pieces: that great poet was our fellow citizen; for we Athenians founded Smyrna." (Analecta Vet. Poet. Græc., vol. iii.) Such was the inscription on the tomb of Athens' king, him whom they twice banished and twice recalled. And the " Boast not of glory and of conquest, but of the collecting the scattered poems of Homer," speaks volumes for his wisdom. Smyrna produced Homer

—the Homer we are whipped over as boys; but some few love him as men.

The old ruined castle of the knights is battered sadly. Timour Lenk, that Man Destroyer, came here himself (the other towns his Emirs and sons took); this he honoured with his presence in 1403. He took it in seventeen days, and put every soul he found to the sword. The greater number, however, escaped in vessels; the galleys of the knights who had most gallantly assisted at the defence fired one volley of defiance and swept off into the sea.

It was very pleasant to exchange the dirty make-shift sort of life of the natives for the regularity and cleanliness of a man-of-war; to see English faces, to hear English voices, to live among familiar things, and be at rest. All was regularity, cleanliness, and order; and it was a holiday for tongue, body, and spirits. We sped out of the bay as quickly and orderly as English men-of-war do; no voice was heard but the calls of the leadsman, no command but the one, and that promptly obeyed.

The morning afterwards we anchored in Tsches-

chmeh bay, a fine large bay on the main, inside of Scio. It contains a busy little modern town, and a population of some three thousand Greeks. There was a large port in good repair. The next day we steamed in Scio, having got under weigh at dawn.

Scio will for ever immortalize the fiendish barbarity of Islam. High barren hills run along its length, whose faces bear deep and fertile valleys: the whole sea-board is scattered with houses reposing in gardens, and the scene from the vessel was one of great beauty. But, alas! on landing, three fourths of the houses are empty; nothing left but their outer walls. I wandered among these, now over the paved floor of a church, ruined, burnt, open to the air; now over a fine house with broad terrace—but all is silent. The Turk has passed over it, and here has left his mark.

It was sad to tread over villas and prosperous homesteads; sad to see wanton wild flowers growing over altars and thresholds; sad to see marble columns turned and overthrown. And this is the Paradise of the Levant! Here is one of the results

of those struggles for freedom; for a name—a thing they can never have—which reflects disgrace on the tyrant, not on the slave: here is the result of war and of glory!

Since the massacre Scio had begun to rise, but last winter it was again visited by a most severe infliction, owing to the cold: their mastic and orange trees, which constitute their wealth, were all killed. Our consul estimated the loss at 50,000*l.* It is curious that at Scio, where it might naturally be believed the greatest hatred would exist between the Christians and Turks, marriages between them often occur, each party preserving their faith and the children following their parents' faith, according to their sex. Nowhere else have I heard of this. They enjoy a greater share of toleration than any other portion of the Sultan's Christian subjects. This they procured by a voluntary tender of their allegiance to the Sultan after the fall of Constantinople.

Vathi bay, Samos.—This is now the capital town of the island; Cora on the southern coast, which occupies the site of the famed city of Samos, being

little more than a village. Vathi is a fine town built along the beach and running up the side of the hills: the population, except the *employés*, are entirely Greek. A large Turkish force and several vessels are kept here, as the Samiots are restless under the Moslem yoke, and had lately been in rebellion. They had deposed their governor, and the Porte has been forced to submit, though they made a show of resistance. Samos is the birth-place of Juno; but more proud she ought to be of Pythagoras; though Ovid sings—

> "Heu! sidus est in viscera condi
> Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus,
> Alteriisque animantem animantis vivere letho."

The ruins of the temple of Juno still remain on Point Colonna, and at the town are other ruins: they have been fully described. Here Antony assembled his forces to dispute for the sovereignty of the world; and had he struck an immediate blow, he had probably vanquished his opponent. But what matters it now? The empire Cleopatra menaced, has crumbled to dust, while the memory of her beauty and her vices is as fresh as ever,

nor can one cease to admire the calm resolution with which she died.

Cos.—Where is the famous plane tree where Æsculapius was born? It is a lovely island: for many years it was a dependance of the knights of Rhodes, and silk owes its discovery to Cos, the women of that island being the first who ever turned the cocoon to use. Apelles, the painter, likewise was of Cos, and invented that excellent saying all would do well to remember: "Ne sutor ultra crepidam." It was his custom when he had finished a painting to expose it for general criticism, and listen to the remarks. One day a cobbler remarked something wrong in the sandal of one of the portraits. Apelles finding the remark just, altered the part; on the next day the cobbler passing and seeing that the former objection of his had been considered, ventured to censure the leg; on which Apelles stepped out and bade the man keep to his trade and his sandals—hence the saying.

Next day we reached Rhodes.—The histories of these islands are so complete, and they are so

accurately described, it would be but repetition to have dwelt longer on them; and their ruins have also been measured and descanted on. The government of these islands is good and liberal; for the Porte greatly fears losing them. This fear goes so far that the Christian population are preferred before the Moslem, and offenders of the former faith are nearly sure of immunity.

The weather was lovely, though October was far advanced,—

> "Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> Though all, except their sun, is set."

At some future day these islands may be united with Greece: had they been so before, what a nest of pirates they would have been. And we must thank the wisdom of the diplomatists who left them beneath the Turkish rule! The population is quick, clever, and turbulent: how would dead Greece have restrained it? At some future day when fit they will probably be united; for as sure as we now exist

> "On Suli's rock,—on Parga's shore,
> Exists the remnant of a line,
> Such as the Doric mothers bore."

Titmarsh has pronounced the Samian wine as inferior to small-beer; I can only say that, having none of the latter, the traveller may put up with the former, and often get worse things wherewith to season his water. The wine is now a great article of export, but as it is never kept, hardly receives a fair test.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rhodes—How it verifies the idea previously formed of it—The Walls—Harbour—Where the Colossus probably stood—The Knights' Street—Description of some of the Houses there—Mosque, near the Church of St. John—Hospital—The Quarter of the Jews—Visit to a Wealthy Jew—Hebrew Marriage—Jewish Ladies of my Host—Their Skill in plaiting Silk—My large Dog—The Personage to whom he was the means of introducing me—Beder Khan Bey—Conversation with him—Origin of the name Rhodes—Early History of Rhodes—Knights Hospitallers besiege and take the Island—Origin of the Order of St. John—Some Account of that Saint—The Hospitallers become wealthy—They become a Religious Order—Of whom composed—Celebrity of the Knights of Rhodes—Turks besiege the Island—Heroic Bravery of the besieged—Siege renewed—Immense Army of the Sultan—Rhodes at length taken—Praise of the Order and of the Knights by an eye-witness—Departure from Rhodes—Arrive at Cyprus—Short stay there—Embark for Beyrout.

BEAUTIFUL Rhodes! from my earliest boyhood it had been my desire to visit you. When in youth I had read of the defence made by the knights, it seemed that, could I see Rhodes, I should be happy; and now, almost with awe, I landed, and resolutely determined to see her well.

It is one of the very few places, to my idea, that looks as it ought, as one fancies, as from its history one has a right to expect it would, and I really

believe, were one acquainted with history dropped in its harbour, he would exclaim, "This, oh, this is Rhodes: of course *there* stood the Colossus—this is Rhodes."

Christians are not permitted to reside within the walls, so my quarters were a species of casino —at least it was called so—though I appeared the only member, for nobody else came there, and I had two comfortable rooms all to myself for the sum of one shilling a day. My dog had undisputed sway over the neighbourhood: my servants cooked, &c., and I lived in quiet, and undisturbed.

The town probably exists much as it did when the knights quitted it, though their principal hospices, being useless, are fallen to decay. The walls are tolerably perfect, and the curtains and bastions have guns, though most of them are dismounted. The principal harbour is on the N.E., and is entirely open to the sea; on the N.E. a swell often rolls in; the walls, with the towers, surround it on two-thirds of its circumference. Within is a wharf, with an entrance, within which is a harbour for small boats: it would probably

admit one of thirty or forty tons. Across this I should imagine strode the Colossus, as, if we admit even the weight of the metal as correct, it would hardly have made a larger; and a vessel of those days might have passed between the legs of a figure thirty feet high, particularly if rigged with the stump mast and lateen sail of the ancients.

The interior of the town is perfect, abounding in dark passages, the streets clean, the houses of stone, and a sombre quiet breathing over the whole, well suited to its history. Entering by the gate from the water port, we pass two heavy towers, now an armoury. In the wall are brackets for the image of a saint; the street is lively; bazaar well supplied with vegetables, &c., which are produced in abundance on the island.

Proceeding a short distance to the left, we find a broader street, built on the ascent of a hill; the whole is paved, descending in broad steps. The houses on either side are large and handsome, though many are cut off above the first floor, that being a way of repairing a house much in vogue with the Turks. The former handsome windows

have been built up, all but a small space, which admits what light and air the present race think necessary. In other places the street wall of the house has been left, but trees showing through the window tell that the inside is ruined. This is the Knights' Street, and it thoroughly preserves its character.

Over the doors or on the walls are tablets engraved with the arms; they appear, however, to be those of knights rather than of languages or nations. The arms of England are on what is now a small Moslem chapel. On many of the houses are seven or eight tablets, as if of the knights who inhabited it. The owner of one of the houses offered the stones at one hundred piastres a-piece; and on my commencing a bargain with him, offering to buy them and let them remain there, I was warned that he would probably take the money, and sell them again to the first offerer. Sincerely I hope no savage will remove them.

It would be impossible to do justice to the quaint quiet beauty of this street: no echo sounded on its pavement; a silence reigned around; and as

one gazed, imagination could believe that the arched doorways would shortly open, and let out a mail-clad warrior—a Brian de Bois Guilbert, ready to lay down his body, life and limb—all but his sins—for the cause of the Cross. At the head of the street are the remains of what was once a fine archway, with groined arches. It must have been a handsome entrance: now, a mass of ruins, dirt, and rubbish, are all.

Above, on the left, is the mosque, once the church of St. John; but it is now all whitewashed within: the doors alone are worth looking at. Higher up on the right is the palace of the grand master, a heap of ruins, little else but the massive gateway being left. The palace was on the walls, and perhaps has never been repaired since the siege. On the one side are the remains of a noble room, supported by pillars, whose large windows and huge fireplace show comfort was not excluded from the palaces of the soldier monks. There is another large building, whose solidity has retained it in perfect repair: it is called the hospital, and consists of a square, two stories high, with pillars. The

rooms around are large and handsome, and below are vaults for stores. I should imagine it to be a barrack, as there are large rooms with fireplaces and chimney-pieces, and the whole has more the air of a barrack than a hospital, being full below of stone, shot, and other military stores. On one side is a huge room, now ruinous and open to the sky: rows of pillars run round two sides; at either end are fireplaces, while small dormitories branch off on the sides. The citadel is a mass of rubbish; vaulted covered passages run all about, and as I walked through them, the feeling that the knights were present was strong, so quiet and old-fashioned is the old town.

The Jews live within the walls, a privilege they purchased by their treachery. Their quarter is one of the best, and in it are many fine houses, though now frequently subdivided, and a story generally cut from them. A friend who happened to be on the island took me to one of the principal Jews, a man of great wealth. He was keeping open house, on account of a wedding that had taken place of a poor orphan girl whom he had

brought up. The poor girl, decked in massive ornaments, sat under a silken panoply which was suspended over her head: she looked more like a golden idol than a woman just entering on the most important step of her life.

The host's own daughter was a lovely girl, and though but eight was on the eve of being married. The house had been, he said, in his family before the expulsion of the knights, the whole remaining exactly as it was. The ceiling, neat and handsome, was of a black wood, highly polished; the floor of small round stones, displayed in flowers and ornaments. Nothing could equal the cleanliness of the whole house; for the good man let us hunt all over it, much to the discomfort of the numerous members of his family; not that the women hid themselves or veiled, but they had to get up to receive the guest. This man possessed a library of several hundred books, and in my intercourse with him I found him kind and liberal-minded.

The wedding visits paid him gave me an opportunity of seeing most of the Jews, who flocked to

pay their respects, and the women also came. Perhaps their parents' treachery has taken from the daughters' cheeks the beauty, for they were decidedly plain. During the rest of my stay my walks generally finished in this quarter, and wherever I called they gave a kindly welcome. Generally, however, after the first acquaintance was established, the women (for I do not know what became of the men—probably they were the dirty fellows about the shops and bazaars) called me in, and there we chatted, while they plaited silk.

This they performed on a block, each yarn being rolled on a pin of ivory: the block padded and covered with cloth, was fixed on a stand or window, and the yarns thrown about with the hand as required. The whole operation seems exactly the same as I have seen in the frescoes at Beni Hassan in Egypt: it was a pretty occupation. The cleanliness of their houses nothing could exceed. The Jewesses all here wear yellow shoes—signs of the times.

Among other curiosities was Beder Khan Bey. The servants who were with me when I got my

large dog, were Mosuleans, and on seeing the size of the brute, they gave him the name of Beder Khan Bey, as combining and expressive of everything that was detestable. One day, while loitering in the Knights' Street, the canine entered a house, and there remained. The people made a great noise, but none dared expel him ; so Abdallah went to the door, and kept shouting the name. "We may call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come ?" I went to the door, to remove the brute, vexed that I should be the cause of fear or distress to others.

Just as I entered the small court, a by-door opened, and a Koord appeared, who beckoned me to follow him. I love adventures too much to consider, so I followed my conductor, who led me into a room where about twenty Koords were seated. One, however, reclined at the upper end, well dressed, and of superior rank and bearing. "You want Beder Khan Bey, Christian," said my conductor ; "here he is." This was not a favourable introduction ; but I made my salutation, and sat down.

The conversation began in the greatest strain of distance, and I saw he could hardly constrain his spirit, to be civil. We progressed better after some time, and he condescended to listen to my account of my journey; but after I had done, he stroked his beard, and said; "I have done and will do my duty, as my God and my prophet command me. Had all the followers of the Messiah stood before me, I ought and should slay them. God has punished my sins: it is his will to send me here. I am happy." Then, turning to his companions, he said—

> "Now my co-mates, and partners in exile.
> Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
> Than that of painted pomp? Are not these (woods) isles
> More free from peril than the envious court?
> Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
> The season's difference."

—At least, this is what he meant, and would have said, perhaps, had he studied Shakspeare in the original.

I replied, that no reason, no religion, could teach us to kill our fellow-creatures; and that, as for his killing all the followers of the Saviour, he would find many who would eat him up, Koords

and all; that, as he observed, he was probably here for his sins, and though, as one in misfortune, it was wrong to insult him, still I joined with him in his philosophy, and hoped he would remain here, out of harm's way, to practise it. Meanwhile, the Tiyari, thanks to Providence, who had so severely tried them, were flourishing.

This acted like oil in a storm, and we conversed very freely. He said, "It is true; I did destroy them, but the nations had been always at war: now they ate us, now we ate them." We suffered enough from them; the Tiyari and the Koords were cat and dog; they beat us because we were disunited; we beat them when they were so. Why should the Sultan interfere between us? Neither of us belong to him." He gave me a detail of many actions; and, I must own, put a good light on them for himself. When I left, he even said I might call again.

Thus for days I wandered about, now sitting on the ramparts, reading the history of the knights of Rhodes, and their fall. The whole story seemed acting before me. As I stood on the tower of

St. John, I could feel my heart beat as the Turks threw their rafts across, and commenced the storm; but mostly did my heart glow when, sitting in the bastion of England, I there read how England's small body of knights had deported themselves; how bravely they fought, how nobly they fell; now they hurry, headed by their indomitable Grand Master, along the covered passages to the rescue; the bravest fall; the fresh band dash forward, and,

> —— "Like the mower's grass, at the close of the day,
> When his work is done, on the levell'd plain,
> Such was the fall of the foremost slain."

It was a proud day for the Western chivalry: well and worthily did her sons comport themselves. Rhodes fell; but in her fall there was more glory than will ever rest on the fall of Malta. Overborne, overprest, it was God's will. The knights fell in their steel harness, full knightly; there was no blot on their bright escutcheons. But when we think of La Valetta, we must remember Homspech.

There seems little doubt that the island received

its name from ροδος, a rose: coins are found in the island bearing a rose impressed on the face. According to Diodones Telchines, a colony of Crete first settled here: they abandoned the island and were succeeded by the Heliades, the grandsons of Phœbus. They seem to have assisted Agamemnon at the Trojan War. The Rhodians succeeded the Cretans in the dominion of the sea; so Simias says of them, υιοι θαλασσης. Florus calls them Nauticus Populus; by Muersius the island was called Marienata, because it emerged from the decrease of the sea. They early applied themselves to maritime affairs, and to ship-building: so jealous were they, that it was criminal to look at, or to enter their docks. Their government was wise and good, and their laws regarding the protection of the poor display a high civilisation (*see* Polybius).

By their maritime superiority they gained many dependencies; among other islands, the Pharos, the people there complaining of the Rhodian exactions. Cleopatra threw a causeway across, connecting it with the main: as this work was

said to have been completed in seven days, and thence called septastadium, when the Rhodians arrived to collect the tribute, the queen rode out over the causeway, telling them they did not know their business; that islands paid tribute, not the continent, and that Pharos was now a part of the latter.

We find the Rhodians playing an important part in the history of the ancient world. They applied themselves to trade, and became great. Artemisia, the Queen of Caria, took their city by stratagem: Demosthenes regained it by his eloquence. They probably assisted Alexander the Great; for we find the Great Admiral, Memnon, a Rhodian, at the death of the conqueror, asserted their freedom, and maintained it with great courage against Demetrius, the son of Antigonus, who repeatedly attacked their city.

After this they raised the Colossus (B.C. 222): an earthquake destroyed it, and nearly the whole city likewise; but an emulation in generosity restored the city; for all the neighbouring powers sent them such assistance, that they gained rather

than lost. They, however, considered that Apollo had thrown down the Colossus, and therefore this was never replaced. It remained eight hundred and seventy-five years on the ground, when at the capture of the island by the Saracens, the Sultan sold the metal to a Jew of Orfa.

We find them as allies of Rome assisting her in the Mithridates war: they joined Pompey; and, at his death, Cæsar; whereby they offended Cassius, who first gave them a defeat: in a second action they suffered a like reverse, and he took, and sacked the city. This lowered their pride which (in B.C. 168) had induced them to defy Rome, if she did not listen to her advice.

We must not also forget the fame of the Rhodian slingers: Xenophon mentions them with honour in his famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Vespasian finally reduced the island to a Roman province. At the division of the empire it pertained to that of the East. The hospitallers, driven from Acre and the Holy Land, sought refuge in Cyprus, where they re-organised the shattered forces of the order. Finding that Cyprus

afforded but an insecure retreat, and that the king was far from sincere in his friendship, they turned their eyes to another settlement. Rhodes, by its position, attracted their attention: with aid from Europe they were able to raise a sufficient armament, with which they put into Macri on the coast of Lycia, to await the return of their spies, sent to survey the most vulnerable point of the island.

Rhodes was at this time nominally Greek, but seems to have been inhabited by a mixed population of Greeks and Turks, and governed by native princes. Though taken unawares, the inhabitants fought with desperate courage; and a war of years ensued before the knights could win the island; and then, conquered but not overcome, the inhabitants threw themselves into their galleys, and carried to the main the news of their own defeat. On the 15th of August, 1310, the flag of the order floated permanently on the walls. The justice of this expedition may be doubted, but that was little thought of in those days, and henceforth the knights were called Knights of Rhodes.

The order of St. John owed its foundation to

some merchants of Amalfi, who, trading with the East, had themselves personally experienced the inhumanity of the Turks and Greeks towards the Latin Christians. By means of presents they obtained permission to build a Latin church within the Holy City, the Kalif Monstaserbillah granting it some few privileges or toleration. A church was accordingly built near the Holy Sepulchre and dedicated to the Virgin, under the title of Mary ad Latinos; and at the same time two hospitals or houses of reception were raised for pilgrims of both sexes, and placed under the protection of St. John the Almoner.

This St. John was a Cypriot who had been Patriarch of Alexandria in the seventh century, when Jerusalem first fell into the hands of the Saracens. He sent money and provisions to the afflicted Christians, and supplied such as fled into Egypt. Several pious pilgrims joined the order, abandoned all idea of returning to their country, and devoted their lives to the tending of such sick and weary as sought their aid: the expenses were defrayed by alms collected in Italy by the pious

founders; and all, of whatever nation, without respect of condition, were clothed, succoured, and filled.

After the capture of Jerusalem by the first crusaders under Godfrey, one of his first cares was to inspect the hospitals, and, hearing on all sides praises of the care with which they tended the sick, he conferred on them the lordship of Montboise in Brabant. His example was followed by several others, and the Hospitallers found themselves lords of rich manors, both in Europe and Asia. Hitherto they had been but a secular establishment; but Gerard, the rector, to whom the administration of their affairs was confided, actuated by a desire of attaining greater perfection, suggested that the brothers and sisters should become religious fraternities, and formally dedicate themselves at the altar as servants of Christ and of the poor. He accordingly formally abjured the world, and in the enthusiasm numbers joined the order and took the vows. The brotherhood assumed a regular habit, a simple black robe having a white linen cross, with eight points

fastened on the left breast. The institution was recognised and confirmed by the Pope, and secured in the possession of its endowments; their property exempted from tithes, and they were permitted to choose their own superiors independent of all ecclesiastical or secular interposition.*

It was now, probably, that the knights renounced the patronage of the Almoner, and placed themselves under the more august tutelage of St. John the Baptist. The Turks are said to have attacked

* "The order was divided into the languages of Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, England, Germany, and Castile; to each of which a particular dignity was annexed. The grand commander, who was president of the public treasury, and director of the magazines, arsenal, and artillery, was taken from the language of Provence; the marshal, who took precedence at sea, from that of Auvergne; the grand hospitaller, from that of France; the admiral, from that of Italy; the Turcopolier, or general of the horse and marine guards, from that of England; the grand bailiff, from that of Germany; and the chancellor, from that of Castile. On the suppression of the order in England, the dignity of Turcopolier, (a Levantine word signifying 'a light horseman or dragoon,') was conferred on the grand master seneschal. It was expressly required, that the chancellor, who had to subscribe all official papers, should be able to read and write. These dignities took rank as they are here mentioned, and enjoyed extensive patronage in the departments under their superintendence."—*Vertot's Disc. on Gov. of Malta.*

The English do not seem to have occupied a prominent position, and the number of those who joined the order were few. On the whole, England seems to have less given way to the enthusiasm of the Crusades than any other European nation.

the knights immediately on their gaining possession of Rhodes; but though we will not doubt their will, their want of a fleet would probably have prevented them. Boisgelin, however, mentions an attack by land and sea, under Othman, in the year 1315, which was repelled by the valour of the champions of the Cross.

The historian says, "The conquest of Rhodes, and the rapid advancement it made as an independent state, filled Christendom with admiration and joy. The Hospitallers were lauded to the skies as a band of heroes whom no seductions could emasculate, and no reverses dismay. This saved their rich manors, long regarded with curious eyes by the sovereigns and popes. The Templars, however, who after the loss of the Holy Land, had retired to their European possessions, were sacrificed. The knights fortified their new possessions, and, making it a free port, its trade and prosperity rapidly advanced. Henceforth the knights were not idle: their galleys ploughed the sea in every direction, now overpowered, now vic-

torious; and we may safely say they maintained their high name for courage. Wherever assistance was required the eight-point-cross flag floated; wherever the cross was displayed against the crescent, like blood-hounds they joined in the pursuit; now joined with the Christians of Armenia, clearing their towns of the Moslem; now battling on the plains of Hungary for the existence of Christendom; now sweeping the coast; now retreating before their numerous foes."

At last their ceaseless hostility roused all Islam, and the 16th September, 1440, saw a force of dreadful significance off the port of Rhodes. The Marshal of St. John pulled out fearlessly with the galleys, and three doubtful fights so shattered the foe that they retired to Egypt. In April, 1480, the sentinel on the watch-tower signalised the Crescent in sight; but it was not till May that it anchored on the coast, and the knights prepared to resist like heroes. Never perhaps had the brave cavaliers been so sorely pressed; never bore they themselves more nobly. The foe came with

equal gallantry; if the defence was brave, the attack was persevered in with heroic firmness :—

> "As the spring tides with heavy splash,
> From the cliff's invading dash,
> Huge fragments sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,
> Till white and thundering down they go,
> Like the avalanche of snow
> On the Alpine vales below.
> Thus at length outbreathed and worn,
> The Christian knights were downward borne,
> By the long and oft renewed
> Charge of the Moslem multitude.
> In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
> Heap'd by the host of the infidel."

At last the breaches were open and plain as the broad streets of a town; but the Pasha feared the dying foe, and sent a messenger, who complimented the knights on their defence, and counselled them to avoid the calamities inseparable from a successful assault. The Grand Master replied, they thanked the mighty Pasha, but he was deceived as to their situation; that every knight was prepared to die at his post; and that the foe would find the breasts of Christians a rampart stronger than walls or bastions. The Pasha, humbled in his own eyes, swore not to leave a living creature. The signal given, the strife began. The Grand Master deemed the moment of martyrdom had arrived,

called his knights around him, unfurled the great standard of St. John, and advanced to clear the breach :—.

> " Then, again, in conflict mixing,
> Clashing swords and spears transfixing,
> Interchanged the blow and thrust,
> Bending warriors in the dust;
> Street by street, and foot by foot,
> ——————— they dispute."

The fight was desperate ; but Rhodes owed her deliverance to the wounds of the Grand Master : his flowing blood roused the knights to madness. Like environed tigers they sprang on the foe ; the breach is cleared, and the lessening sail proclaims the flight of the vanquished and discomfited foe. But again the third, the fatal time, the signal flies from the watch-tower ; the Crescent waves in the offing. Four hundred sail swept by the port with the pomp and circumstance of a triumphant pageant ; one hundred and forty thousand, the best and bravest of Moslem chivalry, land upon the shore. Every preparation that science, experience, or forethought could suggest had been made, and the knights manned their walls, glorying in the coming danger.

The resistance soon shook the invaders; they remembered their defeats before these walls, and loud murmurs of discontent arose: these were silenced by the Sultan, who arrived with reinforcements, a vast host in themselves, and decimated the mutineers. He assembled his forces, and ascending a temporary throne, animated their courage: "I myself am resolved here to conquer or to end my days: if I depart from this resolution, let my head, my fleet, my army, my empire, be for ever accursed."

The siege continued; the skill of the attacker was met at every shift by the wariness of the attacked; the bulwarks of England and Italy were ruined, and the former at last ruined and blown up. Before the dust cleared the Moslem banner floated on the ruin: the Grand Master, a moment before prostrate at the altar, sprang to the rescue, and the banner fell beneath his blow—the breach was cleared. Fifty knights perished on the spot, and the banner proved a fatal charge, for all its bearers fell.

Again and again were the troops led on; day

after day, war exhausted its efforts. The town crumbled slowly down, but the survivors maintained their ruins. They had their weapons, and they were on their graves. But cabal arose within; the population begged, and at last the Grand Master consented to a capitulation. L'Isle Adam, in departing, thanked God, that since Rhodes had fallen, it had fallen before the arms of so merciful and noble a prince. "It is not without regret," said the Sultan, "I drive this unfortunate old man full of sorrow from his home."

Thus ended the rule of the Knights of Rhodes, and in mournful silence they quitted the walls they had defended so well. The knights seem to have recovered more than their pristine glory, for Malta exceeds Rhodes in all things—fortresses, houses, buildings, churches—in all save the renown of its fall.

Whether these orders conferred good or evil would be now a resultless question to argue: they were the expression of the age; and of all the military orders this was, no doubt, the best and purest. If, in times of peace, they were licentious

and turbulent, the first distant notes of war aroused them to their duties, and in the field they ever bore themselves well. I cannot better close this somewhat lengthy account than by extracting the words of a prince, who, himself an eye-witness, thus speaks in their praise :—"Lodging," says he, "in their house, I have seen them feed daily an innumerable multitude of poor ; while the sick were laid in good beds, and treated with great care, the dying were assisted with an exemplary piety, and the dead decently buried. In a word, this noble militia are employed sometimes, like Mary, in contemplation, and sometimes, like Martha, in action ; and thus consecrate their days to deeds of mercy and to the maintenance of a constant warfare against the infidel Amalekites and the enemies of the Cross."

Rhodes has produced great men, painters, poets, stoics, and Posidonius. The island exhibits many ruins, and the country is beautiful. Angalus, the ancient capital, still exhibits many ruins, but these are fast perishing. While there, I saw a Greek mason, who literally employed himself in his

leisure hours in defacing inscriptions: he showed me one he had done, and I paid thirty piastres, for which sum the two Mussulmans that were with me nearly killed him. I carefully explained to him why he was beaten, and, that unless he altered his conduct, the next Frank would probably shoot him and then burn his house."

After a short but delightful sojourn at Rhodes, I turned about, where next to bend my wandering steps. One morning a couple of Englishmen rushed in, on their way to Syria, and I planned pleasant journeys for them from my experience: the door closed, and I was alone. Why not go too?

Πασα δε τοι λιπαρη τε και ευβοτος επλετο χωρη
Μηλα τε φερβεμεναι και δενδρεσι καρπον αεξειν

and I jumped up. Servants were summoned,—paper, pencils, ink, saucepans, books, bullets,—all were jumbled into saddle-bags. Lebnan mesmar Beni Othman: "Out of Syria will come a nail to the sons of Othman." When will it be? *Je suis entrainé par la fatalité*, I thought, as I remembered the last fever, and felt for the quinine; and

so, instead of being at breakfast, I found myself on board the Austrian steamer and paddling out of the harbour.

Round went the windmills on the point, round went the paddles in the water, and we were off for Cyprus. The steamer was crowded with passengers, pilgrims, and pleasurists from all nations, who, with their new equipages, leather bright and new, put to shame my travel-stained baggage. However, nothing particular occurred, except a great quarrel with the captain, because I explained an expression made use of to him by a Moslem girl to the lady passengers, at which they laughed, and he looked blue. We also threw over a fish out of humanity, that he had preserved out of curiosity, which raised his wrath to a great extent. We anchored at evening the next day in Larnica: a more dreary place cannot be conceived. The French have just raised a magnificent structure: it would do for a fortress, but it is for the Sisters of Mercy. My stay was short, but sufficient to view the things most worthy of attention. Eothen has repolished the classic memory of this lovely island — the

abode of Venus,* the property of Cleopatra.† Another steamer carried me and my fortunes on to Beyrout.

* This is hardly correct; though, from the luxury of the inhabitants it was said to be the spot she loved; (see her worship, and the infamous rites practised.) The island was formerly famous for metals. Ovid says:

"Gravidamque Amathunta metallis."

Copper claimed its name from the island. The Arabs call the island *Cobros*, not *Cyprus*.

† Antony gave the island to Cleopatra, to soothe her jealousy at his marriage with Octavia.

CHAPTER XV.

The Foot of the Lebanon—Beyrout—The Inn there changed for the better—Time-tied Travellers off to explore Syria—My own Disinclination to move—My Departure at last—An Invitation from a Friend—Journey to his House—My Reception there—Visitors of my Friends—Some Account of an old emigrant Farmer—Diurnal Life in the House of my Friend—Idleness, the Offspring of Ease—Whether Wine brings out the real Feelings of Men—The Language of Flowers—Turkish Marriages—Character of the Turks and Eastern Christians—Radical Corruption of the Turkish Government—Oppression of the Turkish great, acquiesced in by the Poor—Hospitality of the Arabs—Instances of it—Brummanah—Sanatory Qualities of the Climate of the Lebanon—Beauty of the Eastern Sunrise and Sunset.

Oh! with what delight did I watch the first break of day; nor could I regret that the sun was tardy, when he delayed behind those blue and beauteous hills, faint but glorious in the distance. Slowly we ploughed the tranquil ocean, and kept the bright disk on the mountain-top as we advanced to meet him. Now the anchor falls from the bows, and once more emancipated, the foot presses the strand on the borders of the Land of Promise, at the foot of the Lebanon.

Columbus, when, full of ambition, he leapt on the shores of the New World, did not feel more pleasure than I did, as I sprang amidst a mass of Gimrukgees, Hamahls, dogs, &c., at the Custom-house at Beyrout. Being resolved to give up those foolish things called plans, my path was open to go anywhere. However, an inn was a necessity, so that, taking possession of a room in that of Biancho, at Rais Beyrout, was the present business. The house had grown, from the pretty cottage of "Crescent and Cross" notoriety, into a large straggling building; from its terraces the traveller commands one of the loveliest views in the Lebanon.

The mountains have depth, height, and magnificence, and, each hour, are clothed with varied and beautiful tints; with the deep blue sea before him, groves of mulberries around, while far and near the eye ranges over villas and gardens—the one, white and pretty in their cleanliness; the other, tinted with every shade of verdure. And now began the renewal of old acquaintances: the girls, one had fondled as children, had become, in many

instances, the mothers of a new generation almost as big as themselves, when first known. Some were dead; some gone; time had benefited some; but alas! viciously spited others.

The travellers who had arrived in the same steamer, having arranged, discussed, wavered, feared, and at last, made more solemn preparations than we should need to go to Pedro Paulouski, had started for their fortnight's labour of doing Syria. My servants cursed the inaction and unusual delay of their master. Abdallah was always breaking in upon my quiet reveries by packing saddle-bags or disarranging my papers; Suleiman had sung all his songs, and told of his adventures till he was sick of his own inventions. The hadjee alone was contented; all places were much the same to him, so that he had his hashish.

However, ease, romance and reverie were cut short by finding the pet corner of the divan, the cherished spot, whence the eye could best range over the mountains, was directly under a most wicked leak; so the word was given—once more in the saddle; none asked or knew where;

none cared, so they but went on; and half undecided myself, we turned along the pine grove, threw a laugh at the custom-house officer who endeavoured to detain us, (barbarous civilisation!) and striking boldly into the mountains, sought refuge from all conventionality.

The day was lovely, and there came an elasticity over my spirit as we ascended the path, that brought back youth to my heart again. The courteous salutation is given, and as freely returned.* Oh, this is glorious!—

> "All hail, ye usages of pristine mould!
> And you that guard them, mountains old."

But, kind reader, you must excuse my leading you over the paths I trod: suffice it that some

* The traveller in the East is continually struck with the use of the phrases which, to English ears, appear quaint and old-fashioned, in common parlance. He may hourly hear those gentle words "Depart in peace,"—*Rúhma sallaamee.* Never is a man bid go on his way, but these short words are added: they breathe, when sanctified by Him, as they are, a beautiful feeling. In this and these consist the poetry of the East,—not in reality, but in association. A man enters a room where he is ignorant of the rank of the guest: he seats himself on the lower seats; then comes the master of the house, and bids him come up higher. Here the every-day life is scriptural: we may pass through the land, and at once the whole Biblical history, save its purity, is acting before us. Abraham sits at his tent's door; Rebekahs still go to the well; the "heathens rage, and imagine vain things;" the words, the utensils,—all are unchanged. What a lesson does it give! The two

times we lingered long, at others made rapid marches; yet ever seemed to revolve round one point, and there many happy hours were spent.

A kind invitation was brought to me one evening, and by me joyfully accepted, to rejoin a dear friend and his family whom I had before visited at Sidon, and who were now on their own estate just to the south of the Kesrowan. We descended the mountains, and skirted along the plain, south of Beyrout, turned up by the village of the Wadie, the residence of most of the Emirs of the Beit Shehab, or House of Shehab, and in three hours reached the top of the range nearest the sea. A pass opened to the interior: the view westward was lovely; the eye ranged almost to Tripoli on the north, and Acre on the south; while the varied plain, dotted with villages, verdure, forest, and beauties lay beneath. The mountains to the east, the lofty Sanin lording over all, rose in lavish beauty; nor could it be

are now grinding at the mill; the rocks totter over us. Who can tell when the moment may come, and the one be taken; and we, with fearful dread, call on the other to fall and cover us?

without regret, that the horses were turned to the wild barren ravine which opens beyond.

Skirting along the mountain side we rode up a valley, wild as wild could be, rocks piled on rocks in giant profusion : a stream now swollen with the rains roared beneath, while terraces and trees showed careful cultivation wherever it was practicable. After some time, and just as a keen breeze began to rise, occasioning thoughts as to the comfort of arriving, the house appeared on the opposite side of the valley in a village of some forty houses, scattered around. The road descended sharply ; crossed a pretty new bridge, with an appropriate motto on the rock, engraved in marble ; we ascended through the village, and on to the *maidan* of the house. This term literally means an open space : most gentlemen's houses have one on which they play the jereed, ride, and do other feats of cunning horsemanship.

My welcome from his lovely wife was warm ; my host, however, was in bed awaiting his fever ; for his hour was near. I was, however, taken to his room, and there we sat. He condoled with me on

my worn fever-stricken look, and I had to tell my history since our parting; how

> "Life had pass'd
> With me but roughly since I saw him last."

Installed in a comfortable room, kind friends around, here I received their orders to stay for weeks, and pleasantly passed the hours. Occasionally a Druse sheik called and passed the day; sometimes a native traveller; a Sunday brought up a missionary, or one of their clevees, from Beyrout, who read and expounded the Scriptures in Arabic to the villagers, many of whom already began to awake from the sleep of implicit faith in their former priests. One young man in particular, not only conformed himself, but held most strong truthful arguments with the Greek priest who came to officiate at the village. Then there was an old and venerable man, an English farmer, one of that hardy race who seem born to strive with, and overcome a sterile soil. In the winter of his days he left his home and kindred, wife and friends, and, impelled by that spirit which deems

heaven won by making earth a hell, he wandered to the Holy Land, and at last took up his residence here.

Ground was given him; he built a house, and with his own hands he toiled in his garden, supplying his few and simple wants. With me it has ever been matter of much thought, to sound the depths of such feelings. It is wrong to judge from individual cases; but I have often fancied there was more of selfish indulgence than actual piety. Persecution may have driven men forth from their kind to caves and deserts; but then they return—the solitary probably only follows his inclinations; it is his idiosyncracy to love solitude; he is at once relieved of the thousand cares which distract, which he finds vexatious, and which, as he asserts, lead him from his God.

Would not a little consideration show him, that to bear them requires more real self-denial, than to lead a life apart from all vexations—all such, at least, as mankind find it most hard to endure. The solitary seems to me, in comparison with the holy man living in the world, what the suicide is to the

many, who bear life's ills with a cheerful mien and a good heart.

> "When fortune frowns; when all success is gone,
> The coward sneaks to death, the brave man still lives on."

We see a man, disappointed, broken, beat,—deserted, perhaps, by one on whom he has piled the whole of his affections; at once,—return home; a mere sweep of the hand, a motion, a press soft as love's touch, upon the trigger, and he is beyond the reach of earthly cares, of griefs and woes. Surely, this is a coward's act. We cannot command success; "but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it:" bear cheerfully our ills, take equally our fortune, not puffed up, not struck down. Whatever betides

> "Let us be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate;
> Still achieving,—still pursuing,
> Learn to labour and to wait."

The old man had vainly exhausted his eloquence, both personal and epistolary, to persuade his wife to join him; she clung to her home, to her friends, to her land; nor would his promise that she should be great and rich tempt

her to the land of the cypress and myrtle. He did not see the beam floating in his aged eyes, when he accused her of want of affection and obedience. He meantime had not learnt a word of Arabic,* but had taught an Arab who resided with him, English enough to be a medium of communication between them.

There were a fountain, waterfalls, rocks, wilds, ever new subjects of contemplation; then there were women, soft and gentle as man could wish—and the days flew on. They sang Arabic songs in the evening, and the lady of the house told stories such as one meets with in the Arabian Nights—the Elef Laylee ou Laylee. Then there were books. But one stronger feeling gradually set in, and extended itself till it absorbed all others—idleness, inveterate idleness. Rochefoucault has it (and let my confession testify its strength): "It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the

* He could not say,

"I've taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes,
Have made me not a stranger."

Perhaps, however, he could; for he was much beloved for his kindness and neighbourly generosity.

rest; idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all. She indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues."

I was too lazy to get up—too lazy to go to bed; days, dreadful days were wasted—days which hereafter may rise up in bitter judgment against me. Let me hope an abstinence from all active ill may prove some palliation. From time thus spent, little good could result, though the remembrance of it is still vivid; the curious matter collected and preserved as notes is a wonder for bulk, but alas! a puzzle from the brevity and haste with which the scrawls are dashed off—bits of letters, fly-pages of books, bits of newspapers, Arabic exercises; and out of this hopeless mass the reader is to be soothed down to good temper, for the long pages of dull travel I have led him. I take up the first—what can anybody make of it?

Mem. on a bit of newspaper. "From a distance I survey her with love. There is a man who says we love each other very much, and who has often amused me, saying, 'Esshee ou Oustukee

—Make your friend drink, and listen to his discourse.' Now this is not a saying I agree with ; for I rather dislike to see my golden wine consumed by people who cannot appreciate its princely qualities. However, I have thus been at different times let into most of his secrets, among others, of that of his loves; how once he courted a Greek maid for twelve long months, and yet they never spoke once to each other. At last she was to be married ; she bowed to the will of her parents, and since then, my friend observes, he only loves her from a distance."

They speak much in Europe of the language of flowers, as used in the East: this is greatly exaggerated. Few of the Christians know anything about it ; among the Turks it is said to be commoner ; but, from my own experience among them, and from frequent questionings, I should say that a few words sufficiently explicative, generally accompany the billet doux. There is, however, very little romance in the East, and the people of our own land would be astonished at the cold-heartedness of these reputed passionists. As

to that highly-refined feeling, which with us environs woman with a halo, it is completely unknown ; there is little love among them.

The man and the woman are generally made to marry by their parents, and little confidence ever springs up between them ; he keeps everything, she merely performing the domestic drudgery. Children in the East are universally spoilt ; correction is a thing never thought of ; they cry, and they have what they cry for—yet, as they grow up, they have none of the ill manners that should naturally result from such an education : the boys and girls are quiet and well-behaved, and generally dutiful to their parents. Their obedience to their father has often been a theme of praise in Europe, and it well deserves to be so, as the conduct of the father is seldom of a nature that would keep alive the respect of the son.

With regard to the character of the people, I may, perhaps, seem harsh ; but thoroughly do I believe my account true. Without education, brought up by a mother whose whole notion of honour consists in fanaticism, with a father's

example before him,—what may be the result? The Christians, from many causes, are worse than the Turks. Abject slaves or haughty tyrants, they have no idea of probity or honour. Cringingly servile or arrogantly domineering, according to circumstances, with all the bad qualities of the West open and not unveiled,—for he is too ignorant to put on the pleasing mask which covers from superficial observation our baser parts,—he lies, as a matter of course; is greedy to a degree, and narrow-minded from ignorance.

I long to see Protestant converts—those who have had their understandings opened for a few years—to see whether these qualities are innate, or merely the result of position and circumstances. While at Smyrna, a Greek Rayah murdered his wife, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. He fled for refuge to the house of the Austrian Consul. In the afternoon (the deed had been committed in the morning), dinner was carried to him, and as he was excited and feverish, he was pressed to eat: this he refused to do, alleging that hungry though he was, he could not dare to disobey the

laws of his church.* The Consul gave him up immediately, disgusted with such an interpretation of the Scriptures, which allowed, in his perverted ideas, the murder of his wife, but would not sanction a breach of the fast.

The Turks have more principle, and among them may be found many men of honour and probity—that is, honour, &c., according to their notions—but even they have no idea of justice. Great reforms have taken place; the government, perhaps, is honest in its intention to ameliorate the condition of the people; but the ill lies deeper than any government can touch. Things that are considered dishonest with us, are matters of course here. It is the right of the great to take from the small, and this, sanctioned by time, is not denied by the weak or the poor. The land is overrun with the great, and half the houses of these are supported by the poor: from long habit, the poor labourer gives a tithe of all he has to the great man to whom he belongs; the great man also has

* It happened to be a Greek fast at the time.

a body of servants who do his business, and also are supported by these poor. Thus, there are governments within governments; every man is protected by somebody; hence justice is thwarted at every turn.

I have often heard Turks high in office regret the impossibility of ever hearing the truth, as utterly defeating all their plans of improvement. In the houses of these so-called great, though many of them will have twenty or thirty servants, and many horses, their expenses would not amount to two shillings a day. Straw and corn are supplied them by the villagers; corn provided in the same way; he makes his bread, which is baked in the house; rice, boiled, is eaten with grease; butter, milk, eggs, fowls—every sort of produce is furnished, till there is nothing left to buy but the clothes, of which a suit lasts a year. On one occasion, I went four days' journey with a Turkish Aga. He had eight mounted servants with him, and never spent one farthing; at the same time he was quite as cheerfully served as I was, who paid for every piece of straw my horses ate.

Among the good qualities of the Arab,* which name I apply to all the inhabitants of Arabistan, hospitality is universal; all may come, eat and drink, and be welcome. This is everywhere the case; of such as they have, all, even the lowest, are not invited, but have a right to partake. A poor man starts on a long journey; he takes a little bread in his breast; in the evening he arrives at a village. He is fed with what they have; he lodges as they lodge—in any house he chooses to enter. On the morrow he goes his way, with a fresh store of bread for the day's use. This is a fine quality, and one to which we must allow its due merit.

The Scriptures relate of men of the town inviting to their houses the stranger they found lying in the gate or in the street. Such, with us, would be a strange case; not so in the East,

* *Arab:* this term is used for all the inhabitants of Arabistan, who call themselves *Ibn Arab*, or "Son of an Arab." They, however, distinguish themselves again, saying, "I am a Christian of such and such a place," or "an Aleppine." If asked, who are the Arabs? they would say, "they are those of the Desert, *Min el Bareea* or *Fellahheen*, cultivators;" but speaking of himself, each would say, "I am an *Ibn Arab*," or "an Arab."

where it would be but natural. During my stay at Latakia, where I resided four or five months, it was my endeavour in all things to live as a native, which I did by letting everything take its course. A stranger would come and pass a night: his donkey or horse was tethered in the yard; he sat, related stories, told the news of the place, and slept on the mats in the public reception room. In the morning, before daylight, he was on his way. The Ansayri villagers would do the same, but these all considered themselves especially belonging to me. To return,—among the first visits to the house was a noted Druse sheik, who had greatly distinguished himself in war: he sat down, after having saluted me, and remained silent for several moments. At last, he asked me if I had ever visited the country before; and, little by little, it came out that he was the commander of the party who had captured and maltreated me, several years before. "You were nearly shot, ya Beg, but your hour had not come. Kismet. It was not then."

Brummanah is but a short ride from the

Howarra. It must rank among the most lovely villages of the Lebanon, and during the summer months is an admirable residence. The village is Druse; their industry has made it a paradise, but few Christians live in the village; it has also a fine serai belonging to the Emir. The sun rises, first throwing an advanced guard of rays through pass and ravine, gently gilding the mountain tops, till, in all its glory, it pours a torrent of light over the whole. The winter here is keen, but the summer charming; and I cannot help thinking it would do admirably for consumptive patients, ill, languid, and weak, and who already feel a prescience of their doom.

The words, "South of Italy," or "Madeira," from the physician, must sound as confirmative of their worst forebodings: not so were the patient recommended a tour in the Lebanon and Palestine; it would bring hope to the heart, and comfort to the spirit. The great evil—in fact, the principal drawback—fever and ague, seem to me always to attack the strong, and leave untouched the weak. This I have found invariably the case, both among

natives and foreigners. Look at the healthy, strong man; ten to one he has had, or will have, the fever; while the puny, ailing one, escapes. The refractions of the setting sun here, are greater than even elsewhere in Syria, and the size it appears, by refraction, before it disappears from our sight, might produce a feeling of terror even in an educated mind, from its enormous size, and the red ominous colour it assumes.

The beauty of these eastern sunsets it is impossible to describe. To us, with our northern climate, the sunset is a scene we see with reluctance: it is the close of a day, another line struck off against us, and is followed by cold, damp, dewy evenings. But here the sun's rays have poured heat and exhaustion upon the earth; all nature droops beneath his burning rule; and as we watch his decline, it is as if watching the dawn of cool and the beginning of comfort. Dazzling, burning, fiery, brilliant, the lord of day droops slowly to his couch.—Now survey the scene.

Hast thou seen the face of woman; of woman true, noble, unblemished, lit up by the sight of

him her whole heart loves—the proud, the radiant beauty with which it clothes her?—so looks the earth as heaven's sun sheds its last smiling, parting rays warm upon it, ere reluctantly he quits the scene. For a while the light lingers in the valley, then strikes on the plain; now mounts the hill, clothing each spot with its own mantle of glory: anon it climbs the mountain, a farewell of glen and torrents smiles into the one and makes the other sparkle with joy. Now it crowns the mountain; fondly, fondly kisses its front and brow; then, conscious of his glory, the sun of days plunges to other lands, leaving a sky of gorgeous splendour behind him. For awhile the clouds, mighty in his light, are beauteous in their tints; but the sun gone, they fade, and night comes slowly on. Now look above; the moon rides high, and it is eve. Then nature lives; each flower, each blade relifts its head, before bowed by the majesty of the lord of day; and we, too, may now breathe, and feel our languid bodies revive under the cool evening air.

CHAPTER XVI.

Travellers to the East—What they are to expect when they get there; or how their Expectations will be disappointed—Life with the Turks—Life with the Arabs—The Missionary—His Success—Arguments of a young Convert—Missionaries unsuccessful with the Druses—My Hostess—Her Stories—The Parvenu and the Door of his new House—The Frank and the Devil—Return of Fever—And to Beyrout—Scenes there—The Lady and the Mercer—Relations, by the Old Man, of Lady Hester Stanhope—Progress of Civilisation in Beyrout—Illustrated by several particulars—Frank Doctors and Azrael, the Angel of Death—Final Destination of Lawyers, as prescribed by the Turks—Fountains of the East—Regard in which Water is held there—Turkish Burials and Tombs—Visits of Relatives to the Graves—Ceremonies of Marriage in the East—Some strange Customs on such occasions—The Ansayrii—Refuge of their Mountains—Marriages of Christians amongst each other—The Practice of Mussulmans in that particular—Character of Eastern Wives—Beyrout, as a Picture of the Turkish Government.

To us, who are used to business, no life can, after awhile, be more tedious than the Eastern, from its utter want of occupation, and its monotony. In fact, poetry may say what it will—we dare not dispute what she says, any more than we may presume to say a pretty woman talks nonsense—but the travellers who write the pretty poetic prose are those who fly through the country

culling its sweets; to them the Eastern woman does indeed appear a houri, and all around her breathes romance: but take the life as it is. Let us suppose the traveller on the road: he rises early, and spurs on his horse, leaving his baggage far behind; the sun's rays scorch him, and at last, hot and tired, he arrives at his destination. He enters the door of the house, is welcomed by the host, and seated on the divan; a pipe or nargilleh is presented him, and a delicious glass of sherbet. He inhales the fragrant weed, and sweetmeats are passed round.

Meanwhile, friends of the host flock in to see the new comer and to hear the news; then coffee arrives:

> "And Mocha's berry from Arabia pure,
> In small fine China cups came in at last;
> Gold filagree made to secure
> The hand from burning, underneath them placed.
> Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron, too, were boiled
> Up with the coffee, which, I think, they spoiled."

He sips it, returns the cup to the servant, blessing God, and, with courteous salutation, wishing health from on high for his host. Meanwhile he talks; and, after a little, what can he

find to say? In a climate where the weather is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not, the topic is not useful; nor would the hint of the wife, who, seeing her husband in want of a subject, and willing to help him, suggested potatoes, be of any avail, because they know neither the root nor its diseases.

Your friend is probably a merchant, and you are as ignorant of the current prices as he of phrenology: or he is of no profession; you are the same. What can you talk about? So you let the conversation pass by you, and rest with the others, or perhaps have to satisfy them of your birth, education—(no; that they do not wish to know)—and parentage; the age of your father, your brothers, your sisters; your business—and your fortune. But they never give you credit on this point, believing firmly you have inexhaustible wealth, and may draw on the queen and country to any amount. I always say, "God sends me a little, and for my sins that little seldom."

But this ended, what is to be done? You listen respectfully; then look round the room, where you may see—

> "Soft Arabic sentences in lilac letters,
> From poets, or the moralists, their betters.
> These Oriental writings on the wall,
> Quite common in these countries, are a kind
> Of monitor adapted to recall."

But the weary day seems never to close: you are hot and would fain change your clothes, get a book—anything; but, alas! though this is your own room, yet visitor succeeds visitor. The evening meal arrives: you eat, then smoke. At last the night comes — oh, how welcome! A servant spreads a mattress on the floor; a thin mattress covers you, and you are at peace. The morning—not the London morning of noon, but the Eastern morning of cockcrow—the day begins. Adieu to your privacy, your room again becomes the public one. The ablutions (if you conform to Eastern customs, as the Guide-book recommends) will not take long. Wet your finger, pass it over each eye, wash your hands, and it is done. Then the Orientals do not undress to sleep; men all sleep as they appear during the day; and the fair girl

whose pretty toilet you so admired, has slept in it for a week past.

With the Arabs of the Desert a day is even more monotonous; and sleep is one's only resource. The people are utterly without conversation—I mean the men; for the women are often most agreeable, and full of wit and *naïveté*. Of their own town even, few know anything; and their anecdotes savour too much of the fairy-tale to come well from the mouths of stern, bearded men. Then, again, their prejudices and fanaticism warp all they see, and reduce everything to their own standard. These remarks, however, do not apply to my actual case, where I had cultivated society, rooms, and an ample store of books; and as the greater part of the day was devoted to reading or writing, and the evening to the dear kind people with whom I lived, the life was that country life which, as Cicero says, comes nearest to that of the wise man; and was, in fact, a practical philosophy. Husbandry and industry were carried on around me, and my own occupations were not, I trust, without their

results. "Hate not laborious work, nor the husbandry which the Most High has created."

The walks about, mere goat paths, were excessively pretty, leading up amidst glens and through gorges, wild and savage as ever came from nature's workshop. After the rains, the water poured down over the rocks, and here and there made fiery torrents; but there was one small glen, the very retreat of mountain sylph—no solemn falls, where waters upon waters pour in beautiful magnificence; no mad giant, where love sits and watches madness; but playful and sportive, like early youth. Here the villagers repaired to get their vases filled; hither the matrons came, morn and eve, and chatted; here the maidens, with their unburdened bosoms, sported awhile, ere they lifted the ponderous jar to their shoulders and trudged cheerfully home.

I have before mentioned that a missionary came every Sunday to the village, and that one family were already sincere converts: I ought to have omitted the mother, who still clung to her

father faith, and saw with deep grief the apostasy of her children. The father himself seemed to take it very easily; but he had resigned. This is a peculiar feature of the East: when the father grows old, he resigns all to his son, and henceforth does nothing — in fact, is virtually dead. This is particularly the case in the northern mountains. The son conducts all the business; succeeds (if there is any) to the office of the father, who eats, drinks, and quietly prepares for his rest.

Elias the son, then, gave his mother great uneasiness by his firm avowal of the doctrines of Protestantism, and many and frequent were the tilts he had with the Greek priest who came to the village. The arguments on his side were singularly good and clear, taught by his own mind; for he was almost self-taught. He objected to praying to the saints. The priest said, "When you wish to see the emir, you do not rush in and speak to him: you send a servant to him to ask what you want." "Yes," said Elias, "but then, if I do not, the emir does not know I

wish to see him. Now, God knows. I do not rush into the emir, for he may be engaged with somebody, or doing something else; but God is always willing to hear me, so I have no need to ask if he will or not. Then I find with the emir, also, he oftener grants me what I want when I ask it myself, than when I send another, who, probably, wishes something for himself also." These simple arguments (of which I heard many) showed how deep the truth had penetrated his mind. Many others, also, were attentive listeners.

With the Druses, the missionaries have made, I believe, no progress: many professed themselves converts, but directly the minister refused them some request, turned round and said, "We will listen to you as long as you pay us." Perhaps their minds cannot understand the beautiful logic of scriptural proof: they have never thought on any subject, and cannot be sufficiently excited to think deeply on this. I allude to the uninitiated, who know nothing of any religion, and of their own little more than the name.

My hostess was famous as a relater of stories.

These were either drawn from fancy, or described what had really been. One was said to have happened in a neighbouring village, where, as a proof of their credulity, the people were said to have planted charcoal, in order to save themselves from the trouble of burning or buying it. There was a couple, who, advancing in their circumstances, resolved to build a new house for themselves, and to forsake the family mansion, too small to hold them and their newly enlarged notions; so they forthwith gave orders to a mason, who set to work and completed the walls and roof. The door must be made at Beyrout; so the man approaching the doorway found it just his height when he stood upright with his chin out, and he placed his hands skirting out from his sides as the measure of the width. Fixed in this position, he started: first he met his priest, whose hand he could not kiss, for fear of altering his position. The priest, much incensed, said, "How is this, Michiel? where is your God?" —"Here is the measure," replied the man.— "Your faith is small."—"Here is the measure."

—"Purgatory is deep."—"Here is the measure."—"And Hell is wide."—"Here is the measure," still replied the man, totally engrossed by his one idea; and, preserving his measure, pursuing his road, he tripped and fell. Unwilling to have his journey for nothing, he lay on the ground, carefully preserving his position. A man, passing by, looked at him, saying, "He is dead; how long has he been dead?"—"Here is the measure."—"He has bled a good deal."—"Here is the measure."—"How mad he is!"—"Here is the measure." However, at last he reached Beyrout, and a carpenter relieved him of his measure and his restraint. The door was made; but had, they say, to perform three voyages before it fitted. With such stories, with native songs, with maxims, sayings, histories of Antar, &c., we wiled away the long, cold winter's evenings.

The stories of the Franks, among the poorer people, are innumerable: they say that the devil has fled Frangistan, being no match for the people; for, on one occasion, the devil met a

Frank on the road. The devil was tired, for he had done a good deal of work; so he said to the Frank, "Come, now, as we both are tired, let us carry each other, and he who is carried shall sing a verse: when the verse is finished, he shall get down, and the other shall ride." The Frank consented, and the devil jumped on his back, and sang, like an honest man, his verse. No sooner had he finished, than he jumped down, and offered his back. Up jumped the Frank, and commenced a long, dismal song; the poor devil listened for the verse to end; but no—on, on the fellow continued, one monotonous drone; and the poor devil thought his only way was to go on slowly—slowly, and hope. So he went on slower and slower; but, alas! he felt most dreadfully pricked behind, and then found the heels of the Frank armed with large spurs. The poor fellow passed a weary night: the Frank never paused with his song—what was worse, never paused with his heels—and thus they travelled till they reached the boundary of Frangistan. The devil trudged on here, the Frank jumped down, and

the devil hurried on, leaving him sitting on a stone, still singing. Satan found the country would not do for him, so resolved never to return, but devote his whole energies to the Belled el Arabistan.

The climate in the mountains was very severe, and the fever found me out: one's friends, when it came on, reminding one of some pleasant indiscretion they have noticed, which, they were sure, would bring it on. Then I fled to Beyrout, for few things cut the fever better than change of air. Beyrout had newspapers and Franks: but they were pleasant, after the extreme retirement of the mountains. Much of my time was passed wandering about the bazaars, or establishing myself in a quiet corner of a *café* that looked on its most crowded thoroughfare, and there, unobserved, watching the people as they are, when not restrained by the presence of a stranger. Many were the curious traits of manners I thus caught.

One morning, a very closely-veiled woman came to buy at a shop close by: the shopkeeper, by his looks, was a Christian, and a churl of the

first water. Many a customer went away, unable to make him abate the few pieces necessary to complete the bargain. The woman approached; tho loveliest silk of Damascus was produced; she had a good taste, and chose a very pretty pattern: now commenced the bargaining. "Howadga, it is not worth it? My brother's wife bought such and such a one for so much." —"This is thin; the silk is of the second carp." —"By my soul and my faith, it is the best," replied the seller. "I was offered so much for it, but would not sell it: now I want money. By my faith, by Mahr Yousouph, the best of fathers, I make nothing of it," and so the struggle continued. She placed the money on the shop-board—no; he clutched the silk, and looked at her black gauze veil with blank, unrelenting eyes. Unlucky gauze! it gets a little out of order; she leans over to adjust it, and a lovely face appears. He loosens his grasp, while gazing in entrancing admiration, she whispers a word or two; the silk is under her azar, and she walks off, he following, devouring her with his eyes. As I followed, she

joined some two or three others, and I heard a laugh which would have wrung the old miser's heart.

Several old men, at one of my favourite resorts, used to be full of anecdotes of Lady Hester Stanhope: these they were never tired of repeating. One had borne her defiance to Ibrahim Pasha. He said that after Ibrahim had taken Acre, the harem of the Pasha commanding for the Sultan, took refuge with her; and also many —some hundreds he said—of the Arnoots, who had been in garrison there, and did not enjoy much popularity in the surrounding country, also fled to her. All these were entertained, and the Arnoots entered, as it were, into her service, or received rations and served her. Ibrahim, well knowing what a nucleus of rebellion such a place would form, sent a polite message begging her to render them up, or he must take them by force. My informant said he bore the answer, which merely said, "Come and do it." On his delivering this message to Ibrahim, he asked many questions about her, and having heard she was deeply read,

and knew the stars, whose writings were plain and legible to her eye as the light of day, he put his hands to his head and said, "God prosper her!"

The old man asked me if her relations were not possessed of enormous wealth. I said I did not know, but I believed not. "Not!" he said: "the Bint el Vizier, the vizier's daughter, four times every year, sent them a ship-load of silver." On my doubting this, he said, "Why, I have helped her load case on case of rich metal for them;" and the veteran really seemed to believe what he said.

Though hardly apparent, there has been, and is, a great gradual change at Beyrout. The women, it is true, are as rigidly secluded as ever. The natives are chary of admitting the intercourse of the Frank, as the motley strangers there have given them just cause of dislike: for already Beyrout is overrun by the scum, the bad bubbles of Levantine and European society. But the school-master has penetrated the harem; chairs, tables, knives, forks, and other furniture are found in every better sort of house; they sleep on beds,

and they adorn their fair tresses with pomatum, having (first of their race) arranged the flowing locks with a comb. These are no great things, but they are steps—they are the breaking down the first barriers—gaining the outer works of fanaticism and prejudice.

To the anxious missionaries vast praise is due. Silently they work; but the result is already swelling up. Their schools sometimes turn out cheats and scamps; but they send forth many—many, thank God—excellent and pious men, who, by their education and intelligence, become great and respected in their walk of life. At first their girl school did little; now the modest, industrious, educated women they produce are sought in marriage, as possessed of a dower beyond wealth or beauty. These will, in their children and their children's children, return the good they have received. Ignorance cannot stand where it is combatted on equal grounds by education, and these good men may yet see the harvest they have sown for their Lord springing up into a green and flourishing crop.

The American missions work well; they work cheaper than our own; their wives are an aid, and in their sphere do as much as the missionary himself. The qualities of a settler, seemingly innate in an American, are valuable in a missionary. Their establishments are such as are fit and proper, and all the English with whom I have conversed on the subject allow them tolerance and liberality. Clergymen of the Church of England are freely invited to preach and read prayers in their congregations; the clergymen of England whom I have met travelling have been received as their guests, and welcomed as their brothers. These are good qualities: to rise above the petty differences, to overcome the baser prejudices of sect and formula, is a great art; and to love the man while we hate the deed, is what, I fear, few of us can say we are able, or rather, honestly try to do. The Christians, perhaps, have held most aloof, and their opposition has been more obstinate than that of the Mussulman, many of whom, I believe, now send their sons to the school, as the missionaries educate any who choose to come, without any reference to sect or creed.

As yet the missionaries have not attempted any conversion, except of the Christians; they are afraid of compromising their footing in the country if they do so with the Turks. Among the Christian sects, also, perhaps the Maronite are the most inaccessible. United and entirely under the government of their priesthood, one is the whole. Let us trust, however, that the good work is begun. May God bless it!

Some adventurous speculators have begun a theatre at Beyrout. While I was there it daily grew, and used to afford infinite amusement to a large crowd of small boys, who peeped in. I fear the present building will neither equal the old water-washed building below it in solidity, nor in the interest of the performances. The company was weak, the music worse, and the Prima Donna, destined for the virgin boards, neither young nor handsome.

Meanwhile the hadje had returned from Mecca. At Beyrout they make no procession on entering the town, but drop in one after the other from Damascus. A Turkish man-of-war steamer was in waiting to convey those of Constantinople

home by sea. It was pretty to see how the hadjes were welcomed, as they arrived, by their friends, and many would be kissed by the males all up the crowded bazaar; then they would be conducted to their homes, where one would imagine a little privacy would be kindly allowed. No; friends, relations, acquaintances flocked in, and for three or four days they were never alone. Many women arrived, tempted by the steamer, to conform to the commands of the Prophet.

Again, when health was restored, I returned to the mountains, and the only drawback was, that the climate was not as warm as my welcome. They said I had caged Azrael and could not die; but this I by no means felt satisfied of myself. The people say that the Frank doctors were formerly in great habits of friendship with Azrael, the angel of death; so much so, that they persuaded him to get into a bottle and there kept him, only letting him out when they wished. There exists, also, some doubt whether doctors will be admitted into paradise; of the admission of lawyers there is none; they are excluded for

certain, and will have the task assigned them of tormentors to those consigned to another place. They say a lawyer once got in, and finding a defective clause in St. Peter's claim to the keys, made St. Luke dispute it: the lawyer lost his case, and was expelled by the unanimous voice of all.

Fever, fever again: fair women were my companions; all the eye could wish or heart desire was around me, yet sickness prevented enjoyment. From what apparent cause does it come? The weather lovely, the air, free mountain air, all speak of health; but a voice has sounded of old, and I too must bear witness to its truth: "And the stranger that shall come from a far land shall say, when they see the plagues of that land, and the sickness which the Lord hath laid upon it, 'Wherefore hath the Lord done this unto the land? what meaneth the heat of this great anger?'"

The fountains of the East would furnish forth a history of themselves. Water to an Eastern who drinks nothing else, is a great consideration; the various tastes we expend on tea, on coffee, on

wine, on beer, are all in the East concentrated on water: he drinks it for his morning meal, for his supper, and with many it forms the only beverage of his life. We must not fancy the Eastern the luxurious creature Eastern poetry has represented him; we must have him the poor man bearing a load of bad government. Many—in fact most—of the country people never taste, during their lives, any other beverage than water; not even a cup of coffee. To them, then, water is indeed an essential; and springs and fountains possess a reputation as well known as vintages with us. The springs and water of a village are the first parts that are described; and with greedy delight they tell you, "Drink that water, Ya Bey, and you may eat six times a day;" this apparently being the greatest desideratum.

We hear of one of the early kalifs sending all over his dominions to seek out the best and lightest water—which was discovered to be that of the Euphrates—in all his vast dominions. In a water-drinking nation this must be the case; and so we find in every village the water-spring built

up, with stone troughs placed for the cattle; and along the road, pious and charitable people perpetuate their memories by bringing water, and building a place where the weary and thirsty may drink and bless the donor.

The Moslems make prayer-floors with keblahs on them, often over theirs. The inscriptions on many of these are very pretty and appropriate, and may—after he has quenched his thirst—if he read, send the wanderer on his way with pious thoughts and philosophic spirit. There is one opposite Ruad, some little distance south of Tortousa, built by a pious Moslem, who gave his money to the poor, and his time to good works. It says, "The best knowledge is that which does good." The passage is from a book well-known among the learned, the name of which just now I forget. Beneath is—"The worst of learned men is he who does no good to man! Pilgrim remember me (so and so), who built this for all, till God pleases to ruin it."

In my visit to the Ansayri mountains, I found two inscriptions of Saladin's time, and have seen

others still more ancient. The whole is generally simple, a conduit for the water behind, and troughs of wood or stone basins to receive it as it falls; perhaps a cup of iron or of wood, for the passer-by to drink out of. The overflow is generally allowed to flow its own course, and the road near is often a swamp.

At the end of the maidan at Howarra, was the tomb of the daughter who had died during my absence. It is a pretty idea that places the tombs of those we love near our homes; it is unkind to put that body we once so loved, whose every motion we watched and tended, far from us in the cold wintry earth, among strangers; and I could not but admire the taste that then placed the missing one of the flock beneath the eye. It may bring a mournful feeling, but the consolation "he is not dead but sleepeth," is assurance, when it comes from a Saviour's lips. There is a sort of feeling for those who die young, that must strike even a stranger; and one feels an interest in them that those who have run their course do not demand. Cut off in their youth, in their beauty;

cut off in the spring time, cut off while yet the innocence of Paradise hung about them. We can feel and know the hearts of the rest; their wickedness, their ways, their cares,—these we have experienced ourselves; but the light-hearted innocence of youth, the joyous consciousness of virtue, is one that we old in this world cannot know again, though yet we may admire.

> "Elle était de ce monde où les plus belles choses
> Ont le pire destin;
> Et Rose, elle a vecu ce qui vivent les Roses,
> Le space d' un matin."*

The going to the graves is a pretty custom, and one which has antiquity to hallow it. We Protestants place our friends in the cold earth and seldom care to revisit the spot where they rest; the Catholic plants and waters, and makes their last home a garden. In passing Moslem grave-yards, we may see the women loitering there. Yet by the laws of the Prophet no mourning is allowed, and he himself was arraigned by his followers for weeping over the tomb where his mother's body reposed. The habit of women mourning over graves is also contrary to another doctrine; for

* "Whom the gods love, die young."

when dead, the true believer ceases to be the husband of his wife; and believing, as all do here, that the spirit remains in the body awaiting the final resurrection, the women remain strictly veiled when sitting by their husband's tomb; or if they wish to unveil, they spread a cloth over the tomb, so that the occupant may not see them. This they do when they go and eat at the tombs, a common practice: the poor husband is covered, while his quondam wife sits down and eats, leaving a place for him as if he were alive and by her side.

Fever drove me down, and I again took up my quarters at Beyrout. The Howarra, (*i.e.* white mud) is a range of mountains situated in the Druse district of Shouf, just south of the Kesrowan.

The ceremonies of marriage have often been described; but there is one portion that I could never find a reason for, nor from the people themselves receive any explanation of the cause among the Greeks and Maronites. When the ceremony is nearly finished, the *shebeeneta* (a female supporter of the bride), goes behind the pair, and taking first the one and then the

other, jumps them up into the air. It is probably a custom still preserved, whose meaning they have lost. Another, also, which writers omit, is this:—as the bride is approaching the threshold of the bridegroom's house, previous to entering it, she puts a small piece of dough up over the doorway, sticking it to the wall. This would seem to mean that hospitality is to reign within; but they say it is symbolical that she will stick to her husband, as the dough does to the wall. Again, in the Christian villages in central Lebanon, as the bride enters the house she throws a pomegranate at the bridegroom, who stands above on the roof. The pomegranate is the emblem of fertility; and here again is, probably, the remnant of a heathen rite. In the northern villages, the bridegroom throws it at the bride; but this is taken from the Ansayrii, among whom they live, and whose ceremony of marriage I shall speak of afterwards.

All the customs are valuable marks, and will, I trust, when collected from the sketches of travellers, eventually enable the propounder, inquirer, and scholar, to trace the origins of the mountain

races, who may yet be found to be the nations that one after another have peopled and been dominant in the country. These are the remnants of each who, successively defeated and driven from their homes, have retired to the mountains. If we only allow that the mountains have in all times given refuge and protection, this would be in the natural course of events; and tribe after tribe, people after people, would thus retreat from oppression. The idolater would there hide his faith, shunning the light of reason and education; the Christian would obey the law of nature and of God; and when persecuted in one land, fly to another.

We can hardly believe these mountains to have been inhabited at an early date; they exhibit no ruins, or few—I mean in the inner slopes. Man's woes and oppressions first led man, few and oppressed, to fly to strongholds where, in exchange for fertility and space, he could resist and be free. No doubt, also, each coming conquering race has in some degree amalgamated with the others: we see this daily. Thus every year some hundred or

more Christians become Moslems for spite or interest, fallen women seek refuge in the harem and secure a welcome by their beauty and belief in the great impostor; and, as we know at the first conquest, whole townships turned, we may, perhaps, find as much Greek blood among the faithful, as among the Greek Christians themselves.

The generations of families among the Christians might easily be traced, as nearly all marry among their kinsfolk, many not marrying at all, unless there is a wife for him among his relations. This custom does not obtain among the Mussulmans, and they are consequently the finer race of the two. The Christians assign no particular reason for their marriages, nor do they do it from any family pride: it is custom, they say. Love has very little to do with their marriage, and I do not think the husband and wife ever care very much for each other. There is little companionship; their pleasures are separate, and the wife is little confided in. She is a species of upper servant, and is to bear children.

In the marriage ceremonies the poor bride and

bridegroom assume the most stupid appearance. She sits with her eyes closed, and her chin poked out, her hands rigid by her side; and neither speaks nor moves. He looks sheepish and ashamed: the remarks made by the visitors are coarse and indelicate, touching on subjects we should not hear spoken of among our lower society.

But in all things, though without strong passions, the Oriental is a great sensualist. It is true, his fare is meagre and plain; but he eats it like a pig, and gorges himself with it like a vulture, lying down afterwards to sleep. He openly talks on subjects we should avoid, and though, perhaps, purer than ourselves in deed, he gloats over in public what we screen with darkness and secrecy. There seems none of that high esteem between man and wife without which marriage is a heavy chain.

It is but fair to add, that the wives are patient and hard-working, and are obedient to an extraordinary degree. To say they are faithful would be saying what I do not believe.

Beyrout will, on the whole, give the traveller

the most favourable idea of the Turkish government he can receive anywhere, and its rise has been as rapid, and its prosperity is as great, as any town in the Levant. The Turk even shakes off laziness, and feels the steamers will not wait; the Christians have fair play, and show themselves active and industrious—for natives at least. There are too many consuls and Franks for much oppression to exist, and perhaps the Customs, farmed as they are, and octroi duties, are the only hardships. It may be also that the ancient spirit of the famous College of Jurisprudence founded by Severus, still floats over and pervades the serai of the Pasha. This college was founded by Severus in the third, and flourished to the sixth century, producing several distinguished men.

END OF VOL. II.

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